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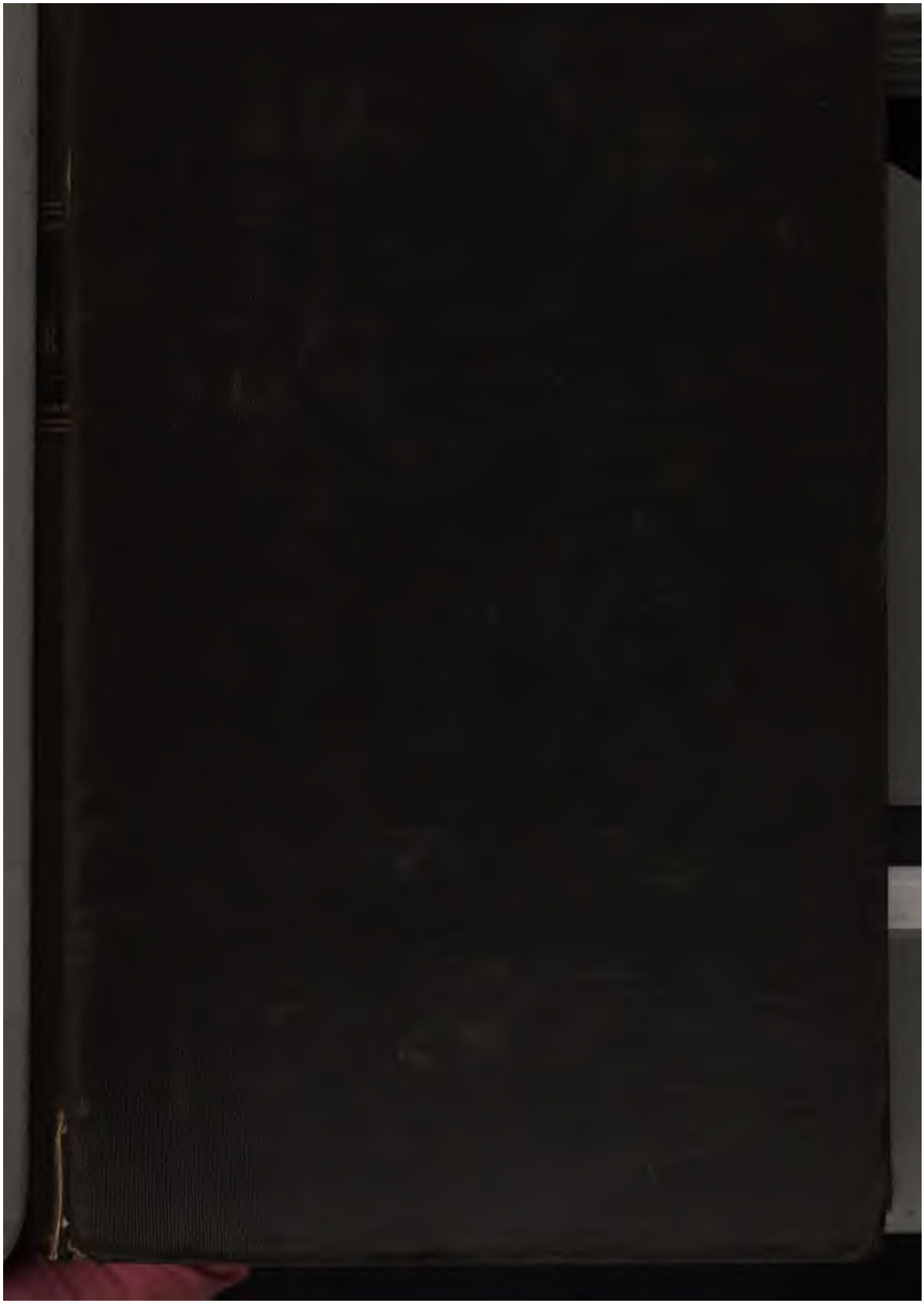

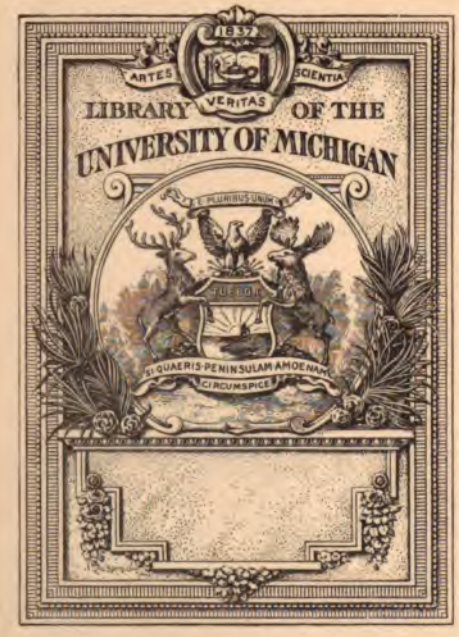
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THE

CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

JULY, 1845.

ART. I.—*Diaries and Correspondence of* JAMES HARRIS, *First Earl of Malmesbury. Edited by his Grandson, the third Earl.* 4 vols. 8vo. London: Richard Bentley. 1845.

'THESE are the generations of the sons of Noah, and unto them were sons born after the flood.' Thus does the sacred historian refer to that grand disruption of the ancient world, by which the whole fabric of society was destroyed. The elements of human life required to be reconstituted: old associations were obliterated; old institutions forgotten. How idle had been the record of those gorgeous palaces, the abode of primeval giants, which were now tenanted by the monsters of the deep! Such is the criticism which, at first sight, strikes us, when we open four bulky volumes of the gossip and intrigue, the licentiousness and treachery, of those continental courts, which were just about to be overwhelmed by the deluge of the French Revolution. The cabals of freethinking courtiers; the deeper designs of Catharine or Frederic; the adroitness of Sir James Harris's counterplots at Berlin or the Hague; his occasional success; his usual discomfiture,—what is all this to us, who walk forth on the surface of a new world, and are rather interested with its life and freshness, than with the history of those metamorphic rocks, which constitute its interior soil?

And yet for all this, the volumes before us have their interest. Let us be recalled by some historical Buckland to an inquiry into those effete causes which were the agents in such great catastrophies; and we cannot deny the importance of moral geology; we cannot but find it of benefit to revert to the facts which lie before us, in the order of God's providence, rather than, like the Dean of York, to derive our conclusions from unsupported hypothesis. In the letters and journals of our author, we are perpetually reminded of those glaring vices by which the great ones of the earth have, at certain periods, provoked God's punishment. We see the floodtide of republican fury let loose [illegible]arly to overthrow and abolish the guilty triflers of the con-

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tinent, as we can read the causes of the Deluge in the violence and license, which, in the days of Noah, overspread the earth. This lesson is taught the more remarkably, because Lord Malmesbury walked blindfold amidst all the warnings which surrounded him. No man has more completely illustrated a rule, which it was reserved for the flippant folly of a certain shallow traveller to avow—'from all display of sound learning, and religious knowledge, and from all good moral reflections, the volume is thoroughly free.'

But we must proceed to a short account of our journalist. James Harris, the son of a well-known writer on philology, was born at Salisbury, April 21st, A. D. 1746. His father had dedicated his 'Hermes' to Lord Hardwicke, as a lover of that 'polite literature, which, in the most important scenes of business, you have still found time to cultivate.' He does not appear to have infused the same taste into the mind of his son. Not only are his letters absolutely destitute of any scintillations of genius, but there is nothing of that richness and elegance by which the most commonplace productions of a superior mind are usually adorned. *Inest sua gratia parvis.* A few ordinary Latin phrases —a few French proverbs—these are all the signs of literature which replaced the learned notes of the 'Philosophical Disquisitions.' In particular are we struck by the absence of any acquaintance with that copious and original language, within hearing of which Lord Malmesbury passed half his life. Except in an accidental notice, that Pitt and Lord Mulgrave came to him one Sunday to interpret a Dutch newspaper, in which was announced the capitulation of Ulm (the public offices being closed on that day), we see no reference to any knowledge of the Teutonic languages. His phrase, that he 'translated it as well as he could,' (vol. iv. p. 340,) shows no great acquaintance even with Dutch: of German he appears to have been profoundly ignorant. His excuse is to be found in the prejudice which suggested to Goëthe's father his strange unfairness to all native talent, and to which Schiller makes so beautiful an allusion:—

> Kein Augustisch Alter blühte,
> Keines Mediziäers Güte,
> Lächelte der deutschen Kunst;
> Sie ward nicht gepflegt vom Ruhme,
> Sie entfaltete die Blume,
> Nicht am Straht der Fürstengunst.
>
> Von dem grössten deutschen Sohne
> Von des grossen Friedrich's Throne
> Ging sie schutzloss, ungeerht.

It is somewhat strange, however, that the philosopher of Salisbury should not have given a more literary direction to the active

mind of his son: indeed, we are surprised to find, among the mistakes which are not infrequent in the editorial part of these volumes, [by the present Earl], that the name of so distinguished a scholar as Bishop Lowth, in the preface to whose English Grammar the 'Hermes' is eulogized, should be sufficiently unknown to be altered into South, (Introductory Memoir, p. vi.) With the exception of various errors of a similar kind, we must give the noble editor credit for good sense and good feeling, and his publication is one among the many proofs, which our literature affords, that the present state of our schools and Universities, makes it impossible to pass through them with as little profit as James Harris experienced, according to his own account, in a two years' residence at Merton. The real education, however, of the man of business began when he left Oxford, at the beginning of Long Vacation, A. D. 1765, and took up his residence at Leyden. His first official employment was at Madrid, in 1767; next year he was made minister at Berlin. In 1777, he was sent to Russia; and at subsequent periods he was employed in Holland, Germany, and France. In all these positions he acquitted himself as a man of probity and talent; and if he was almost always unsuccessful, it was only because his lot was cast upon a time when the tide of affairs was unpropitious. To his employers he very properly gave satisfaction; he received a pension; was made Knight of the Bath, while in Russia, A. D. 1780, and created Lord Malmesbury after the most successful of all his attempts, in 1788. He was made an Earl in 1800.

His title, indeed, was the reward of services, which he himself professes to have been rather those of a political emissary, than of an Ambassador. In the year 1785, the States of Holland were convulsed by a revolutionary movement, to which the great struggle with our American colonies had been the precursor. Influenced by the spirit which had led Franklin and Washington to free themselves from the rule of George the Third, three leading men in the European confederacy, the Pensionaries of Amsterdam, Dort, and Harlem, resolved to free their country from the ascendancy of the Stadtholder. With this domestic convulsion would have been connected apparently a wider plea for adding Bavaria to the Austrian dominions, compensating the Elector by giving him a kingdom, somewhat analogous to that at present ruled by Leopold, excepting that the participation of France would be secured by the cession of Namur and Luxembourg.[1] The personal qualities of the Prince of Orange gave an opening for their attempt. He was irresolute, timid, and

[1] Tomline's Life of Pitt, c. vi. Tomline gives no account of the internal disputes in Holland.

inactive. But the Princess of Orange, niece to the great Frederic, whose dying hand still grasped the sceptre of the House of Brandenburg, had something of her uncle's spirit. At this moment it was that Sir James Harris was appointed Ambassador at the Hague. With that inborn hatred to France, which belonged to his age and country, he entered at once into their internal intrigues, which were to prevent the Court of Versailles from playing the same game which it had successfully prosecuted in the western hemisphere. This was the only diplomatic transaction of his life, except the comparatively unimportant affair of the Falkland Islands, in which Lord Malmesbury had the least success. And though it was an affair of no great moment at the time, and was completely effaced from public attention by the stirring incidents which shortly succeeded; yet, as almost the only thing which he conducted successfully, and as a good sample of adroitness and enterprise, we would recommend it to those who love to be conversant with the secret history of such adventures.

According to his own estimate, Lord Malmesbury seems to have run some little personal risk in his undertaking. The easy task of tilting against a polite adversary with protocols, in which the only danger was, whether he should give a title somewhat higher than he received, (as in the case of his subsequent conferences with Delacroix at Paris,) was exchanged for more serious labours. 'Make the best of me,' he writes to Lord Carmarthen, 'as I have no personal fears, and should have no care about my own head *being* broken'—[what would the author of 'Hermes' have said at Priscian's head being thus broken?]—'if the same stroke did not affect that of his Majesty's minister.'—Vol. ii. p. 94.

'If I mean to do anything of notoriety, I must wield the spit 'as well as the pen. Dutch hearts lie to the leeward of their 'stomachs; and if I now, at this moment, make any impression 'on them, it is from the beef and pudding they see in the back-'house.'—Vol. ii. p. 98.

We might quote many extracts of a similar kind: every day's feelings and expectations are detailed with prolixity: the Ambassador appears to have thought all hopeless, when suddenly the Prussian monarch, Frederic William, nephew and successor to Frederic the Great, decided the question by sending an army to his sister's assistance. In this whole transaction we cannot but suppose that the efforts of Lord Malmesbury at the Hague contributed a good deal to strengthen and encourage the party of the Stadtholder, and that his caution and dexterity in addressing himself to the King of Prussia was a main cause of the conduct of that monarch. His intercourse with the King took place

at Loo, where Frederic William was visiting his sister, the Princess of Orange, and to which place Lord Malmesbury betook himself, without stating his real object. His purpose was to gain a private interview, at which he might set forth the urgent political reasons why Prussia should support the Government of Holland.

'Although the persons who attended the King, Bishopswerder, Bruhl, Gensaw, and Stein, were all well disposed but the last, I was determined not to apply to any of them for assistance, but address myself directly to his Prussian Majesty . . . . I kept my intentions a profound secret from every body but the Princess [of Orange]. I resisted the repeated and urgent solicitations both of M. D'Alvensleben and several other persons at Loo, with whom I had the habit of living in confidence; and I appeared so entirely occupied with the festivity which was going forward, as to make most people (as they told me afterwards) suppose that I had no other object in coming to Loo than to pay my court. The only measure I took was to prevent M. Stein from seeing the King *alone* before I had my first audience, and, for this purpose, I gave 100 ducats to the valet-de-chambre, who stood at the closet-door, and whom I had well known at Berlin, with a promise of as many more if he would refuse the *entrée* to M. Stein, under any pretence he thought better, till the next morning . . . . It succeeded to my wishes: M. Stein twice presented himself at the closet-door, and was twice sent away.'—Vol. ii. p. 425.

The result is much like that in a novel: the King of Prussia, before full of suspicion, is completely won; Holland is saved; and Mr. Harris becomes Lord Malmesbury. Such was the *dénouement* of the 'Provisional Treaty of Loo.'

We have dwelt upon this transaction as a favourable specimen of the skill of our Ambassador: he appears to have justified to himself the use of artifice and bribery, because he was satisfied that bribery of a more direct kind was employed on all sides of him. (With this he expressly charges the Prussian Ambassador at the Hague, whom he imagined to be in the pay of France.—Vol. ii. p. 115.) But we should not think it our part, as Christian Remembrancers, to dwell at length on such transactions, did they not affect the character and conduct of persons for whom, as Englishmen, we must always be interested, and reflect light upon the course of God's providence in the history of the world. It was in the course of his embassage at the Hague that Lord Malmesbury first came in contact with that great statesman, whose name will long be a rallying point in European history. But it has been the fortune of William Pitt to be so identified with the conduct of the French war, that those who regard him as a singular example of personal independence and high-minded devotion to the public good, can hardly rescue him from the

To him it is that the total eradication of the vicious system of bribing Members of Parliament, introduced by Walpole, must be mainly attributed. The public loans had, till his time, been a source of the most corrupt peculations. He remedied this monstrous evil. The Crown lands had been scandalously misused. He restored order, and banished malversation. The great deeds of this upright and honourable man were not of a kind to attract that public notice which follows rather from the creation of new institutions than from the purification of old ones. But had his early designs been more fully carried out—had he reformed the representation without violence—had he abolished all the abuses which he was silently removing—the gradual work would have astonished those who measure things only by results, and the altered state of England would have obviated many subsequent evils. It may be supposed how ungrateful was the threat of foreign assaults to one who was thus occupied in domestic reconstruction. And of this we have some singular instances in his intercourse with Lord Malmesbury. The foreign Ambassador, who looked at his country's means as a positive fact, which were to be used like the wealth or station of an individual for the sake of obtaining some specific object in European policy, was amazed at finding the Crown's chief minister wholly buried in thoughts and pursuits of a different character. In his humorous advice to servants, Swift instructs each of them to keep up his master's credit, by seeing that the whole of the family estate is expended in his separate department. The butler is to spend the yearly rental in wine; the groom in riding-horses. The same notion seemed to prevail among the employés of the old school: the King of England was supposed to possess a plenary command of John Bull's resources, which were all to be dedicated to some trivial adjustment of the balance of Europe. In this spirit writes Lord Malmesbury in 1785:—

'Our *principals* at home are too much occupied with the House of Commons to attend to what passes on the Continent; and if any good is ever done there, it must be effected through the King's ministers abroad, and not by those about his person. Long experience has taught me this; and I never yet received an instruction which was worth reading.'—Vol. ii. p. 113.

With these feelings he was little able to enter into the plans of Mr. Pitt, for whose pacific policy, during the earliest part of his ministry, he expresses considerable contempt. The minutes of a Privy Council in 1787 are given. Mr. Pitt, we are told, remarked,—

'That although in the upshot of the present business war was only

a possible, not a probable, event, yet it being a possible one was sufficient to make it necessary for England to reflect before she stirred; to weigh maturely whether anything could repay the disturbing that state of growing affluence and prosperity in which she now was, and whether this was not increasing so fast, as not to make her equal to resist any force France could collect some years hence."—Vol. ii. p. 305.

These were, doubtless, the palmy years of Mr. Pitt's power, while as yet he was associated with the friends of his youth, and before the growing blackness of Jacobinism had overcast the political sky. It was no favourable change, which, by associating him with men of a different cast, and compelling him to a different policy, has connected his name with useless loans, and unsuccessful coalitions. In that season of danger his great powers and his unalterable firmness were so signally manifested—he held together the tottering fabric of public order with such a giant grasp, and made head so nobly against the disturbers of the nation, that it is as the opponent of the Revolution that he is best remembered; but his early and favourite attempts at the regeneration of our political society were, in reality, most near his heart. It is a singular proof how little he himself anticipated the result of things, that, in the year before the French war, he proposed to lower the nation's taxation, and declared his conviction that never was there a period when tranquillity might be more reasonably expected for sixteen years to come. His anticipating mind already surveyed the long course of economical improvement through which the country might during that period be conducted.

'O nimium cœlo et pelago confise sereno.'

The public course of Mr. Pitt may be divided into two main portions: the former, during which he indulged these expectations of prospective benefit for his country, and during which his actual services were neither few nor unimportant—from 1784 to 1792; and a second and longer season during which the vessel of the state was struggling amidst the breakers, during which no improvements could be expected, inasmuch as it required his strong and untiring hand to hold an undeviating course. The effect of such a life of hazard upon himself is well expressed by Lord Malmesbury. 'Pitt died of old age at forty-six, as much as if he 'had been ninety.' (Vol. iv. p. 346.) Or, to quote from the Diary of another of his friends: 'I spent an hour,' says Wilberforce, 'in the pictures of our English worthies. Poor Pitt's a vile pic-'ture—his face anxious, diseased, reddened with wine, and soured 'and irritated by disappointments. Poor fellow, how unlike my 'youthful Pitt.'[1] The last quotation leads us, by a very obvious

[1] Wilberforce's Life, by his Sons, vol. v. p. 73.

association, to mention one point of signal moment, in which the Mr. Pitt of Lord Malmesbury and the Revolutionary war was a different man from the destroyer of the Coalition party. We have referred to the question of Parliamentary Reform, in which Mr. Pitt would have introduced such an ameliorative system as would have saved us from the *drastic* remedies of Lord John Russell. If there be another question of primary importance, with which the character and policy of this country has been intimately connected, it is that of Slavery and the Slave Trade. To say nothing of its political effect during the last quarter of a century, of the manner in which it associated the advocates of change with the opponents of cruelty and injustice; to look only at its obvious influence in setting forth a high standard of right and truth before the nations of the world, it is impossible to doubt that the conduct of Great Britain in respect of this eventful subject is among the most important incidents in the century. When one of our ablest statesmen would oppose the somewhat fanciful denunciations of Mr. Ward (in his 'Ideal of a Christian Church'), to what circumstances does he refer in defence of our national character? 'Mr. Ward,' he says, 'has 'heard of African slavery, and of the slave trade. Let him 'recollect, and when he next writes, let him, for very shame, 'record, that his country, influenced, we must say, by its senti-'ments of religion, abolished that slave trade in 1807, and 'extirpated slavery itself, at an immense pecuniary cost, in '1833.'[1]

Now it should be recorded in Mr. Pitt's praise, that he was one of the earliest and warmest opposers of this guilty traffic, and that it was only by his combination with that lower and less disinterested party which joined him in 1792, that he was prevented from aiding the Abolitionists with that full efficiency which he had formerly thrown into their support. Among his services to this great cause may be mentioned that his advice contributed to induce Mr. Wilberforce to bring it for the first time before the legislature, while as yet there was none of that popular movement by which, in turns, it was assisted and impeded.[2] The next few years gave the utmost promise of success. In 1792 the House of Commons agreed to prohibit the slave trade in four years. But then came a change over the public spirit. The reaction against revolutionary principles delayed this concession to humanity and justice for a period of fifteen gloomy years. The official influence of Pitt was as ineffectual

[1] Quarterly Review, No. cxlix. p. 167. This review is generally attributed to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

[2] Wilberforce's Life, vol. i. p. 151.

as the perseverance of Wilberforce. Not till the dread of revolution had passed away, till Bonaparte had taken his place amidst the thrones of Europe, and democracy had ceased to be the stalking-horse, under which avarice could disguise her designs,—could this tardy sacrifice be rendered either to the fear of God, or to the voice of human indignation.

It a little surprises us to read so many pages, penned by an able, and, we would hope, a benevolent man, without any reference to the attainment of a national object so creditable to our public character. Among the most interesting parts of these volumes is a copious diary, in which, during his latter days, the retired ambassador put down any well-supported rumour which found its way to his ears. We are disappointed to find that not a word indicates his interest in this great national deliverance. His feelings on the subject are too clearly shown, we fear, in an entry in the earlier portion of the work.

'The Duke of Portland and myself argued on the absolute necessity of coming to a clear and explicit understanding, first with Fox, as to his principles and intended conduct on several great public measures, in which he was involved, and then to the same clear and explicit understanding with Pitt on them. These measures were—Parliamentary Reform, the Abolition of the Slave Trade, the Repeal of the Test Act, and the system to be observed relative to French Politics. That on all these Fox differed from us, and Pitt on several of them.'—Vol. ii. p. 461.

The hint thus supplied as to the policy of the great party with which Lord Malmesbury was connected is of no little importance. Of all the rumours by which Mr. Pitt's character has been assailed, none has been more injurious to him with earnest-minded men than that his support of the abolition of the slave trade was simulated and unreal; and that had he truly exerted his influence, that great blot might have been swept away years before from the escutcheon of his country. Never was there a more baseless charge. The sole argument which gives it currency is, that the abolition was carried during the official existence of the Whigs. Fox, they say, would have carried it had he been in office a year longer—Pitt, therefore, might have done so during his long time of office. We see, however, from this work, that the party arrayed against Pitt was even more opposed to the abolition than that portion of the Tory party by which abolition was actually defeated. Had he chosen, it is said, to make this the turning point of his official life, to have renounced his party rather than to abandon it; to have united with those who, on other points, opposed him, provided only that,

Abolitionists, they were of his mind, he would easily have
gged Dundas and his sordid partisans at his chariot wheels.

Well, suppose it done, with whom should Mr. Pitt ally himself? Fox, it is true, was always faithful to the cause of humanity. But could opposition be overcome, after the manner of Don Quixote, by the services of two unsupported knight-errants? There was need not only of speeches, but of votes. Where was Mr. Pitt to look for the rank and file of his army? Who would enact—

'fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum?'

The truth appears to have been, that the more sober part of the nation at large was yet indisposed to the cause of abolition; and just at this critical season, when everything ought to have been done to hush the public suspicion, the injudicious conduct of some of the opponents of the slave trade gave their enemies the very opportunity, for which they had been seeking, of associating this movement with revolutionary excesses. The consequence was, that if Mr. Pitt had been willing to renounce office for the sake of joining the camp of the Abolitionists, he would have joined them alone. Nor could this obstacle be overcome, until after, in vain, endeavouring to make head against the national mind, the Abolition Society, which by its revolutionary connexions had raised so strong a prejudice against real reforms, died away and was forgotten. It was scarcely heard of after the year 1792, and from that time the subject was kept before the public mind in a more wholesome manner,—by the yearly motions made by Wilberforce in Parliament. By their influence was the public mind gradually leavened, till another generation had arisen, by which abolition of the slave trade was no longer associated with the French revolution or the 'Corresponding Society.' That the slave trade, therefore, was not abolished till the year 1807, was not from any want of sincerity in Mr. Pitt, nor was the subsequent success the result of Mr. Fox's influence: the great change in the public mind, and the labours of that good man who devoted his station and talents to this single cause, were the real means by which the providence of God was effecting its will.

It may be seen from Mr. Wilberforce's life, that he was himself well satisfied, that amidst the many obstacles to his success, any lack of sincerity in Pitt was not to be numbered. Not only was he incessantly intent on keeping his less discreet partisans, especially Mr. Clarkson, from committing the cause of abolition by any partnership in revolutionary excesses, but we meet with several such statements as the following: 'We have 'nothing to defend us against the effect of St. James's being 'against us, but that of Pitt and all his connexions and known 'supporters being warmly with us.'[1] This is part of a letter

[1] Wilberforce's Life, vol. i. p. 352.

written June 7th, 1792; and only a week afterwards Pitt is stated by our journalist to have held the following language to Lord Loughborough, with whom he dined at Dundas's:—

'On Lord Loughborough's observing to him that perhaps the strong manner in which he (Pitt) had promoted the abolition of the slave trade would require some explanation, he said, certainly some concessions must be made; the king did not like the measure, and very naturally; still less the manner in which it was supported by addresses and petitions, a method he (Pitt) also disliked, as it was a bad precedent to establish.'—Vol. ii. p. 464.

We have been the more full in vindicating Mr. Pitt from the charge of insincerity in this cause, both because it is the point in which he has seemed to some zealous and good men the most open to attack, and because it is from a thorough ignorance of his real nature, and of the main efforts by which, in his earlier years, he deserved the thanks of his country, that the suspicion originates. That, from the year 1792, he was never able to give either his mind or his efforts, in any unchecked manner, to the objects which he had loved, we readily believe. The desire of raising his own country to continued prosperity, and of recompensing Africa and the subject colonies for all those political evils with which we had afflicted them, had been well fitted to occupy his generous heart and large understanding. They were of a kind to appeal to his chivalrous sense of honour, to his patriotic self-renouncement, and his hatred of injustice and oppression. But he was doomed, for the residue of a disappointed life, to struggle against the outbreaks of that hellish faction, which it tasked all his powers of combination and firmness to resist. Henceforth all hopes of improvement were to be baffled by this hateful foe:

——— 'quacunque viam virtute petivit
Successum Dea Dira negat.'

And yet we cannot close our defence of Mr. Pitt's policy, without allowing that it failed of aiming at the highest mark, and was destitute therefore of those real principles which can regenerate society. The great statesman of the revolutionary war was certainly not a religious statesman. A moral man he was, free from the sensual temptations by which the sordid herd are enthralled,—pure, true, confiding, generous. But of the *gifts of grace* he had never heard, nor knew of those reforming and restoring principles, with which the great Maker has enriched His Church, that by her supernatural energies she may restore life and vigour to the decaying trunk of national vitality. Herein lay Mr. Pitt's great misfortune. What mighty effects might not have ensued, if those precious years which elapsed

between the American and French wars had been employed in correcting that which caused the one, and in supplying that which would have been our true safeguard in the other! If Sir Robert Peel were asked, in the present day, what it is which really impedes the government of this country, what fetters our energies, and prevents us from ameliorating the condition of the people, he would doubtless confess that it is our lack of religious concord. Were England but one with itself in faith, it were irresistible. Would we establish a colony, would we remedy the ignorance of our poor,—this hated obstacle still withstands our efforts. And when did it arise? It was in that rapid growth of numbers, which closed the old century and commenced the new one, while the Church remained undilated, like the garments of youth on the form of manhood, that this fearful division gained unchecked controul. In 1792, the great body of the nation consisted of Churchmen. The smoking ruins of Priestley's dwelling at Birmingham, the fires of the No-Popery riots, are alike indicative of the public sentiments. Whatever judgment may be passed on these events, they prove a depth of popular feeling to which we are, and in a sense unhappily, total strangers. Then it was not the Prelates of the Church whom a treacherous Premier could advise to set their houses in order. Oh, what might be the difference of our political, as well as social state, if that happy period of security had been duly used! We speak of the peaceful part of Mr. Pitt's administration, as that which might have been thus employed, because nothing could have been expected from those who preceded him: their object was not to use office, but to retain it. But if that season of abundance had found an enlightened, as it did a patriotic, statesman; had there been a Joseph to expound the future, and to point to the real security against impending ills, how noble might have been this man's services! The national wealth was at his absolute disposal. One or two of those millions which Lord Malmesbury was employed to lavish in hiring foreign soldiers, who deceived us, might have supplied the forty or fifty Sees, for want of which the discipline of the Church languishes; and the 2000 Pastors, who would have carried the Gospel through the dark corners of our country. Our colonies too might have been a cause of strength, instead of exhausting weakness, and the English Church might have surpassed that of Rome in the number of her sons, as well as she boasts to do in the purity of her doctrines.

But here we are met with a great practical difficulty,—the difficulty by which we believe that Pitt was really embarrassed. What was the conduct of the clergy whom we already possessed? Were they men of piety and prayer? As well lavish our money in hiring soldiers who would not fight, as in hiring priests who would not pray. We are far from

agreeing with Mr. Rigby's remark to Coningsby, that all which was needed was to build a few more Churches. To what purpose should there be delivered to us 2000 horses, unless we are able on our part to set riders upon them? Now we easily believe, that hard as it was to find a general who could match Napoleon; to find forty or fifty, nay, to find ten men, who were prepared worthily to occupy the seat of the Apostles, was yet more difficult. Look back at that distant period of our Church's history, open its books, inquire into its actions, and where are we to look for that union of earnestness with faith, for that zeal according to knowledge, to which the sceptres of the Church of England could be safely entrusted? Zeal there was indeed, in the latter part of Mr. Pitt's life, in the nascent school of Scott and Newton; but how could they execute an office with fidelity, in the existence of which they did not believe? A bishop who does not believe in the Apostolic succession, is like a man who carries a message in a language with which he is not acquainted. Have we not ourselves witnessed the disgraceful spectacle of men who do their office indeed in ordaining others, because they cannot help it, but who tell the world plainly, that they do not believe there is any meaning in the functions which they execute? This of course is no new thing: among the first Apostles was one who had no real faith in the office with which he was intrusted. But can we expect such men to regenerate a Church in whose formularies they do not believe? Take, for instance, Thomas Scott,—an earnest, sincere, we wish we could say, self-denying man, but it is impossible to bestow the praise of self-denial on one who was driven to a marriage with his servant within a few months of his wife's death, professedly because he had not the grace of continence. This is glossed over in his life; but it was one of the man's merits that he was sincere and earnest, and he made no scruple of confessing his real motive to his friends. Had it been enough to declaim with earnestness against the vices of the age, from the pulpit, no man would have done it with more serious diligence than Scott. But how could he discharge a function with success, with whose true existence he was unacquainted? Not himself believing in the doctrines of grace, as they are set forth in the Church's record, confounding it with that mere excitement of the natural man, to which mortal nature is incident, not knowing that God has incorporated a spiritual society, that real powers might be transmitted to the latest generations, it was wholly impossible that he could do justice to a system of which he had no consciousness.

And yet, if we take leave of this party in the Church, where should we look for those by whom the designs of a reformer might be effected? This, however, is no excuse for a man, who, having the command both of wealth and numbers, might

have fashioned fit instruments for his work. If soldiers or sailors were wanted, must not men be trained for the service? And is not education as well adopted to bring out those qualities, by which the warriors of the Church militant must be characterized? Had Mr. Pitt himself believed in the doctrines which the Church Prayer-Book expresses, had he opened it to learn, and not as men do too commonly, to criticize, he would have seen that it implies certain habits of self-denial and devotion, a certain fixed course of life, the addiction of the whole powers to certain specific objects, which reflection must at once have shown him would never be sought save by those who were accustomed from youth to honour and pursue them. But if he looked back on his own University—and Lord Malmesbury would have told the same of Oxford—he must have discerned that it was not from such a system that he could expect the virtue and self-devotion of saints. Was it reasonable that men who had given their younger years to the hunting-field, or the convivial party, should turn out men of God? Was the card-playing combination-room a meet preparation for the self-denying labours of the country village? As we sow we must reap.

'Non his juventus orta parentibus.'

It must be to other sources that he must have recourse, if he would have a priesthood trained to make God's services their main work. He must have seminaries, in which prayer and teaching must take the place of wine-parties, in which a deep and reverential study of our ancient authors must be substituted for skill in cards, or dexterity at tennis; he must bring men up in the Church's laws, if he would expect them to be her faithful ministers. He did this for the Romanists. He endowed a seminary in which their priesthood were to be taught those peculiar lessons which their system needed. Was the Church of England of less value? Were her sons less numerous? the growth of her institutions less near his heart?

We speak of things which unhappily yet remain to be done, and which will be done, so soon as zeal and orthodoxy are found united in high places. And for the attainment of these objects, far more has been done by the humble labours of a few pale students, unseen beyond the narrow limits of a University, than by all the power of the great minister, who with boundless resources and unquestionable patriotism, was yet powerless, because he was without Faith. To him we impute no blame beyond that which attached to his generation; but, had his eye been opened to discern the true principles of things, the result, we are confident, had been different. But thus is it ever in the order of God's will: He has chosen the weak things of

the earth to confound the mighty. Certainly it cannot be wondered that Mr. Pitt should have left such matters in the hands of those leaders of the Church, whose office it was to regard them. And yet to worse hands they could not have been committed. The probates of their wills are a sufficient condemnation of Mr. Pitt's prelates. The Bishop who saves £300,000 can have little thought that he has anything else to save. In these journals we have a repetition of the old story, that it was to the natural instinct of the good old King that we owe our escape from seeing Mr. Pitts' tutor at Lambeth: 'The King refused to make him Archbishop of Canterbury, on Moore's death;' alleging for reason, 'that if a private secretary of a first minister was put at the head of the Church, it would make all his Bishops party-men and politicians.'—Vol. iv. 375.

However well founded his Majesty's objection, we cannot but think that there existed still more obvious reasons against Tomline's promotion. To say nothing of his disgraceful covetousness, we must attribute to him more than any man, the low estimate which Mr. Pitt evidently entertained of all religious doctrines, and which influenced him so fatally in selecting men for those momentous situations to which he recommended. Let it be remembered, that Mr. Pitt seldom attended Church, never the Lord's Supper; and then let us ask how a Christian Prelate could tell him, in the dedication of a work 'designed for the use of young students in divinity,' that he had 'evinced himself the zealous friend of religion,' and that, 'under the influence of religious principle,' his 'conduct has afforded an eminent example of private, as well as of public virtue.'

And yet, this is not all. The first edition of that meagre book, the 'Elements of Christian Theology,' is dated July 1st, 1799; and exactly one year before, the individual, whose *religious* character is thus highly lauded, had employed the afternoon of one of the highest Christian Festivals (Whitsunday) in fighting a duel. Can we wonder, that with this sample of Church-of-England theology immediately before him, the great Minister should have looked elsewhere for *power* to controul the world? Enthusiasm has its warmth, and superstition has its mystery; but an unbelieving orthodoxy can never rise above the wearisome routine of a powerless decency. If the men of this world are to look to the Church for aid, it must be to the living spectacle of an earnest devotion.

Such a spectacle Mr. Pitt had not the advantage of beholding among any of those divines with whom he was most familiar. No wonder then, that it was not to his choice that we owe even that little modicum of zeal which was to be found at the end of the last century in the rulers of the Church. Porteous, incom-

parably the best Bishop of the day, was preferred through the Queen's favour. The theological acquirements of Horsley recommended him to the notice of the rugged Thurlow. Barrington was put forward by the king; another party had been named, but George the Third objected: he would never 'make a man Bishop of Durham, who would put all its revenues in his pocket.' But no appointment of Pitt was half so creditable as that of Burgess by Addington,—a choice solely dictated—almost the first within late memory—by the merits of the party.[1] In this course Addington was followed by Lord Liverpool. But Mr. Pitt had not sufficient appreciation of the Church's moment to care for the selection of its rulers; and in his days there was no public opinion to direct the choice. It was not that the public mind was not influenced, as it ever must be, by a regard to merit; but the absolute want of fit men had induced an insensibility to the nature of the necessary qualifications. '*Cucullus facit monachum*,' may be a good rule, when a strict and systematic education subordinates a whole class to one rigid discipline; but it is fatal when preparation is left to chance, and yet occupancy is the test of fitness.

We have dwelt at length on this subject, convinced that our readers, at all events, will not run over history like an old almanack, but will desire to trace God's dealings, and to learn wisdom from the infatuation of preceding times. What can show more clearly how shortsighted is the wisdom of this world than the following letters, in which the practised courtier, three years before that fearful retribution which God inflicted on the Bourbon race, expressed his confidence in the stability of their power?

'*From Sir James Harris to the Marquis of Carmarthen.*

'Hague, 21st Nov. 1786.

'My Dear Lord,—Through a private but authorized channel, I learn that in a few days his Prussian Majesty will have a declared mistress: her name is De Voss, Maid of Honour to the Queen Dowager, niece to the Mareschal de la Cour of the late Princess of Prussia, and daughter to a person known at Berlin by the name of Mons. de Voss et de Havelberg. She was a favourite during the life of the late King, and all the ordinary means of seduction employed to lead her astray. Too wise, too cold, or too virtuous to give way to them, she by repeated refusals has worked up a passion to its height, and an offer has been made to make her the *Pompadour* of Berlin. Some hesitation, from a difference of opinion among her relations, has shown itself: but as the lady *now* is on the yielding side, and as his majesty is bent on success,

[1] Vide Harford's Life of Bishop Burgess, p. 204.

there is little doubt of this event very soon taking place. She is a niece of Count Fink's—of course may raise his sinking influences. She is more handsome than clever, probably more artful than either.

'A Madame de Pompadour, or even a Madame de Barri, will never effectually diminish or hurt the grandeur of the French monarchy, which is settled on a foundation beyond the reach of the follies of the Court to shake; but at Potzdam the case is widely different: the whole mass of power is concentrated in the person of the king, and if his shoulders are unequal to bear the burthen, the edifice falls.'—Vol. ii. p. 249.

We have referred before to the numerous indications which these volumes offer of the gross immorality which prevailed on the Continent. Surely the Corsican was the rod of God's anger:—'I will send him against an hypocritical nation, and 'against the people of My wrath will I give him a charge.' The whole tissue of foreign society appears to have been demoralized; and perhaps the business-like tone of our ambassador in alluding to such scenes, says but little for his, or our, Christian sense of shame. To say nothing of the gross impurities of Catharine,[1] which may be attributed to the barbarism of the Muscovite court, we read such extracts as the following:—

'You receive a very extraordinary despatch to-day from Berlin. The late king had Solomon's *wisdom:* this seems disposed to have only his *concubines.*'—Vol. ii. p. 259.

The same was the state of things at Brunswick.

'In the evening with Mademoiselle de Hertzfeldt—old Berlin acquaintance—now Duke's mistress—much altered, but still clever and agreeable . . . her apartment elegantly furnished—and she herself, with all the *appareil* of her situation. She was, at first, rather ashamed to see me, but soon got over it.'—Vol. iii. p. 156.

We have concluded what it seems to us most important to say on these volumes; we will present our readers, however, with a short notice of their contents. There is much in them to interest, and not a little to amuse; but we cannot refrain from saying that they contain much which delicacy and even good faith should have prevented a grandson of the king's minister from submitting to the public eye. The remarks of an unofficial statesman may be unjust or indecent, but they violate no understood compact of secrecy. The king's paid servants owe him the same reserve as those who are employed as agents by men in private situations. These remarks apply, especially, both to the notices of Queen Caroline's first introduction to this country, and to some very unpleasant statements respecting the

[1] At vol. ii. p. 58, is a curious list of Catharine's presents to her favourites.

alienation between George the Fourth and his father. It is impossible not to feel that George the Third might have the gravest reasons for showing his displeasurse with his son; and that to stigmatise his letters, as does this writer, as 'void of any expression of parental kindness and affection,' (vol. ii. p. 129,) while the causes which produced them are unknown or unnoticed, is to do virtual injustice to the parent.

But we proceed to our statement.

The first volume consists mainly of letters from Spain and Russia. In his negotiations in Spain Mr. Harris was successful (nearly his only successful attempt,) in procuring the restoration of the Falkland Islands—he was signally unsuccessful in Russia, where his desire—often his hope—was to induce the Empress to declare on our side during the American war. Her interest was clearly on the side of the armed neutrality, by which the Northern powers hoped to destroy our naval empire.

The second volume continues the Diary in Prussia, and then, after a few letters written during the ineffectual struggle of the coalition party against Mr. Pitt, the scene changes to the Hague. A few curious notices occur respecting the Prince's debts.

The close of this volume contains some very interesting details respecting the accession of part of the Whig party to Mr. Pitt's politics in 1792—3. The difficulty here shown in changing parties, even after principles have long been altered, may account for our finding Sir Robert Peel in office in June 1845, rather than Lord John Russell.

The third volume contains an account of Lord Malmesbury's public services during the revolutionary war. These were first at Berlin, whither he went to induce the King of Prussia to take part against France;—and he succeeded in inducing Frederic William to take our money, but without giving us any effectual aid:—then at Brunswick, and subsequently at Paris and Lisle. We should quote his journal while in Brunswick, whither he went to conduct the Princess of Wales to England, had it not been quoted *in extenso* in every journal in the country. We presume our readers to have had curiosity enough to run over this strange story, while they were looking through the columns of the Times to see what was the last express which 'our own Correspondent' transmitted of the state of the surplice-war from Ware or Exeter.

The report of Lord Malmesbury's visits to Paris and Lisle is full of interest. His letters are, as usual, sensible, and at times amusing; but as we have sought in vain for a single piece of *sparkling* ore in this extensive quarry, we will pick out a letter of George Canning's, which has been stuck in among the rest like a broken bit of looking-glass in a citizen's grotto.

Letter from Mr. Canning to Mr. Ellis.[1]

'Downing Street, 13th July, 1797, or rather 14th, 2 A.M.

'My dear George,—As usual I have kept you for the last, meaning to write you a very long letter, and to say to you whatever I had left unsaid to other people, and to say over again to you whatever I had said to them; and now I am so tired and exhausted that it is a wonder to me how much of these fine purposes I shall execute.

'I must tell you, because I have yet told nobody, not even "the Lion"[2] himself, how much his despatch of yesterday is admired and approved, as well as the conduct which it describes. Nothing could be more able and judicious,—the three points in Monday's conference would have staggered the most practised combatant. But "the Lion" seems to have received them all without flinching, and to have put them by as quietly as you see they have been put by in the despatch of to-day, where there is not a word said about them.

'With regard to the title of King of France, I am inclined to agree with you, that if it is to be reasoned upon seriously we shall be beaten in the argument, and had best look out for the most fanciful and innocent renunciation. The chance in our favour is, I think, that this frivolous question may ultimately be overwhelmed in the greater considerations of the *projet*, and the commentary upon it,—and that if a treaty is agreed upon, or nearly so, within a short space of time, you may, in the ardour of consummation, overleap all matters of form, and then tack on your old apologetical article at the end without much notice being taken. After all it is a grating thing—God knows, I feel it so; and which of *us*—that is, of "the Lion," you, and me,—we might add Windham, but he is beyond us,—we might add Jenksburg,[3] I believe, and all told—which of us is there that does not feel it grating, to have to continue modes of concession, instead of enforcing the justice of demands? And were I writing to you on the 13th of last December instead of the present 13th of July, could I have thought with patience of renunciation and restitution, unaccompanied by cessions to balance and compensate them? But we cannot and must not disguise our situation from ourselves. If peace is to be had, we must have it; I firmly believe we must, and it is a belief which strengthens every day. When Windham says we must not, I ask him, "Can we have war?" It is out of the question, we have not the means—we have not, what is of all means the most essential, the *mind*. If we are not at peace, we shall be at nothing. It will be a *rixa* between us and our enemy, of *pulsation* on their side, and *vapulation* on ours. For my part, I adjourn my objects of honour and happiness for this country beyond the grave of our military and political consequence which you are now digging at Lisle. I believe in our resurrection, and find my only comfort in it.

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[1] Mr. Ellis continued to be attached to Lord Malmesbury's embassy.

[2] 'The Lion' was a nickname by which his intimate friends called Lord Malmesbury, since some foreign newspaper had described him as resembling 'un lion blanc,' from his fine eyes and his profusion of white hair.

[3] A nickname for Jenkinson, afterwards Lord Liverpool, and Prime Minister.

'But though I preach peace thus violently, do not imagine that I am ready to take any that you may offer. I think it clear, from the conferences that have yet passed, and from so much of the instructions of the French plenipotentiaries as has yet been made known to you, that there is no objection on their part to our stripping their allies, provided we do it with decency and moderation; and one of the characteristics is, that so as they get something, they care not much from whom. Give us, then, something to show as an acquisition—but remember (this is all that I intended by my shabby declamation two pages ago,) that what may be very splendid as an acquisition, would be very insufficient as a cause of quarrel. We can break off upon nothing but what will rouse us from sleep and stupidity into a new life and action—what "will create a soul under the ribs of death!" for we are now soulless and spiritless; and what would do this, except the defence of Portugal, (I believe that would,) or the preservation of our integrity, (our *entireness*, I would say,) I know not. All beyond this we shall like to have, but we never shall fight for it. I am persuaded, however, that we may yet have a good deal without fighting.

'I ought now to tell you something of what has been passing here since you left us. There is but one event, but that is an event for the world,—Burke is dead![1] How and when the newspapers will tell you. I know the details only from them. Mrs. Crewe, who was at Beaconsfield at the time, wrote only to say that she could not write to me; *for* he had among all his great qualities that—for which the world did not give him sufficient credit—of creating in those about him very strong attachments and affection, as well as the unbounded admiration which I, every day, am more and more convinced was his due. It is of a piece with the peddling sense of these days, that it should be determined to be imprudent for the House of Commons to vote him a monument. He is the man that will mark this age, marked as it is in itself, by events, to all time.

'But it grows very late, and I very tired—my hand, at least, though I have yet much to say, having in truth said nothing. Now for a few questions, and I have done.

'How is "the Lion's" health?

'What is your private life and conversation at Lisle? for I have heard nothing of it from nobody.

'Why does not Morpeth write, as well as the rest of you, in the despatches? Is he idle?—or is "the Lion" delicate?—or is it chance?—or does he do something else for you that does not appear?

'And now good night, dear George, and God bless you.—Ever yours,—G. C.'—Vol. iii. p. 399.

We may now proceed to the fourth volume, in which is contained a copious Diary, in which Lord Malmesbury, now an established political *quidnunc*, puts down whatever gossip came to his ears during the first few years of the present century.

[1] Burke died July 8th, aged sixty-eight.

We think the experiment is far from successful, if it be designed to conduct to an accurate knowledge of past history; for the news of the day were so transitory, and the judgments passed upon them so uncertain and contradictory, that no page hardly of this Diary can be read by which the adjoining pages are not contradicted. We are led to prefer a narrative which has been formed on a general view of the event, to this series of contradictory conjectures. A well-known line describes the difficulty of making way through an encumbered country,

Πολλὰ δ' ἄναντα, κάταντα, πάραντά τε, δοχμιά τ' ἦλθον.

One day Lord Malmesbury lauds Pitt to the skies; the next he is accused of meanness and party spirit; now Addington is supposed to be dealing fairly, next day his whole policy is sneaking and surreptitious. The other statesmen introduced are not much more fairly dealt with; their actions are not always stated rightly, and the notes of the Editor do not always set right what is erroneous. On the whole, however, we are impressed by the conviction that though Lord Malmesbury had learnt to estimate Pitt's talents better than when he went, sixteen years before, to the Hague, and though a strong personal regard had taken place of that dislike which was then excited by his reserved manner, yet that he was still far from appreciating the integrity of this high-souled man, and gave him credit for a wish to return to office in a somewhat underhand manner, of which Mr. Pitt was altogether incapable. This seems at the bottom of a most preposterous plot which was laid between Lord Malmesbury and Canning, (with the aid, we are told, of Lord Carlisle and Lord Granville Leveson, afterwards Lord Granville,) by which Addington was to be induced to resign by receiving an anonymous letter—'leaving his imagination to 'suppose signatures were more numerous and more *tremendous* 'than those you are sure of.'—Vol. iv. p. 104.

We will give one or two specimens of the political gossip of the day:—

'*Saturday, March* 7, 1801. 10 *P.M.*

'From Pitt's letter, and from other circumstances and rumours, I now am confirmed in my ideas that Pitt wishes to remain at the head of administration; and that if he does, he will remain with less power, but with better and more sane judgment; and the acquiring the last, will, in my mind, amply balance the decrease of the first. He has discovered himself, from what has past, to have an overweening ambition, great and opinionative presumption, and perhaps not quite correct constitutional ideas with regard to the respect and attention due to the Crown. Possibly this is neither in his real character, nor even his real sentiments, but caused by listening to bad and silly advisers, and, above all, to an

uninterrupted course of political prosperity (as far as related to his personal administration), without a single check of adversity for nineteen years. But whatever may be the cause, he has lost much of his popularity, and of the public good opinion, from his conduct at this period; and if he retains office, he will find his followers much diminished, and by no means so inclined to vote implicitly with him as before.'—Vol. iv. p. 33.

All this is overturned in a letter from Canning, October 20, 1802. He says

'That Mr. Pitt told him that he went out not on the Catholic Question simply as a measure on which he was opposed, but from the manner in which he had been opposed, and to which, if he had assented, he would, as a minister, have been on a footing totally different from what he had ever before been in the Cabinet. This obliged him to resign; but as his sincere wish was, that his going out should neither distress the King nor the country, he had required no one to follow him. Those who did, did it voluntarily, regardless of his desire! . . . . It had been his anxious hope and endeavour to leave behind him such a ministry as would be most agreeable to his Majesty; who, in all great national points, would act as he had acted. It was to forward this, his favourite purpose, that he had pledged himself, but *himself simply*, to advise and support the present ministry.'

Then follow the notes of a personal conference.

'CANNING.—"Is not then the time arrived when you, Pitt, are called upon by the strongest and most paramount of all duties to come forward and resume your position?" PITT.—"I do not affect to deny it; I will not affect a childish modesty; but recollect what I have just said, I stand pledged: I make no scruple of owning that I am ambitious; but my ambition is character, not office." . . . . CANNING.—"I repeat, is it not your duty, after the sentiments which you have avowed, and the danger you admit the country to be in, to require this release from him (Addington)?" PITT.—"I cannot bring myself to do it. It is impossible to prevent its wearing the appearance of caballing and intriguing for power. I may be overfeeling about *character*." '—Vol. iv. pp. 75, 78.

Somewhat later we hear of the attempt made by Lord Melville to induce Mr. Pitt to engage as Addington's equal in the ministry; a story told with little variation in the Life of Wilberforce.

'Lord Melville came charged with a proposal from Addington for Pitt to resume office—Pitt and Addington to be the two Secretaries of State; Pitt to have the nomination to one Cabinet, and one Privy Councillor's office; an indifferent person to be First Lord of the Treasury. (It is thought Adddington had Lord Chatham in view for this, and had fixed particularly on him to embarrass Pitt). Lord Melville himself (probably) First Lord of the Admiralty.

'Pitt rejected this offer the moment it was made him: said, so far

from even listening to any plan in which the person who was to be the real and effective first minister was to be disguised or concealed, he thought it indispensable that it should at all times, and in every administration, be evident and manifest who this person was; and that he never would take 'part in any arrangement where this did not clearly appear. That this alone would have induced him to set aside the proposal he heard, but that it was inadmissible in every part, and not worth discussion.''—Vol. iv. p. 177.

Wilberforce, speaking from Pitt's own account of the interview, as it appears, which Lord Malmesbury did not, adds,—'Dundas saw it would not do, and stopped abruptly. "Really," 'said Pitt, with a sly severity, and it was almost the only sharp 'thing I ever heard him say of any friend, "I had not the 'curiosity to ask what I was to be."'—*Wilberforce's Life*, vol. iii. p. 219.

'Lord Pelham acceded to all I said,—promised to mention it to Addington; but added, that whenever any one talked to him on subjects he did not understand, or was not used to, he always got rid of the subject, by telling some *bon mot* or dull joke of Halsell's, when he was Speaker.'—Vol. iv. p. 197.

Alas, for human reputation, that poor *Hatsell's* jokes should not only be voted dull, but that his Precedents should not suffice even to make his name known to the new race of statesmen!

Lord Malmesbury's early knowledge of Spain, from his official residence there, enabled him to detect some mistakes in our mode of supporting that country during its struggle with Napoleon.

'The character of the Spaniard is to let everything be done for him, if he finds any disposed to do it, and never to act till obliged to do so. This has appeared, and will appear in every event of the contest with France. Not foreseeing this, and placing an implicit confidence in the first two deputies who arrived from Gijon (in Asturias), we have, by wishing to do too much, injured the cause. I at once saw what they were. Materasa (a Viscount), a young, raw Asturian Hidalgo, and Don Diego de Vega, an Asturian attorney,—both, I dare say, well-meaning and well-thinking, but of no consequence. In fact, Asturias is a province that is of as little consequence with reference to the kingdom of Spain, as Glamorganshire is to England.'—Vol. iv. 407.

We cannot give the noble editor equal credit for 'seeing at once' the purport of another passage of his grandfather's journal, in which Spain is mentioned.

'That Spain was completely subservient to France, and that Buonaparte should think the Spanish, by going to war with us, would be more useful for his purposes than the tribute he now received. This would happen.'—Vol. iv. p. 312.

We venture to amend, without professing that we have the

sanction of any other codex than that which we suppose is in the present Lord Malmesbury's bureau:—

'That Spain was completely subservient to France; and that *if* Buonaparte should think the Spanish, by going to war with us, would be more useful for his purposes than the tribute he now received, this would happen.'

Lord Malmesbury wrote sense always—sometimes English.

We will close with one further observation, that these journals show the wisdom of those attempts at peace which were frequently made during the earlier part of the revolutionary war, and which issued in the short peace of 1801. These conciliatory measures were commenced by Pitt in 1795, in the very autumn after he had opposed the motion of Wilberforce for a negotiation with France. They lasted, with various intermissions, till the Peace of Amiens. Neither from them indeed, nor from the Peace of Amiens, was any solid or lasting quiet to be expected. But they proved to the nation at large the nature of the struggle in which we were engaged. They showed the real objects of the enemy—the internecine nature of his assaults—and that our only safety was in victory. This it was which bound together the whole people of England as one man. The last years of the war therefore were eminently popular. And when it pleased God to set a hero at the head of our armies, by whom the patriotism of our statesmen and the valour of our soldiers were duly improved, then it was that those great events succeeded one another in rapid career, which made the last war so glorious to England, and so imperishable a portion of the history of the world.

ART. II.—*English Churchwomen of the Seventeenth Century.* London: Burns. 1845. Pp. 362.

THE 'Churchwomen of the Seventeenth Century' appear, in these Notices, in a shape which particularly suits them, and brings them out. A more unpretending, solid little book we never saw; its plainness, at the same time, bearing the stamp of true elegance and perfect taste. It reminds us of the manners of a well-bred person in society, with their rigid exclusion of all officious display. It presents a great contrast in this respect to the tone in which modern religious biography has been often conducted. There is no introduction of set phrases and forms of speech, such as come in at certain turns in many books of this class, and which may be anticipated with almost unerring accuracy. There are no reflections introduced for their own sake—no interpolations bearing upon things in general: there is no filling up and rounding off with extraneous subjects. The writer—we detect a female hand—pursues her own even course, and has the character she is describing always close to her. She draws it out with simple effect, and we have the character only before us, and see nothing of the hand which is drawing it. She maintains just that quiet and natural tone which is so desirable in this department, and sets us completely at our ease as to the reality of what we are reading about. The persons we feel sure were just the persons that are here described. For any influence that a book of this class is to have, it is evident how important an impression this is to produce. The mind cannot leave these pages and think it has been looking on a picture. It has come into contact with real persons, and seen religion in living practical form before it. A calm reality pervades the whole book. The writer sympathizes with her characters; her own mind unconsciously mingles with them; and she puts them before us with the quiet self-possession of a person who is describing tempers and forms of religion which she understands, and to which she feels an assimilation.

To any one, then, who may wish to know what the internal domestic religion of good Church-people in those times was, this little book will give the information wanted. It presents, within a small compass, the state of religion in our Church, as the teaching of the Caroline divines had moulded it. It is a picture of ıe domestic, retired, interior Church of England of that day. ;is confined, indeed, to one sex; and so far is a partial picture.

But there is quite enough in it to show what the religious standard of the day was.

There is one reason in particular which makes us glad to see such a book as this. There is a popular impression respecting these times, which meets with a strong and somewhat irresistible answer in it. There is a popular impression that the Church religion of these times was a formal and secular one, that the Puritans were the only persons of vital and spiritual religion, and that Church-people did little more than stand up for a formal ceremonial, and a stiff liturgical routine. The Church religion of the Caroline times and the 'high Churchmanship' of a later date has been all put together under one head, and the same charge has served for both. And persons, in thinking of this period, have before them a compound image of ambitious prelates and rubrical innovations on the one hand, and balls and masks, and Cavalier revelling and dissipation, on the other. To the Church has been assigned the worldliness and pomp of the age, and to the Puritanical party the religion. Even moderate and impartial minds are ready to make the concession, and to allow that, though Charles had the best cause, the opposite side had the best men. It is, indeed, easy to see how prominent a feature the gay profligacy of the Cavaliers must be when people only see that one feature, and see nothing else. The faults in the Royalist party were of the more open and palpable sort, such as catch the eye readily. And thus persons go off with an image of a gay Royalist Court, and a dashing Royalist camp, and Cavaliers with white feathers and prancing steeds, in their heads, and think they have got at the state of religion on the Church side, and fix the Church's standard accordingly.

It must be on some such very superficial view as this that the idea we are alluding to is formed, for there is literally no reasonable ground whatever for it. It stands refuted the very first time that we allow our eye fairly to rest on the plain facts of the case as respects these times. What are the very first names that come across us in reading of those times—of what do our most familiar Church names remind us, but of men who lived lives of unwearying self-denial and aspiring devotion; men who watched, fasted, and prayed night and day? George Herbert and Nicolas Ferrar, Hammond and Sanderson, Morton, Thorndike, Ken, and many others, may have pursued a line of devotion with which many cannot sympathize, but that they were men of an intensely devotional spirit appears to be a simple fact, which any dissenter even must allow who knows anything about them. From what quarter do our warmest books of devotion come, our most searching guides to conscience, the loftiest and most ambitious calls to the life spiritual, but from this? Men judge from

the particular stamp of high Churchmanship which the last century produced, a stamp which had more of the Establishment than the Church in it, as to the necessary tendencies of high Church religion itself; and on this *à priori* view, imagine the Church form of religion to be necessarily the cold and dry one, and the dissenting the warm and spiritual one. This is simple imagination. The matter of fact is quite otherwise. The devotional line of the Church at the time we are speaking of was most remarkably warm, fervent, ardent; indeed, to use the common phrase, most spiritual. The Puritans had their peculiar style of spirituality—the Church also had hers. Look, we say again, at the books of prayers, and rules of devotion and charity, which proceeded from the Church minds of that age: look at the whole view they take of what the Christian life is, and see if you can accuse it of being over lax and cold, too easy, and self-indulgent. We hardly think you will. The Church did not cultivate puritanical indeed, but it nevertheless cultivated Catholic, spirituality.

The little book before us takes us out of the noise and bustle of public scenes, and introduces us into the interior of society, and into the private life of religious families of that day. When persons judge of a whole state of things from one or two superficial, noisy, showy, circumstances, they are going at haphazard. Grant that a Royalist camp did not—as what camp in the world ever did?—present an exhibition of strict religion: a Royalist camp was only one external, accidental concomitant of the Church cause then. It was only one mixed, fragmentary, evanescent feature in a whole course of events. The Church and her children had their own line, and their own way of going on, before any Royalist camp was in existence, and were not interfered with by it. What has the state of religious feeling in the interior of society, in the common, every-day domestic walks of life, to do with such a casual, secular exhibition as it? The sphere of quiet, ordinary life is, of course, the quarter we should turn to, to form a judgment of what the Church of that day was. That is the sphere in which her teaching works, and there it is that we must look for the fruits of her teaching. There we see her efforts, her wishes, her standard reflected. The course of private life—the tone of private society—what people do at home, in their towns and villages—give the substantial Church of the day. Quiet, ordinary life is the substance of the Church. There may be stirring, bustling scenes going on which history takes more notice of; but to form our judgment from such, is deliberately judge from an accidental excrescence, instead of the body elf; to go off at a tangent, and overlook, and simply pass by, e main field of inquiry. We are not saying that the public

manifestations of the Royalist party, whether in Court or camp, were at all worse than those of the Puritans, for we think quite otherwise; but we do not enter upon this question: we simply object to either side being judged of from such evidence. Let all religious sides and all parties stand or fall by what they do upon their own ground, and let them be judged of from the tone of their ordinary teaching. Let the Church and the Puritan form of religion, respectively, be judged of from the religious characters that each produces and cherishes within its own bosom, and let us look simply to the height of the standard that each naturally aspires and attains to.

These little 'Notices' do an important service in bringing us back to this point. They bring the question to an issue upon its own proper basis: they bring us back to the interior of our Church, and show the solid substratum of religion upon which she rested,—the practical, devotional, high spiritual aims which she cultivated within her fold, in her ordinary field of influence; the internal, individual, Christian life to which she brought her favoured children. Let us hear no more of Cavaliers that were very dissipated, and Court ladies that were very worldly and gay, as if such facts as these settled the question. We are now upon our proper ground; we have now the natural sphere of Church influence, the natural standard of her religion, before us. Let us see what it was. We are far, indeed, from supposing that such examples of devotion as we see here are average ones. Of course they are not. If they had been, they would not have been recorded. The average tone of a religious body is always a good way below that of the recorded specimens. Very good people are never very common; and it is only a certain proportion, all the world over, that arrive at anything like high religion. But such instances show the spirit of the body that they belong to; they indicate an aim, a direction, a tendency in the religion of the day. They show what the Church aimed at producing, the object she had before her, and the form and mould of her religion.

The religious characters that we here come across are cast in a particular mould, we say. This is a point which must be remarked on; for it strikes one every page that we turn over. Everybody will see a marked distinction, in tone, feeling, religious cast of mind, between them and pious dissenters. They belong evidently to a different school to what the latter do. Before entering into any comparison of the merits of the two, this fact is obvious at starting. The two classes are cast in two respective moulds, and it is as easy to tell a Church saint from a puritan one, as it would be to tell one species in natural history from another. The former have their mode of thinking and

acting, and the latter have theirs; the one have Catholic spirituality, the other puritan.

It is very difficult to draw out and express, in positive words, in what this distinction consists; so much of it lies in a nameless, subtle, pervading element which runs into every act, and comes up everywhere, and makes itself felt, rather than seen. We are always touching upon it, and feeling a bottom, as it were, underneath us; but it does not come up to the surface, and meet our analytical eye. To describe it, however, vaguely, and in some of its scattered features, the Church character, we should say, had more shapeliness, or what is called formality, more simplicity, more lowliness. Grace is the heavenly development of nature. There is much nature in the Church character: it is one which a pious pagan would naturally feel himself drawn to, when he saw it, and would, in his degree, understand. He would be very much at sea about a Puritan. A certain kind of formalism goes along with this nature. Formalism is true nature in our present state. When do we go on most formally, and are made to do everything in a definite, absolute way most, but when we are children? And we are all of us children in religion. It is thus a great part of the Catholic ethos to express itself formally,—*i. e.* definitely,—in particular stated acts and duties; to have times and seasons for doing everything. It chooses evening, morning, and midday; or seven times a day—some definite number of times—for prayer. It has formal postures, attitudes, signs. It leaves nothing that it does to chaos and chance; it shapes all that it does; and its inward feelings, workings of mind, yearnings, longings;—its love, pity, benevolence, come out in express forms, and take certain definite lines of action. This seems to be the peculiar tendency of the phrase 'good works,' and to many an obnoxious one. A Catholic talks boldly and straightforwardly about good works, with a round preciseness, as if he had a definite image before his mind which he looked full at: a Puritan, or Evangelical, does not of course positively condemn the expression, but does not like it at the same time; he avoids it, and will allude to the subject under some vaguer phrase if he can. Feelings of penitence, for example, come out in the shape of penitential acts. They do not exhaust themselves in an internal swell and roll of the mind, or evaporate in sensations: they come into the outer world, and assume a visible and tangible form and being, and become so many things done. Feelings of benevolence and compassion take the same course. The Church gives this whole class of feelings, all that brings us into contact with our poorer neighbours, a particular place and position in her ethical system. She makes the poor a definite

department for devotional love and regard, and assigns us our duties to them with the same deep and serious formalism with which she does everything else. Catholic devotion sets itself tasks to do with respect to the poor, and attends particularly to their bodily wants,—to the visible and tangible circumstances of their condition; it heals their wounds, relieves their emptiness, covers and warms them. 'Good works,' in the peculiar devotional sense, are largely appropriated by this department of works of mercy towards the poor. The feeling of compassion comes out and expresses itself more, when it thus assumes visible shape and substance: the moral yearning is more satisfied: love is embodied and consolidated. This is the tendency of Catholic ethics. We are made up of internal and external, have emotions and sensations within, and have a visible world without us that embodies these emotions, and gives them locality and form. Catholic ethics cause a perpetual efflux out of the inner world into the outer, and acts upon acts are so many perpetual, successive births in her system, just as the hidden virtues of the soil come up and are embodied in the trees and plants which draw them out. A religious life is thus a kind of ritual. It flows on like a religious ceremonial, and turns vague feelings and impressions into definite movements, acts, and observances.

But, however we may describe the difference between the religious tone of Church-people and dissenters, that there is such a difference is very apparent; and the general character and point of the difference is pretty clear; and we see it plainly enough, though we may not be able exactly to analyze it. The Church has her own form of the humble, penitential, submissive. Her sweetness, her charity, her pity, her whole order of feelings, are peculiarly her own, and bear the ecclesiastical stamp upon them. She has an idea of goodness before her, which the other communions do not even aim at. The genius of her ethics is different from theirs. They rather deliberately avoid her mould; they do not see the point and virtue of it: they deliberately argue against it, and have a positive counter-aim, which they set up in contrast to it. They think the Church standard of the religious temper a superstitious one: legal, oppressive, servile, Jewish. They think her sadly deficient in the freedom which the new law has introduced. They mistake her good works for mere formalities, her love for romance, her subjection to authority for superstition.

The characters before us remarkably illustrate this Church form of religion that we speak of. We observe that a short notice of this little book in a latitudinarian journal, speaks of a 'bland fanaticism' which pervades it. The criticism coming from a latitudinarian quarter, is not unfair or unexpressive; and

with the proviso, that we attach our own meaning to fanaticism, and separate the real thing they mean from the objectionable name they give it, we will allow it to stand. There is a good deal described here, a good deal in the course of life and religious tone of the subjects of these notices, which must appear 'fanaticism' to many eyes. It is not dissenting 'fanaticism,' but that of a very different school. But it is time we should give a few extracts from the book, and the reader may apply for himself what we have said, as we go along.

Lady Falkland is perhaps one of the most striking characters drawn. Her extreme contemplativeness, seclusion, melancholy, tender scrupulousness, refined asceticism, make us almost think sometimes that we must have dipped, by mistake, into the life of some Roman Catholic saint; and seem rather the accompaniments of the veil and cloister, than to belong to the mistress of a splendid household, and the mother of a family. Different minds have very different internal dispositions. Lady Falkland's melancholy was of that peculiar and dangerous depth which becomes a source of actual spiritual temptation; and a life of most extraordinary and scrupulous devoutness from her very childhood, did not prevent her from falling into the most miserable thoughts about herself and her condition. She was tempted at times almost to despair of her salvation. The storms swept over her, and she recovered, and went on in her quiet, ordinary frame of mind again. But she had always a tendency to take the over-melancholy and dejecting view. And her saint-like delicacy of conscience, strict watchfulness, and perpetual prayer, had not their reward upon earth in the shape of that perfect serenity and peace which some minds reap from such a life.

'"That her time might not be misspent, nor her employments tedious to her, the several hours of the day had variety of employments assigned to them; intermixing of prayers, reading, writing, working and walking, brought a pleasure to each of them in their courses," so that the day ended too soon for all she had to do, and in her early youth she began to abridge herself of her sleep, and was often at a book in her closet, when she was thought to be in bed.

'Whilst she was still very young, she worked a purse to hold her own alms, and would beg for money from her mother to fill it, as eagerly emptying it again for the poor who came to her father's house, and who seldom left it without alms from the young daughter, as well as from her parents.

'She was at this time constant in her private prayers, and when strangers occupied her own room, to which she commonly retired, she would ask the steward for the key of some other room for that purpose, at her hour of prayer. "How powerful with God the lifting up her pure hands everywhere, in this her innocent childhood, was, soon appeared. For while her piety and holiness was in this bud, a violent attempt there

was made to blast it. About the thirteenth year of her age, there was a storm of temptation raised in her, and some arguments the tempter had suggested, to drive her to despair of God's mercy towards her. But God upheld this young twig against such a storm, which hath torn up many a fair tree: for after some anguish of spirit, and patience in the combat, and earnest prayers, God's grace was sufficient for her: and surely it was not the strength of her hands at this age, but the pureness of them, which prevailed for her.'

'After this conquest, her soul enjoyed much peace and tranquillity; she went on most cheerfully in holy duties, tasting much delight and comfort in them, and her heart was at times so full, that out of the abundance of it she would say, "Oh, what an incomparable sweetness there is in the music upon David's harp! Oh, what heavenly joy there is in those psalms, and in prayers, and praises to God! How amiable are the courts of God's house! how welcome the days of His solemn worship!"'—Pp. 2, 3.

The death of her husband was a devotional era in her life; and from that time she adopted a stricter rule, and considered that her widowhood consecrated her in an especial way to religion.

'She then addressed herself to a divine of great eminence for piety and learning, and from him she took directions for a more strict course of life in this her widowhood, than she had hitherto pursued. Though the greatest and most important part of her christian work, was locked up close within herself, and some of it carefully concealed for fear of vain-glory, yet much of it appeared by the effects, and so came abroad for the good of others.

'Her first and great employment, was to read and understand, and then to the utmost of her strength to practise our blessed Saviour's Sermon on the Mount, in the fifth, sixth, and seventh chapters of St. Matthew's Gospel; and having read over a most complete, though compendious Comment upon that Sermon, she set forthwith upon the work of practising it, beginning with those virtues to which the Beatitudes are annexed.'—Pp. 7, 8.

One of the Beatitudes is, 'Blessed are the merciful.'

'As to the poor at home, and strangers at the door, she was very charitable in feeding the hungry, and refreshing the poor and weak; for clothing the naked, she might be sometimes seen going up and down her house, begging clothes from her servants, which she repaid afterwards with new, that the poor might not go naked or cold from her door; so that she was not only a liberal almoner to the poor, but also an earnest solicitor for them. When it was objected that many idle and wicked people were by this course of charity relieved at her house, her answer was, "I know not their hearts; and in their outward carriage and speech, they all appear to me good and virtuous; and I had rather relieve five unworthy vagrants, than that one member of Christ should go empty away."

'And as for harbouring strangers, the many inconveniences apt to

result from it could not deter her from entertaining them, sometimes for several weeks together.

'She would also send plentiful relief to prisoners, and needy persons at London and Oxford, with a strict charge that it should not be known from whence it came; and it was not till after her death that these charities came to light.

'Nor was her mercifulness bounded within the limits of friends, but extended to her enemies; for when many of them were taken prisoners by the king's soldiers, she consulted how she might send relief to them; and on the objection being made, that such an action would raise jealousies in some minds of her loyalty to the king, she answered, "No man will suspect my loyalty, because I relieve these prisoners, but he would suspect my Christianity, if he should see me relieve a needy Turk or Jew: however, I had rather be so misunderstood, (if this my secret alms should be known,) than that any of mine enemies (the worst of them) should perish for want of it."'—Pp. 8, 9.

The temper of meekness and peaceableness is sometimes particularly attained by those who have extraordinary natural irritableness.

'Her greater difficulty was with her affections; she would often complain that her natural temper inclined her to anger, and being so well aware of it, she most diligently observed herself, and in a great measure conquered that froward inclination; the good measure of meekness in this respect which she attained to, being the more commendable because of the many difficulties she met with in the endeavour.

'As for peaceableness, as much as in her lay, she had peace with all men; she suffered herself to be defrauded and damaged in her estate, rather than she would disquiet a debtor by suits at law; for "peace is equivalent," she said, "to the sum detained." Whilst she avoided lawsuits herself, she endeavoured also to make peace between her neighbours by all her art and power. On one occasion, when she thought that a contention was likely to arise about the choice of a parish officer, she hired one herself, and so kept all peaceable and quiet.

'Thus she hungered and thirsted after peace, and after righteousness too; as the chased and wearied hart pants for the water brooks, so her soul seemed to long after righteousness, frequently panting, "Oh why am I not? oh how shall I be? oh when shall I be perfect, as my Heavenly Father is perfect?"

'And for patient suffering: in the latter part of her life she was seldom free from some trouble; spiritual afflictions and sorrow, or bodily infirmities, of weakness and sickness, or worldly losses in her estate; one or more of these, or the like, pressures were constantly heavy upon her; yet no impatience, and little disturbance could be perceived in her, but when all these trials were at once present, her patience triumphed over 'em all.

'Some persons thought her in love with suffering, when she refused pay contribution money against the king, and suffered her stock, of eat value, to be seized, rather than to pay some little tax, which was

demanded; it seemed to such observers, that, not content with carrying the cross if it was laid upon her, she went to meet it; but she was willing to suffer loss rather than blemish her obedience and loyalty, so that till the king himself granted her an indulgence, she refused to pay contribution to the neighbouring garrisons, which were against him.'—Pp. 11, 12.

In the midst of these self-mortifications, 'she bewailed her 'weaknesses and spiritual wants; and when those about her 'wished, as they sometimes did, that they were as forward in 'the ways of religion as they saw her, she would answer, "Oh 'ye are not so backward! yet wish yourselves better! ye know 'not how vile and corrupt my heart is."'

Of her hours of private prayer, and the religious services in her household, we hear—

'With equal diligence she practised the duty of prayer enjoined in the same sermon of our Lord, spending some hours every day in her private devotions and meditations; these were called by her family her busy hours; Martha's employment was her recreation, Mary's her business.

'Her maids came into her chamber early every morning, and usually passed an hour with her, when she prayed, catechised, and instructed. To this were daily added the morning and evening prayers of the Church, before dinner and supper; and another form of prayer, together with reading the scriptures and singing psalms, before bed-time.

'She charged her servants to be present at all these hours of prayer if their business allowed of it, but never suffered any one to be absent from all the services; if she observed any such, she sent for them into her chamber and prayed with them privately, making it a rule that at least every morning and evening, every servant in her house should offer the sacrifice of prayer and praises to God. Nor did she limit the services of her house to her own household, but opened her oratory to her neighbours as freely as her hospitable hall.

'On the Lord's Day she rose earlier than on other days, but often found the day too short for her private duties, and instructions of her children and servants, so that she would sometimes rise on Monday two or three hours before day-light, to supply what was left undone the day before.

'In order also to prepare herself for the Sunday's duty beforehand, she sequestered herself on the Saturday from company and worldly business, and seldom came out of her closet till towards evening, when her chaplain catechised, in addition to the usual service of prayer.

'She punctually observed the other Holy Days of the Church, and after the public service, she released her servants to their recreations, and the care of their own concerns, saying, "These days are yours, and as due to you, as ordinary days to my employments." On these days of rest, she went with her books to her unlearned neighbours, who were at leisure to hear her read, whilst their plough and their wheel stood still.

'She strictly observed the Fasts of the Church, and such days as were appointed for solemn humiliation, which her whole family, great and small, observed after the pattern of the Ninevites. When the calamities of the country increased, she often wished that lawful authority would appoint not only the second Friday, but the last Wednesday in every month, to be kept solemnly throughout the land, that their fasts might be doubled as well as their troubles.

'She exhorted all her servants to accompany her to the Sacrament, and those who were prevailed upon, gave in their names two or three days before, that she might instruct them herself, and obtain the help of her chaplains to examine them and instruct them further; for which purpose, the day before their receiving was free from their ordinary work. When they had received, she called them together again, and gave them such exhortations as were proper for them.'—Pp. 12—15.

A fresh affliction now came to quicken her, in the death of 'her young and most dear son Lorenzo.'

'She wept and mourned all the day long, and at night also watered her couch with tears, and weeping she would say, "Ah! this immoderate sorrow must be repented of, these tears wept over again!" Her quick sense of displeasing God by extreme grief soon allayed its vehemence. She retired into herself to hearken what the Lord would say unto her, in this louder call of affliction; and it seemed to be prompted to her that she was not yet weaned enough from the things of this world, and it was expedient for her that some of the worldly comforts she most delighted in should be taken away, that her conversation might be yet more spiritual and heavenly; therefore this affliction seemed to call her to a greater mortification to the world, and a nearer conformity to Christ her Lord.

'But fearing that her sorrow for her son was still exorbitant, she went again to ask counsel of her ghostly physician, the same eminent divine, as it appears, whom she consulted after her husband's death. She acquainted him with the violence of those fits of sorrow, which of late had seized upon her for the death of her son, and he, by his good counsel, with God's help, cured this new distemper of hers, prescribing antidotes also to prevent a relapse into this malady of excessive grief.

'She returned home, confessing that this very affliction was most fit for her, and that it should turn to her profit; and, cheered by this confidence, it was observed by those who saw her on her return, that a remarkable change had come over her, as great as that which passed upon Hannah when Eli promised a son in answer to her prayers.

'Thus God made the spiritual medicine she had received effectual, and the antidote too, for while she lamented the excess of her grief, she did not again give way to it. She used her newly-regained cheerfulness in making resolutions of farther progress in holiness, and set about running the last stages of her Christian race with greater speed than y former ones. Yet, before she began upon the fulfilment of these w purposes, she was tried by a fresh temptation; she feared that her pentance was not sincere enough to be acceptable to God, and reasoned

thus with herself, "My grief for my sins has not been so vehement as that for my son's death; I wept not so bitterly for them as I did for that; and therefore my repentance is not acceptable." '—Pp. 18, 19.

Her son's death she took as another call to an increased strictness, and was another devotional era in her life. 'The vanity 'of apparel she had cut off long before, and after her husband's 'death, the richness of it too, and what she spared in this she 'bestowed upon the poor members of Christ. She now began to 'cut off all other worldly pomp; she gave up that state which be-'longed to her rank, in her house, in her retinue, and at her table, 'and took more delight in seeing her revenues spent among a 'crowd of alms-men and women at her door, than by a throng 'of servants in her house.' She now commenced a course of deeper and more inward asceticism, and set herself new tasks, and entered on new spheres of self-mortification. She set earnestly to work to extinguish even the most latent tendencies to selfishness, and she discovered a selfish principle lurking even under the most beautiful and winning affections of our present state. What people in general think they have not only a right, but a positive call of duty, to indulge to the very full—those feelings which constitute the very morality and religion of the world at large, she suspected, and saw a principle of evil lying underneath them, like a snake in the grass. The sweet, overpowering fascination of the natural domestic affections was what she particularly set herself against. She looked upon it as a regular temptation, and fought inwardly against it. The Church has all throughout her course expressed especial mistrust of this class of feelings, and cautioned her members against them. They look so exceedingly amiable, indeed, that it appears positively harsh and forbidding to say anything in caution against them: and it does undoubtedly require a certain real progress in spiritual life to be able to mistrust them: it is a very testing point as to persons' religious state of mind. But Catholic spirituality is very determined on this head, and sticks to its point. It penetrates through the surface, and sees evil where the world does not see it. It mortifies nature even in her tenderest, softest, sweetest part, and drives the knife's point into the full bud of rich and fragrant life.

'She now severely undertook the mortification of her natural affection to her children and friends, saying to some of those who were dearest to her, "Oh, love me not, I pray, too much! And God grant I never love my friends too much hereafter; that hath cost me dear, and my heart hath smarted sore with grief for it already." She resigned her will and understanding, as well as her affections, more and more completely to the will, and to the wisdom of God. "Whatsoever comes upon me," she said, "I will bear it patiently, because by God's will it

comes ; yea, I will bear it cheerfully, because by God's wisdom it is thus ordered, and it will work (as all things else) for mine advantage."

'Therefore she considered the death of her husband, and of her son, as real benefits to her, and would say, "I should offend not only against free obedience and submission, but also against common prudence, if I should wish my condition otherwise than now it is ; I cannot wish anything so gainful and prosperous to me, as this, which my Heavenly Father in His wisdom hath ordered for me."'—P. 21.

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'The warning which she gave to young mothers, not to exceed in fondness for their husbands and children, came suitably and affectingly from her. "Oh, I have had my portion," said she, "of these very comforts, with the first, no one woman more ; but there is no lasting nor true pleasure in them. There is no real comfort from any espousals but from those to Christ."'—Pp. 28, 29.

A scheme was much in her thoughts, 'for providing places 'for the education of young gentlewomen, and the retirement of 'widows (as Colleges and the Inns of Court and Chancery are 'for men), in several parts of the kingdom ; she hoped that learning and religion might flourish more in her own sex, by their 'having such opportunities to serve the Lord without distraction. 'This project might not have been beyond her reach to accomplish, through the power and interest that she had with the 'great men of her day, but that the evil times disabled her. 'When she found herself unable to fulfil these designs for the 'good of the kingdom, she returned with fresh vigour to the 'care of improving herself.'

The accurate, definite way in which she sets about parts of her spiritual progress is remarkable.

'She undertook at the same time the difficult task of taming the tongue ; and for this purpose refrained for a while from speech almost entirely, then loosened it a little, with two cautions.

'First, that it should "never speak evil of any man though truly, but only upon a design of charity, to reclaim him from that evil." And because a vicious man is seldom reclaimed by anything said against him in his absence, she gave peremptory charge to her tongue, that it should never speak evil of any man, however notoriously wicked, if he was absent and not likely to be amended by it.

'The second caution her tongue received was, that "as much as was possible, it should keep in every idle word, and speak out only that which was to edification." So that in the latter part of her life she seldom spoke but on subjects relating to the concerns of the soul, seldom even with her friends and neighbours on any worldly matters. She took the same care in writing as in speaking, and suffered not a vain nor idle word to slip from her pen . . . .'—P. 20.

Her exceeding scrupulousness and strictness extended to everything, and indeed would have made life too difficult for

her, and her trial too harassing, but for the constant unbosoming of her soul to her spiritual adviser, Duncan, afterwards her biographer. 'If it be but a mote, may it not grow,' said she, 'to a beam in mine eye?'

'Greedily aspiring after perfection, she feared the smallest errors; and if any of her scruples proceeded from her own carnal reason, or from Satan, to disquiet her, yet even that poison she turned into honey, taking occasion from those very scruples to be more exact afterwards in her life.

'"One while I fear, I indulge too much liberty to others, and too little to myself; another while, that I am too strict to others, and too remiss to myself; and therefore I mete not to others, as I mete to myself. I multiply queries against myself, whether this duty was well performed, or not; this action lawful, or not; that word or silence, seasonable or not; and for commerce and traffic with my neighbours, whether this and that bargain were just, not prejudicing myself, nor over-reaching them. And when I would give thanks for anything well done, (through God's grace in me,) I think it might have been better done, and that therefore my thanksgiving may be deferred."

'"Now, Sir, if these motions be from the Spirit of God in me, I must hearken what the Lord God saith to my soul; at my utmost peril it is, if I receive not, and cherish not those motions: and if they be doubts I raise of myself, they are not to be neglected, there is danger (my books tell me) in that; but if they be scruples, heeding them is dangerous: so there is danger on every side."'—Pp. 31, 32.

Her meekness now increased 'till she was clothed with it as a 'robe, covering her with the beauty of a meek and quiet spirit. 'Her compassions, deep as they were before, grew more and 'more tender, bringing tears to her eyes when she saw or heard 'of distress, and opening her hand wide for the comfort of the 'poor and needy. Where her hand of charity could not reach, 'her feelings of compassion found their way; and those who sat 'with her at meals, saw the earnestness of her sorrow, when the 'miseries of the Church and kingdom were the subject of con-'versation. She was almost pined with hunger, and faint with 'thirst after righteousness; ever and anon sighing, "Oh, that I 'could attain unto it! Oh, that my ways were made so direct!" 'It was usual with her at night to compose herself to sleep, saying 'to her woman, not without some joy, "Well, now I am one 'day nearer my journey's end;" comforting herself, that when 'her body should sleep in the bed of her grave, then the days 'of sin would be finished, and then she should be perfect, as her 'heavenly Father is perfect.'

'Her humility in begging forgiveness from others was most singular; during the latter part of her life, she seldom slept till she had asked forgiveness, as well as blessing, from her mother, that if she had in any way offended her, she might be sure of her pardon.

'But that which more astonished the inmates of her house, was to see this noble lady begging forgiveness from her inferiors and servants, for her angry words or chiding frowns towards them; and sometimes asking their pardon when she had expressed no anger outwardly, because, said she, "somewhat I felt within myself, too like anger towards you, though I suppressed it as soon as I could."'—P. 24.

As her end approached, a wish to withdraw altogether from the world, and live in religious retirement, became very strong in her. 'She had resolved to get loose from the multitude of 'her worldly employments, and to remove from her stately 'mansion to a little house near adjoining; and in that house 'and garden, with a book, and a wheel, and a maid or two, to 'withdraw herself from worldly business and unnecessary visits; 'and she took as great delight in planning this humiliation and 'privacy, as others do in advancement to honours and employ-'ments.' Her death-bed was wonderfully calm and composed, and seemed to come, as a recompense at last for all her long sufferings, bodily and mental, as a perfect harbour and rest.

'After a while, they who were about her, fearing the pangs of death to be upon her, began to weep and lament; the whole company grew sad and heavy; she only continued in her former condition, not at all sorrowful, nor affrighted by these messengers of death. Then the physician coming, and upon consideration saying, "Here is no sign of death, nor of much danger; by God's help she may recover again;" the whole company was very much comforted and cheered. She only remained in her former indifferency; no alteration at all could be perceived in her, as if she had been the only party in the chamber unconcerned in it; neither fear of death could grieve nor trouble her, nor hopes of life and health rejoice her; "I have wholly resigned up myself to God," said she, "and not mine, but His will be done, whether in life or death."

'Thus she was brought from Oxford, home, and now being far spent, and near her end, she could speak little, yet expressed a great deal of thankfulness to God, who had brought her safe, to die in her own house, among her dearest friends.

'But the tranquillity of mind, which she had in these her last days, was most observable; that the devil, who had so often perplexed her with violent temptations, should now leave her to rest and ease: she was wont to fear his most violent assaults on her deathbed, as his practice commonly is, but now God, it seems, had chained him up, and enabled her, by His grace, to tread Satan under her feet: and this tranquillity of mind, more clearly now appearing at her death, than ordinarily in the time of her health, is a great evidence to me, of God's

'tender mercy and love towards her, and of some good assurance, or, of her salvation.

'This quiet gave her leave, though now very faint and weak, to be vigorous and most instant at prayers; she calls for other help,

very faintly; but for prayers, most heartily and often (in those few hours she lived at home:) and after the office of the morning was performed, she gave strict charge, that every one of her family, who could be spared from her, should go to church and pray for her; and then in a word of exhortation to them who stayed by her, saying, "Fear God, fear God," she most sweetly spent her last breath; and so most comfortably yielded up her spirit to Him who made it: and was, we doubt not, admitted into heaven, into the number of the Apostles and Saints of God, (on St. Matthias-day,) there to reign in the glory of God for evermore.

'In which moment of her death, there seemed as little outward pain, as inward conflict; none could perceive either twitch, or groan, or gasp, or sigh, only her spirit failed; and so she vanished from us, as if God had intended her here some foretaste, not only of the rest of the soul, but also of the ease of the body, which she should enjoy hereafter in heaven.'—Pp. 35—37.

From Lady Falkland we turn to a very different person, one who stands, indeed, in considerable contrast with all the other characters in the book,—Anne Clifford, the famous Countess of Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery. Her exceeding vigour and spirit, decision, loftiness, power of mind, talent for business, and the like, combine most strikingly with a religion of stern humility, and self-denial. 'She was absolute mistress of herself, her resolutions, actions, and time,' says her funeral-biographer. Her immense estates and numerous castles required a management almost as difficult and irksome as that of a small kingdom. She enters upon this department of labour in a kind of romantic spirit of gratitude to her ancestors, and wish to restore the monuments of their greatness. 'Six ancient castles, ample and 'magnificent, which her noble ancestors had built, and some-'time held up with great honour to themselves, and security to 'their sovereigns, and hospitality to their friends and strangers, 'now by the rage of war, or time, or accidents, pulled or fallen 'down, or made uninhabitable—scarce one of these six that 'showed more than the skeleton of a house—her reviving spirit 'made these scattered stones come together, those ruins forsake 'their rubbish, and lift up their heads to their former height . . . 'Her friends advised her not to be so profuse in building, as they 'were well assured that, as soon as she had built her castles, Crom-'well would order them to be destroyed, but she answered, "Let 'him destroy them if he will: but he shall surely find that as 'often as he destroys them, I will rebuild them, while he leaves 'me a shilling in my pocket."' Her household arrangements, manorial administration, and the whole business of her ample domain, go on upon regular, inflexible, effective system; and order reigns with an imperious absoluteness over the whole

field which she embraces. She was inflexibly regular in her residence; though 'her journeys' to her different castles 'were 'often made in the winter, and over rough and untrodden 'mountain ways, when she assembled the labourers to act as 'pioneers, and rewarded them liberally for their work.'

'About three years before her death, she had appointed to move from Appleby to Brougham Castle, in January. The day being very cold, a frost and misty, yet much company coming (as they usually did) to attend her removal: she would needs hold her resolution, and in her passage out of her house she diverted into the chapel, (as at such times she commonly did), and there, at or near a window, sent up her private prayers and ejaculations, when immediately she fell into a swoon, and could not be recovered until she had been laid for some time upon a bed, near a great fire. The gentlemen and neighbours who came to attend her, used much persuasion that she would return to her chamber, and not travel on so sharp and cold a day; but she having before fixed on that day, and so much company being come purposely to wait on her, she would go; and although as soon as she came to her horse-litter, she swooned again, and was carried into a chamber as before, yet as soon as that fit was over, she went; and was no sooner come to her journey's end, (nine miles,) but a swooning seized on her again; from which being soon recovered, when some of her servants and others represented to her, with repining, her undertaking such a journey, foretold by divers to be so extremely hazardous to her life, she replied, "She knew she must die, and it was the same thing to her to die in her litter as in her bed."'—Pp. 253, 254.

The story of the 'boon hen' shows, in an amusing way, the determination, mixed with good nature, which marked her territorial government.

'It was a custom on all her estates for each tenant to pay, besides his rent, an annual *boon hen*, as it was called. This had ever been acknowledged a just claim, and was common long after Lady Pembroke's time on many great estates in the North, being generally considered as a steward's perquisite. It happened that a rich clothier from Halifax, one Murgatroyd, having taken a tenement near Skipton, was called on by the steward of the Castle for his boon hen. On his refusal to pay it, the Countess ordered a suit to be commenced against him. After the suit had lasted long, it was carried in her favour, but at the expense of 200*l*. It is said that, after the affair was decided, she invited Mr. Murgatroyd to dinner, and drawing the hen to her, which was served up as the first dish, she said, "Come, Mr. Murgatroyd, let us now be good friends: since you allow the hen to be dressed at my table, we'll divide it between us."'—Pp. 249, 250.

Her reading, information, and powers of conversation, exhibit nother department of her mind. '"She had early," says Bishop

'Rainbow, "gained a knowledge, as of the best things, so an 'ability to discourse in all commendable arts and sciences, as 'well as in those things which belong to persons of her birth 'and sex to know. For she could discourse with virtuosos, 'travellers, scholars, merchants, divines, statesmen, and with 'good housewives in any kind, insomuch that Dr. Donne is 'reported to have said of this lady in her younger years, that 'she knew well how to discourse of all things, from predestina-'tion to slea-silk."'

A self-denial and stern ascetic feeling appear in the coarse dress of black serge which alone distinguished the mistress of so many castles and the Queen of the North, from ordinary women; and the text, 'I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection,' is applied to her by her biographer, as the most characteristic one he could think of for her. She knew how to deny herself. He says:—

'"Whilst treating her neighbours and dependents with generosity, she was sparing, even to frugality, in her personal expenses. She was simple and abstemious in her food, and accustomed "pleasantly to boast that she had never tasted wine or physic."'

He adds quaintly,

'"She much neglected, and treated very harshly, one servant, and a very ancient one, who served her from her cradle, from her birth, very faithfully, according to her mind, which ill usage, therefore, her menial servants, as well as her friends and children, much repined at. And who this servant was I have named before. *It was her body*, who, as I said, was a servant most obsequious to her mind, and served her four-score and six years.

'"The mistress of this family was dieted more sparingly, and I believe many times more homely, and clad more coarsely and cheaply, than most of the servants in her house. Her austerity and humility were seen in nothing more than (if I may allude to Coloss. ii. 23) in '*neglecting of the body, not in any honour to the satisfying of the flesh.*' Whether it were by long custom, to prove with how little nature may be content, and that if the appetite can be satisfied, the body may be fed with what is most common and cheap. She taught us that hunger and health seek not delicacies nor fulness.

'"O that those who think they cannot live except they *fare deliciously every day*, would but make trial one year how they may preserve their own health, and save their poor brethren from starving, (by hunger or nakedness,) out of those superfluities and surfeits by which they destroy themselves."'—Pp. 245, 246.

The luxury and dissipation of Charles the Second's Court kept her from ever going there.

'After the Restoration, a lady of her neighbourhood conversed with her upon their mutual joy at the King's return, and the splendour

which had attended his entrance to Whitehall, and wished that she could go once more to London, and feed her eyes with the sight of such happy objects, before she came back to her retirement; but she answered suddenly, "If I should go to those places now so full of gallantry and glory, I ought to do as they do to ill-sighted or unruly horses, have spectacles (or blinkers) put before mine eyes, lest I should see or censure what I cannot competently judge of; be offended myself, or give offence to others." '—P. 251.

But this strictness and severity was entirely without censoriousness; and she accommodated herself to the manners of the day, when her visitors came to her, saw herself surrounded by gay dressers, without ever wishing to put her own 'serge' on them; and treated with indulgence and good nature the frivolities from which she felt herself free. 'She never cen-'sured others for greater gaiety of apparel, and when visitors 'came to her, after the Restoration, in dresses which other per-'sons considered affected and fantastical, the Countess only 'indulged in such pleasant reflections as rather gave pleasure 'than uneasiness to her visitors.'

The amiable side of her character shows itself in various traits; a deep love for her mother remaining as a kind of ruling affection in her throughout life.

'For her mother's memory she showed a tenderness which is remarkable in contrast with the sterner features of her character. "She never spoke of her but in terms of enthusiastic veneration, and usually with the epithet 'my blessed mother.'" Whilst enumerating in her memoirs the mercies which had been vouchsafed to her, she wrote thus:—

'"I must not forget to acknowledge, that in my infancy and youth, I have escaped many dangers both by fire and water," &c., "and much the better by the help of the prayers of my devout mother, who incessantly begged of God for my safety and protection." In another place, after speaking with sufficient confidence of her own conduct during the difficulties and troubles of her two marriages, she adds, "by a happy genius I overcame all these troubles, the prayers of my blessed mother helping me therein."

'In a letter addressed to her by George Herbert, after her second marriage had connected her with his family, he wrote thus:—"A Priest's blessing, though it be none of the court-style, yet doubtless, Madam, can do you no hurt. Wherefore the Lord make good the blessing of your mother upon you, and cause all her wishes, diligence, prayers, and tears, to bud, blow, and bear fruit in your soul, to His glory, your own good, and the great joy of,

'"Madam,

'"Your most faithful Servant in Christ Jesu,

'"George Herbert.

'"Dec. 10th, 1631. Bemerton."

'Her mother died soon after her first marriage, having parted from her seven weeks before, on the road between Penrith and Appleby; and when she came in her second widowhood to live in the north, she raised a pillar, still known in that country by the name of the Countess' Pillar. It is decorated with her arms, a sun-dial for the benefit of travellers, and the following inscription: "This Pillar was erected in the year 1656, by Anne, Countess Dowager of Pembroke, &c., for a memorial of her last parting, in this place, with her good and pious mother, Margaret, Countess Dowager of Cumberland, on the 2nd of April, 1616. In memory whereof she hath left an annuity of four pounds to be distributed to the poor of the parish of Brougham every 2nd day of April for ever, upon the stone table placed hard by. Laus Deo."'—P. 239—241.

There is something always interesting in the feeling which brings rich and poor together; but in such a person as Anne Clifford it has a peculiar grace, because we know she must have it in a high form, if she has it at all. There is remarkable genuineness in everything she does, and we may trust it. When the Countess of Dorset dines with her poor women at her Almshouse, and treats them with affectionate familiarity, and likes to be with them, and to see them about her, it is a sign of a true religious humbleness of mind, which we cannot well mistake. Proud people, indeed, are often observed to have a tendency to consort with their inferiors, and there is no relying on the act itself as any sign: it entirely depends on who does it. It is often hypocritically done; but if Anne Clifford did it at all, she would do it with heartiness and simplicity. 'She took especial 'delight in the Almshouse which she founded near Appleby for 'thirteen poor women, to be called a mother, and twelve sisters, for 'which she provided an endowment, and the Service of the Church 'to be performed daily. With these sisters, as she liked to call 'them, she would sit and dine in their Almshouse, and invite 'them to dine and converse with her as freely as her greatest 'guests. This institution continued for more than twenty-three 'years under her care, she having with her own hands laid the 'foundation of the building, and brought its inhabitants to 'occupy their several rooms. She was not satisfied with her 'children and grandchildren when they came to visit her, if 'they did not pay their salutations at her Almshouse, and she 'commonly admonished them when they came from far to pay 'their duty to her, that before they came to her for a blessing, 'they should take the blessing of the poor, the Almswomen's 'blessing by the way.'

She was the same with her own household servants.

'"She looked on some (and possibly on some of the meaner sort of her trusty servants, whose offices might occasion them nearer

attendance) to be such as Seneca allows them to be, good servants and humble friends . . . . This heroic lady would (besides the necessary discourses with them about her affairs) divert herself by familiar conversations with her servants, in which they were sure (besides other gains from her bountiful hands) to gain from the words of her mouth something of remark, whether pleasant or profitable, yet very memorable for some or other occasion of life. So well did she observe the wise man's caution, Eccles. iv. 30, *Be not a lion in thine house;* intimating that some are always in rage, and brawl and fright their family from their presence; her pleasantry and affability made their addresses a great part of their preferment.

'"I should now have done with that part of economy which respects her servants, but that she had another way of building, as to them; namely, *building them up in the most holy faith,* and also *giving them their meat in due season,* that meat which our Saviour told his followers would not *perish,* but endure to *everlasting life.*"'—Pp. 243, 244.

On her deathbed her real humility of character comes out very strikingly. She expostulates with her servants for caring so much for her, and being 'so passionately concerned about her'—about one who was 'unworthy of their attention.'

'"She had brought into subjection all great thoughts, she had cast down imaginations and every high thing, bringing into captivity every high thought, and submitting the world and her soul to the obedience of Christ; her passions were mortified and dead before her: so that for three or four days of her last sickness (for she endured no more) she lay as if she endured nothing. She called for her Psalms, which she could not now, as she usually had done, read herself, (the greatest symptom of her extremity,) and caused them to be read unto her. But that cordial (in which she had always taken particular delight) kept in Rom. viii., and in her heart; this her memory held to the last, this she soon repeated: no doubt to secure her soul against all fear of condemnation, being now wholly Christ's, having served Him in the spirit of her mind, and not loved to walk after the flesh, having (as often as she affectionately pronounced the words of this chapter) called in the testimony of the Spirit to bear her witness, that she desired to be delivered from this bondage of corruption, into the glorious liberty of the children of God; and so to strengthen her faith and hope by other comfortable arguments, contained in the rest of that chapter, being the last words of continuance which this dying lady spoke."

'The rest of the time she lay quiet, as if ruminating, digesting, and speaking inwardly to her soul what she had uttered in broken words, and so breathed her last without disturbance, on March 22d, 1675-6, in the 87th year of her age.'—Pp. 255, 256.

Lady Elizabeth Hastings is a person nearer our own times; she died in 1739, and the memory of the 'good Lady Betty' is still kept up in the parts of Yorkshire where she lived. There

is exceeding grace and dignity about her: a perfect elegance and polish of mind, which blends most harmoniously with her devotional life. Her talents and high birth early made her a well-known person. At the age of twenty-two, the mistress of a large fortune, and the owner of Ledstone House, she stood out more prominently before the world than ladies usually do; which must account for there being a description of her in the forty-second number of the 'Tatler,' written in the style of the day, but not unexpressively.

'"Methinks, I now see her walking in her garden like our first parent, with unaffected charms, before beauty had spectators, and bearing celestial conscious virtue in her aspect. Her countenance is the lively picture of her mind, which is the seat of honour, truth, compassion, knowledge, and innocence.

'There dwells the scorn of vice and pity too.'

'"In the midst of the most ample fortune and veneration of all that behold and know her, without the least affectation, she consults retirement, the contemplation of her own being, and that Supreme Power which bestowed it. Without the learning of schools, or knowledge of a long course of arguments, she goes on in a steady course of uninterrupted piety and virtue, and adds to the severity and privacy of the last age all the freedom and ease of this. The language and mien of a court she is possessed of in the highest degree; but the simplicity and humble thoughts of a cottage are her more welcome entertainments. Aspasia is a female philosopher, who does not only live up to the resignation of the most retired lives of the ancient sages, but also to the schemes and plans which they thought beautiful, though inimitable. This lady is the most exact economist, without appearing busy; the most strictly virtuous, without tasting the praise of it; and shuns applause with as much industry, as others do reproach. This character is so particular, that it will very easily be fixed on her only, by all that know her; but I dare say, she will be the last that finds it out."'—Pp. 339, 340.

She entered into society, 'but always with a guard upon her-'self, which restrained her talents for conversation within the 'bounds of religion, charity, and courtesy, and enabled her 'dexterously and pleasantly to introduce religious subjects, in 'which was her real delight. At her table her countenance 'was open and serene; her speech soft and musical; her language 'polite, and seasoned with salt. In her drawing-room,' we are told, 'she maintained a visible pre-eminence above the 'highest and finest of her sex;' and everything said of her tends to raise a refined and lofty image of her. 'These praises were 'written after her death, for during her lifetime, her biographer 'says, that she could never endure to hear one word in her 'own praise; "and when all the finest pens in the kingdom

'were invited to display her worth, the design miscarried, purely by her own opposition."' A true religious sweetness of character goes along with these high traits—

'If ever by speech, by manner or otherwise, she only suspected that she had caused disturbance to others, she had no peace with herself till she had restored their peace, and would often ask forgiveness from those, even of her inferiors, who did not know what cause she had given for asking it.'—Pp. 348, 349.

'She watched strictly over her own heart to keep it clear of evil mixtures, and the taint of self-love, continually purifying her heart by acts of faith in the Blood of her Redeemer, by rating her own righteousness at nothing, by marking well, and daily committing to writing all her little slips, and washing them away with tears of repentance, descending even to vain imaginations, and such as happened in her sleep; "and for the expiation of slips, and things less than they, (besides prostrations, and other humiliations and austerities)," shedding abundance of tears; keeping her spirit moreover in a recollected state, and herself in readiness to lie down in death, even in the midst of life and in firm health.'—P. 345.

Her alms and bounties were on an extraordinarily munificent scale, including, among a vast number of other items, 'exhibitions to scholars in the Universities.' At her death, she left a manor to Queen's College, Oxford, 'for maintaining and qualifying five poor scholars, to be elected, by lot, from schools in Yorkshire, Westmoreland, and Cumberland.' She took a great interest in the religious state of things at that University, and was especially anxious to know about 'those young men at Oxford, among whom Methodism afterwards took its rise, and she hoped for much good from them whilst they avowed only sound religion as it is professed by the English Church; but when new doctrines were introduced, and men were alienated from their settled Ministers, she was among the foremost to remonstrate against them.' Persons were astonished at her charities, and could not account for them; but—

'The simplicity of her own wants allowed her to give liberally; "for they that walk in the spirit as she did, die progressively to every vanity, and take coldness and indifferency at the things that are without them, and do not mind the things pertaining to the flesh, none of its many hurtful gratifications; but chastise it, and keep it under, as knowing it to be the seat of their most dangerous and deadly enemies."'—Pp. 346, 347.

When she had entered her fifty-fourth year, 'she began to suffer from a tumour, produced by a hurt during her youth, which till that time had caused her little or no disturbance, but then increased so dangerously that an eminent surgeon decided

'upon the necessity of a most painful operation for removing 'the evil.' The news was converted, by Lady Elizabeth, into a of absolute spiritual comfort.

'"She would not wish to be out of her present situation for all the world, nor exchange it for any other at any price." For indeed in her former life she had often expressed some uneasiness that her own sufferings, according to her reckoning of them, should be little or none; and one who had a station under her, not unskilled in this kind of knowledge, believed that the mighty torrent of sufferings which broke in upon her at the last was for this purpose among others, to solace her spirit, and to strengthen her assurance that she had every mark and token of her favour and acceptance with God.'—P. 350.

The disease, only repressed for a time by the operation, returned with fresh malignity. 'For several months she was 'unable to turn herself in her bed.'

'Yet still she had strength for prayer, and it appeared that not one hour passed without it.

'She did all she could to comfort her household by her cheerfulness, and grateful acceptance of their attentions to her, passing by mistakes or neglects without notice.

'She wrote letters to her friends, or dictated them when she became unable to write, full of sweet counsel, whilst many came to her house to see her and hear her last words, for she engaged those about her in heavenly conference, as long as she had strength to speak, and preserved her attention to the speech of others when her strength was gone.

'She delighted in the society of holy persons, and the mutual warmth and light imparted by communion with them. The more need she had herself of comfort, and even in the necessary increase of her expenses, she sought the more to assist those in need, saying often to such as were about her, "Where is there a poor member of Christ whom I can comfort and refresh?" '—Pp. 354, 355.

Her deathbed gave her one of those miraculous manifestations of the glories of the unseen world which have sometimes accompanied the deaths of great saints. After receiving the holy Communion,

'Her soul seemed to receive some of the happiness of heaven; her eyes, though languishing under years and sickness, shone bright as diamonds, (as one said, who was present) and all who looked on were amazed at the transport now granted to her spirit. She broke out with a raised accent into words such as these: "Lord! what is it that I see! Oh the greatness of the glory that is revealed in me—that is before me." And some time after she had so said, she fell asleep.' —P. 356.

Our extracts have been longer than we intended, and we must be bringing our article to a close.

The great cardinal Christian graces,—humility, forgiveness of injuries, prayer, self-mortification, charity,—appear throughout

the characters in this book, in that marked, prominent, definite way which we have spoken of as so peculiar to the Church system. We can do no more than pass generally over the ground; but the general effect is striking; and not the less so from the necessary uniformity which, more or less, attends such a display. The characters go past us in a kind of procession. Of Lady Maynard, says Bishop Ken, 'Her oratory was the place where 'she principally resided, and where she was most at home. She 'had devotions suited to all the primitive hours of prayer .... 'and, with David, praised God seven times a day, or supplied 'the want of those solemn hours by a perpetuity of ejaculations, 'which she had ready to answer all occasions, and to fill up all 'vacant intervals; and, if she happened to wake in the night, of 'proper prayers even for midnight she was never unprovided. 'To prayers she added fasting, till her weakness made it impos-'sible for her constitution; and yet, even then, on days of absti-'nence, she made amends for the omission by other supplemental 'mortifications.' Lady Mary Wharton 'constantly observed 'her designed and stated times for secret prayer: in which, 'if she were at any time hindered by entertainment of friends, 'yet would she redeem time even from sleep.' Lady Halket 'was instant in her private humiliations, fastings, and prayers; 'making the Psalms the subject of her meditation..... She set 'apart every Saturday (being the day of her husband's death) 'for a day of retirement, devotion, and abstinence, and to be 'employed in examining and reviewing the past week.'... 'She 'divided the twenty-four hours into three parts, allotting five for 'devotion, ten for necessary refreshment, nine for business: her 'hours of devotion were from five to seven in the morning, from 'one in the afternoon to two, from six to seven, and from nine 'to ten.' 'Hearing it recommended, as a great help to a devout 'life, to meditate some time every day on the sufferings of Jesus, 'she immediately resolved on the practice of it; and, for the 'better performance of it, she divided the history of His Passion 'into seven periods, with proper meditations for each day of the 'week.' Lady Jane Cheyne, 'from her youth to her death-'bed, failed not of prayer thrice a day.' Of Lady Sophia Chaworth, it was said in her life-time, 'She keeps invio-'lably all the primitive hours of devotion, and bestows her 'thoughtful and serious life between the strictest fasting (but 'one spare meal in thirty-six hours;—not so much upon extra-'ordinary occasions), the most liberal alms to the sick, and constant prayers.'

The Psalms occupy a large place in their devotions. Lady Falkland, from 'the remembrance of those heavenly comforts 'which she had often received from the Psalms, used to recom-

'mend them as daily and hourly devotions to people;' and she was most acutely pained by the abuse of certain portions of them in the mouths of the Puritans. 'Oh, that sweetest harp sounds 'most harshly,' she would say, 'unless it be touched by pure 'hands.'—'The best legacy I can leave you is my prayers for 'you, and a verse of David's Psalms, which I command you, 'upon my blessing, to make part of your daily prayers,' is the last speech of Lady Capel to her children. Lady Clifford 'took especial delight in the Psalter.' A great love of the Psalms is indeed a feature which runs through all the devotional characters of our Church; and the practical use of them, as the heart's perpetual liturgy, is one of those Catholic traditions which we have reverentially preserved in our Church. The place that the Psalter has in our Prayer-book is, of course, sufficient to account for this without going further. And, indeed, it is impossible to say how much we owe to this circumstance; how much of the old rule and spirit of devotion, which has been kept up among us, is derived from our Psalter. Our Psalter is a great fact in our Church;—one that, we see at a glance, must have a great effect upon minds within her. The Psalms must intone the minds that admit them: they are learnt by heart in childhood; they are heard day after day; and they become imprinted on the mind, and act like a groove, in which its religious feelings, consciously or unconsciously, run. The mind naturalizes them, and expresses itself through the old familiar channel which its religious reminiscences have established. The rhythm runs in the ears; the alternation beats; the solemn and sweet flow goes through the mind like a musical, ever-running stream. The Church stands, as it were, on the banks, and the Psalms flow past her, carrying a heavenly fascination with them—a spell upon the senses—a calming, steadying, and moulding power over the religious affections. Songs and hymns have, in all ages, had this force. National poetry and music is wonderfully significant of the nation's character, and reacts upon it: the Dorian flute inspired and steadied the awful march, and 'insupportable advance,' of that heroic race to the ground of battle; the Runic rhymes formed the mysterious Scandinavian tribes. 'Give me the making of the national songs,' said one, 'and I will let who will make the laws.' Rhythm and flow, uniformity of strain, wholeness and consistency, have, by the laws even of nature, a wonderful charm over the human mind. The nation's lawgiver laid down her system; her bard directed her feeling. The mind listens to unity, and obeys the note that sounds again and again, and does not vary: that is its oracle—its guide: it is not ashamed of an overmastering voice that acts upon it in this way. Religion takes up the law. She has her bards and her legislators, her laws

and her songs: she has strains more powerful than Runic or Doric, for her disciples. Christianity has the Psalter; and the Psalter the Church sounds unceasingly in her children's ears, and educates them by it. The Psalter is a whole: one tone pervades it from first to last; one type of thought, and law of devotion. The Christian type,—no less effectual for the mystery and reserve of an older dispensation,—exists underneath all, and forms the mind as it is again and again applied to it. The rhythm wins; the music tells at last: the tone of the Psalms sinks in, and mingles with the soul itself, and becomes a part of a man's religious nature.

'Since,' says Jeremy Taylor, in his preface to his 'Psalter of 'David,' 'according to the instruction of our blessed Saviour, 'God is to be worshipped in spirit and in truth, no worshipping 'can be more true, or more spiritual, than the Psalter, said with 'a pure mind and hearty devotion.' He is writing during the Troubles, and he describes how he takes especially to the Psalms, to console him in his exile, and with the gloomy prospects in Church and State before him. It is curious that even the politician Clarendon does the same thing. The religious impressions which his misfortunes bring on him take him immediately to the Book of Psalms, from his mere habit of mind as a Churchman. Jeremy Taylor collects a number of expressions, from the Fathers, about the Psalms, and continues:—'But that 'which pleases me most is the fancy of St. Hilary expounding 'the Psalter to be meant "the key of David," spoken of by 'St. John, in his Revelation: and properly enough; for, if we 'consider how many mysteries of religion are opened to us in 'the Psalter—how many things concerning Christ,—what clear 'vaticinations concerning His birth, His priesthood, His kingdom, 'His death, the very circumstance of His passion, His resurrection, 'and all the degrees of His exaltation, more clearly and explicitly 'recorded in the Psalter than in all the old prophets besides,—'we may easily believe that Christ, with the key of David in His 'hand, is nothing else but Christ fully opened and manifested 'to us in the Psalms.—"Almost all the Psalms represent the 'Person of Christ," saith Tertullian. This key of David opens 'not only the kingdom of grace, by revelation of the mysteries 'of our religion, but the kingdom of heaven too. As the everlasting kingdom is given to the Heir of the house of David, so 'the honour of opening that kingdom is given to the first prince 'of the family; the Psalms of his father David are one of the 'best inlets into the kingdom of the Son. Something to this '--rpose is that saying of one of the old doctors: "The saying nging of Psalms opens a way so wide for God to enter into heart, that a devout soul does usually from such an em-

'ployment, receive the grace of compunction and contrition, or 'of understanding prophecies." Upon such premises as these, 'or better, the Church of God hath, in all ages, made David's 'Psalter the greatest part of the public and private devotions; 'sometimes dividing the Psalter into seven parts, that every 'week's devotion might spend it all. . . . But the practice of this 'devotion I derive from a higher precedent—even of Christ and 'His Apostles; for, before the passion, immediately "they sung 'a psalm." It was part of David's Psalter that they sung; it 'was the great Allelujah, as the Jews called it, beginning at the '113th Psalm to the 129th exclusively. This devotion continued 'with our blessed Saviour as long as life was in Him; for, when 'He was upon the cross, He recited the 22d Psalm, "word for 'word," saith the tradition of the Church; and that He began it, 'saith the Scriptures, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken Me?" Thus it was said of Paul and Silas (Acts xvi.), '"They prayed a psalm;" and we have a copy left us of one of 'the prayers, or collects which they made out of the bowels of 'the second Psalm. David was God's instrument to the Church, '"teaching and admonishing us" in psalms and hymns and spiri-'tual songs; and the Spirit of Truth was the grand dictator of 'what David wrote; so that we may confidently use this devo-'tion as the Church of God ever did, making her addresses to 'God most frequently by the Psalms; so Prudentius reports the 'guise of Christendom:—

> "Te mente pura simplici
> Te voce, te cantu pio
> Rogare curvato genu
> Flendo et canendo discimus."

. . . 'Against the example of Christ, if we confront the prac-'tice of Antichrist, nothing can be said greater in commendation 'of this manner of devotion. For Bishop Hippolytus, in his 'Oration of the End of the World, saith that in the days of 'Antichrist, "Psalmorum decantatio cessabit," they shall then 'no more use the singing or saying of Psalms. Which when I 'had observed, without any further deliberation, I fixed upon 'the Psalter as the best method against him; whose coming, 'we have reason to believe, is not far off; so great preparation 'is making for Him.'

Our Church's use of the Psalms is a point in which she comes into remarkable contrast with dissenting bodies. Dissenting bodies do not, that we ever heard of, make any use whatever of the Psalter, of the kind we are mentioning.[1] They regard the

[1] Of course, we mean the Psalms chanted, the only way in which they can be realized. And this we say, bearing in mind that anomalous body, the Irvingites, among whom, though the Psalter is daily used, it is significant that it is the (comparatively) inadequate Bible version.

Psalter, of course, as a part of the Bible, and respect it accordingly, and quote texts from it, as they would from other parts of the Old Testament. But the particular view of it which makes it part of the regular Christian task of devotion, got off by heart, and always ready to be said—the *liturgical* view of the Psalter—they do not seem to have any idea of. It is no part of education with them. It comes in in the metrical guise, occasionally, and in common with their other hymns for public singing; but the Psalter itself is not used; as a Psalter it lies dead in their Bibles, and is no practical and familiar strain with them, as it is with Church people.

To go to another feature—the charity and attention to the poor we have described here, is of a particularly practical, solid, and circumstantial kind. We often hear this part of charity undervalued, and made little of, as a part of *religion*, in comparison with attention to their spiritual wants. There is some plausibleness, argumentatively speaking, in the view: because it is impossible to deny that to the persons themselves we attend on, *their* own spiritual wants are of more consequence than their temporal ones. But if it is meant to say that *our* charity is more tested by talking to poor people than by feeding and nursing them,—that we entirely deny. The poor, of course, should and must be talked to; but the proper natural evidence to give of our sincerity and wish to do them good in this way, is to show sympathy with their external wants. The visible is the test of the invisible. 'He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God Whom he hath not seen?' The wants that we see are the types of the wants unseen. The visitor of the poor has a regular legitimate part of his religious nature appealed to by the external misery and helplessness of the class. If he does not respond to that appeal, he fails in the necessary ordeal which his charity has to undergo. The visible and tangible should impress and unfold him. Christian charity meets the facts that it comes across, and responds to phenomena, just as any one of the senses is affected by its proper object encountering it. The charity which is moved and touched by the wants of nature, is the only charity which really goes farther, and really solidly desires to lead its objects to heaven. The principle is the same on which we must wish to do either. The view of spiritual attention to the poor, as put in contrast with sympathy for their physical wants, is an unreal one. It evades and leaps over the test of what is solid charity, and elevates itself, and is high above the earth at once, before it has any real ground to stand upon at all. An airy delusive exhibition of the spiritual is then the result; and artificial phantasmagoria of Christian love, instead of the natural solid substance, feelings that are not

felt, and sympathies without heart, mock the poor like a nightmare.

There is a definiteness and solidity with which these good Churchwomen go about their ministrations in this department, which contrasts strikingly with such a view. The flesh stands out very prominently in their system of charity; they do not evade it: they touch and handle, and dress and console it in a hundred ways. Lady Maynard's

'"charity made her sympathize with all in misery, and besides her private alms, wherein her left hand was not conscious to her right, she was a common patroness to the poor and needy, and a common physician to her sick neighbours, and would often with her own hands dress their most loathsome sores, and sometimes keep them in her family, and would give them both diet and lodging till they were cured, and then clothe them and send them home, to give God thanks for their recovery, and if they died, her charity accompanied them sometimes to the very grave, and she took care even of their burial She would by no means endure 'that by the care of plentifully providing for her children, the want and necessities of any poor Christian should be overlooked, and desired it might be remembered that alms and the poor's prayers will bring a greater blessing to them than thousands a year.' Look abroad now in the world, and see how rarely you shall meet with a charity like that of this 'gracious woman,' who, next to her own flesh and blood was tender of the poor, and thought an alms as much due to them as portions to her children.

'"To corporal alms, as often as she saw occasion, she joined spiritual, and she had a singular talent in dispensing that alms to souls; she had a masculine reason to persuade, a steady wisdom to advise, a perspicuity both of thought and language to instruct, a mildness that endeared a reproof, and could comfort the afflicted from her own manifold experience of the Divine goodness, and with so condoling a tenderness, that she seemed to translate their anguish on herself." '—Pp. 137, 138.

Lady Halket's

'charitable disposition led her early to apply herself to the study of physic and preparing medicines, which might be useful in common cases of illness and of accidents, especially for the benefit of the poor.

'"Her first notable cure was on a poor maid, whose hand was in a very dangerous state, having five tents in it, occasioned by a thorn in the lowest joint of her forefinger: her mother dissuaded her from meddling with it, believing the maid would lose her hand; but she, confidently relying on the blessing of God, used her endeavours with such success, that the patient did perfectly recover without any blemish. This cure she recorded, blessing God for it, as an encouragement which confirmed her in the resolution to serve poor distressed persons in this manner, and as a fresh instance of the comfortable truth that God is the hearer of prayer: upon which she resolved in all difficulties to make her requests known to Him, and to depend on His blessing. This was her constant

practice in administering to sick persons, that she begged God's direction what to prescribe, and His blessing on it."'—Pp. 152, 153.

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'"In the summer season she vied with the bee or ant in gathering herbs, flowers, worms, snails, &c. for the still or limbeck, for the mortar or boiling pan, and was ordinarily then in a dress fitted for her still-house, making preparations of extracted waters, spirits, ointments, conserves, salves, powders, &c., which she ministered every Wednesday to a multitude of poor infirm persons, besides what she daily sent abroad to persons of all ranks, who consulted her in their maladies."'—P. 196.

Forgiveness of injuries is another department of charity, which is pursued and cultivated in a definite, solid way, as a grace of itself. They do not leave things to chance. They set themselves particular tasks; they have definite spiritual aims. The Church has always especially insisted on forgiveness of injuries, as a test of her members; and the feature comes in very strikingly often here.

'"And now, after all these great truths,"' says the biographer of one of these ladies, '"one grace I must add, greater than 'all I have hitherto mentioned, and it is her humility; she was 'so little given to talk, and had that art to conceal her goodness, 'that it did not appear at first sight, but after some time 'her virtue would break out, whether she would or no; she 'seemed to be wholly ignorant of her own graces, and had as 'mean an opinion of herself, as if she had had no excellence 'at all; like Moses, her face shined and she did not know it."' It is the best kind of humility which hardly knows itself to be humility. It is really refreshing to see it. It is the crowning trait, in fact, of a character, wherever we see it, particularly in religious characters. Religious characters, if we may say so, even want it more than others; and its effect is delightful in proportion to its importance as a desideratum. Religious characters—we use the expression in a wide sense—are apt to fall into the self-contemplative frame: and if they have high thoughts and feelings, so much the more so. Their very spiritual aspirations are a danger to them in this way. They invert the mind upon itself, and it thinks a great deal, and of what it does, and what it feels. In short, religious thinking has a tendency to make persons conceited. And a more latent, disguised form of this often exists, where we do not see the fault definitely in itself, but only in a variety of swelling, bulging excrescences upon the character which it throws out. It is impossible not to see how much self-contemplativeness has eaten into and marred the piety of dissenting bodies, however real and re. Look into the lives of their recorded pious characters, you will see what we mean. It seems to be the peculiar

grace of Church-religion to develop without this alloy, and not to make a person's religious aspirations stand in the way of his simplicity; but to allow people to unite the greatest heights of the spiritual, with the unaffectedness of the most common-place life.

One word on an important point of spiritual discipline to which religious minds of this day subjected themselves. It is a point so completely forgotten at the present day, and which has been suffered to remain obsolete so long, that we are aware there is a considerable difficulty in recurring to it, even in the way of mere allusion, as we do now. It meets us, however, so prominently in the characters before us, that we cannot avoid mentioning it; and mention it is all we shall do at present. We refer to their practice of consulting spiritual guides. Jeremy Taylor alludes to it as common among religious persons then, and insists strongly on it as the substitute for the want of the Church's public discipline. He seems to give up the former very much, and throws the Church on the system of 'spiritual advisers,' as the practical line she was to take. 'Because piety 'hath suffered shipwreck,' he says, 'and all discipline hath been 'lost in the storm, and good manners have been thrown over-'board; the best remedy in the world that yet remains, and *is* '*in use* amongst the most pious sons and daughters of the Church, 'is that they should conduct their repentance by the continual 'advices and ministry of a spiritual guide.' The minds we here come across seem to make this a part of their discipline, and we see it entering regularly into the practical religious system of the day. Some spiritual adviser, who is adopted and consulted as such, who knows the person's whole state of mind, has cases of conscience put before him, gives directions, and answers doubts and scruples, is almost always mentioned, whenever the Notice at all enters into biographical details. Nor does it come in as anything uncommon and out of the way; it is mentioned simply as a common fact would be, as if it were part of an order of things. We are, of course, speaking of religious minds such as those recorded here, and not of common ones. Such seem then to have had their spiritual advisers, to whom they opened their consciences, confessed their faults, and attended for direction. Nor does the practice present itself simply as a disciplinarian one, but rather as a source of comfort and assistance. It is obvious how much, for example, a mind like Lady Falkland's would have suffered without such help and guidance. It was just the help she wanted, and she threw herself unreservedly upon it. It is her spiritual adviser to whom we are indebted for the picture of her mind, which has been transmitted to us. 'She addressed 'herself to a divine of great eminence for piety and learning,

'after her husband's death,' and from him took directions for a 'more strict course of life in her widowhood, than she had 'hitherto pursued.'—'Her zeal in the work of self-examination, 'her strictness with herself, and fear of offending, sometimes 'produced doubts and scruples: and when troubled by them, 'she seldom trusted her own judgment, but consulted with 'learned divines, and when she met with any one of learning and 'piety, she proposed her cases of conscience, and asked for 'answers. On these occasions she would dispute against herself 'very sharply, but when her objections had once been answered, 'and she was satisfied, she submitted cheerfully, and ordered 'future practice accordingly.' On her son's death, as she had done on her husband's, 'fearing that her sorrow is ex-'orbitant, she goes to ask counsel of her ghostly physician.' She has relief from his counsel, but is, a short time afterwards, oppressed again by the idea of the unacceptableness of her repentance, because her sorrow for her son's death seems to her stronger than her sorrow for her own sins. 'In this anguish of spirit she 'hastens again to her adviser, and returns home with fresh 'courage and cheerfulness.'

The Notice of Lady Capel's life comes from the same source; from the pen of her 'spiritual adviser;' Lady Maynard's from the same. '"I had the honour to know her near twenty years," 'says Bishop Ken of the latter, "and to be admitted to her most 'intimate thoughts, and I cannot but think, upon the utmost of 'my observation, that she always preserved her baptismal in-'nocence, that she never committed any one mortal sin, which 'put her out of the state of grace; insomuch, that after all the 'frequent and severe examinations she made of her own con-'science, her confessions were made up of no other than sins of 'infirmity, and yet even for them she had as deep an humilia-'tion, and as penitential a sorrow, as high a sense of the divine 'forgiveness, and loved so much, as if she had much to be for-'given."'

Another religious trait that we observe, has, perhaps, a connexion with the one we have been mentioning: they both seem to belong to the same religious atmosphere, and to be fruits of the same tree: we mean the directly religious conversation which seems to have been usual then among religious persons. Every one knows how rigidly the present order of things excludes this: and certainly, under present circumstances, one could not wish to see the bar removed. As things are, and with our present tone, religion could not enter directly into conver-tion, without a violation of our natural reserve and modesty. ut it does not appear a healthy state of things, in which such result is seen. Certainly, in the religious society in the

Church, two centuries ago, they seem to have been able to do this, and to do it naturally, without any revulsion, and anything to get over in the matter. We do not say that they talked in large parties in this way, but in ordinary, quiet conversation they do not seem to have been shy of the subject. '"Next to the service 'of the temple,"' we hear of one, '"there was no entertainment 'in the whole world so pleasing to her as the discourse of 'heavenly things, and those she spoke of with such a spiritual 'relish, that at first hearing you might perceive she was in 'earnest, that she really 'tasted the Lord was good,' and felt 'all she spake."' Of another, '"she delighted in the society of 'holy persons, and the mutual warmth and light imparted by 'communion with them."' We repeat, we are far from wishing persons now to 'talk religion.' Those who alone could ever do it naturally and in taste, could not do it now. It would be a struggle against the whole tone of things. Let them try, and they will find that the words stick in their mouths, before they get them out. But this state of extreme reserve and disguise among religious members of the same Church, is surely not a natural state. It could not be intended in the Christian dispensation, that persons should be ashamed to talk to one another about religion; and should be deprived of the support of one another's voices on the subject: and it would not be amiss if persons had a sense of this, and accustomed themselves to regard as a standard, and put as an aim before their minds, another, and a more confiding and communicative, state of things. In a certain school there is plenty of religious conversation, it is true. We do not want *that* style of conversation. A Catholic mind should bear any degree of reserve and restraint, rather than part with its modesty. But is that a right state of things to begin with, in which it is necessarily immodest to talk about religion? Is not religion made too much now a matter simply between the individual and God. Minds shut themselves up, and refuse to let any one know what is in them; and there is awkwardness and suspicion where there should be sympathy. No one will open out to friend, or pastor, or spiritual guide. There is no confession, no assisting, no advising, no guiding. There is nothing mutual, nothing social in religion: every one goes on by himself. This is hardly a state of things which the New Testament points to. We profess to reject all tradition, and to go simply and purely by the picture of Christianity which we have in the New Testament itself. Can any one look at that picture, and say that this is it? We individualize Christianity, and make every single mind's religious growth a cavernous, isolated history of its own, carried on by individual impulses, movements, and efforts entirely, and the work of individual will and strength. We do not make

the individual one of the body, thus giving him the benefit of the love, sympathies, intercession around, and bringing all the good influences moving in the Christian society to bear upon him. Our image of Christianity wants altering: we have a wrong image in our minds. The individual's spiritual Christian growth is not a solitary internal process only as we image it—one between himself and God only: it is a social process. Even that very internal process of spiritual self-improvement, which, as distinguished from the more public sphere of religion, we make so absolutely and decidedly an individual process, is not an individual one but a social one. Carry your Christianity into the most inmost recesses, its most central workings, to its very seat and fountain-head within the soul,—to that point where the will collects itself, where the strain is made, and where it is most one's own real self acting,—even here it is not individual, but social. There are proper degrees, shapes, modifications of sociality, but still Christianity is essentially social. Not an arithmetical crowd of stiff erect individualities, not a host of straight strokes that do not touch each other, but one great mingling of hearts, one overflowing unity, wave embracing wave; an ocean of the spiritual life, filling every corner, and allowing no separations and isolations within its bosom, is the living Church. The individual is not a spiritual world within himself: he belongs to the spiritual world universal. He is a connected relative being: he depends for his growth on this connexion and these relations being used and developed. In the career of one human soul are involved the influences, seen and unseen, of the whole spiritual world it is in. 'Whether one 'member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member 'be honoured, all the members rejoice with it.' There is no 'schism in the body;' and its members have 'care one for another.' This whole idea wants being impressed upon us. The idea of communion, participation, fellowship is not embraced, and should be. Religion wants unbending and expanding: souls should be brought together; Christians should understand each other; hearts should respond to each other; there should be places for openness and confidence within the bosom of the Church.

ART. III.—1. *Diary of Travels in France and Spain, chiefly in the Year* 1844. *By the Rev.* FRANCIS TRENCH. 2 vols. London: Bentley. 1845.

2. *Rome and the Reformation; or, a Tour in the South of France. A Letter to the Rev. R. Burgess. By* I. H. MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ. London: Seeleys. 1844.

3. *Letters from the Pyrenees. By* T. CLIFTON PARIS, B. A. *Trinity College, Cambridge.* 2 vols. London: Murray. 1843.

4. *Vacation Rambles and Thoughts. By* T. N. TALFOURD, D. C. L. 2 vols. London: E. Moxon. 1845.

5. *A Pilgrimage to Auvergne, from Picardy to Le Velay. By* LOUISA S. COSTELLO. 2 vols. London: Bentley. 1842.

THE steady and unfailing issue of voyages and travels, though as familiar and long-established an affair as that of cottons, or any other article of general consumption, is yet not a little curious, if we reflect on it. That the stream of poetry, metaphysics, or novels, should flow on, ever fresh and fresh, is natural; for invention and imagination are inexhaustible sources; but, when the business is simply description of a country and people, an account of manners and scenes, even that wonderful richness and variety which the face of nature, and the condition of humanity, present, must at last be exhausted, and transferred to paper, by the innumerable hands and pens employed in the task. For a tourist to find untrodden ground is quite impossible. To say nothing of Europe, every corner of which is as well known to us, or better, than the county of Kent; is there a square yard of ground in all the five continents which the restless curiosity of English travellers has not raked up? a building, a rock, or a tree, which they have not catalogued? In the most obscure and latent island in the South Sea, would one not, reversing the case of Robinson Crusoe, be alarmed if one did *not* see the print of a foot? There has, indeed, almost ceased to be any such thing as a foreign country; we are at home everywhere, and all the world is a home to us. Sporting M.P.s have their Chateau in Provence, or their Schloss in Hungary, instead of a shooting-box on the moors; and Oxford and Cambridge students go for fly-fishing, in the long vacation, to Norway, instead of to Wales.

But, the truth is, that novelty of scene is now no longer the chief recommendation in a book of travels. It is true that much interest must always attach to such revelations of hidden things as Stephens' of the cities of central America; and those who seek for the more stimulating class of excitement will be attracted by

the exploits of Captain Forbes, who bags his twenty brace of tigers per diem in the jungles of Ceylon; or of Major Harris, who thinks nothing of his three rhinoceroses before breakfast, in the Highlands of Ethiopia. These desperate efforts to find, in the age of railways, the field of the wild and marvellous adventure of a by-gone time, are, like Don Quixote's quest of chivalry, a day too late. A much truer and wider interest is obtained by a very different class of travels. In these, the more at our own doors the scene, the more ordinary the incident, and, in keeping with this, a style plain and homely, the better; the more beaten the track chosen by the traveller, the more likely he is to find readers; and

> 'Talking of the Alps and Apennines,
> The Pyrenean, and the river Po,'

is more attractive than a six months' campaign in Ashantee, or a survey of Tehuantepec.

Among many other causes which might be assigned for this, the following is, perhaps, the principal:—In former times the great readers of travels were those who never travelled. Not to go back to the days of Bruce and Dr. Clarke, when Englishmen, except of the highest ranks, hardly ever quitted their own country, the continental war retarded the natural progress of the habit of promiscuous travelling. Thus, at the peace, when the adventurous spirits had nothing to do, or to detain them from roaming through the earth at will, there was a rich harvest of new countries, and new nations, and tribes, civilized and savage, to visit and describe, and novelty was thus the chief recommendation of a book of travels. The bulk of readers were then the tarry-at-home travellers, who read of places they had never seen, nor formed the desire to see, with the greater interest on that very account; but now a new generation of readers has arisen—of those who have travelled, or hope to travel, and whose interest in a volume of travels arises from its going over the very ground themselves have lately visited, or are looking to with pleasant anticipation. We derive the same sort of pleasure from reading a tour under these circumstances that we do from comparing notes, in the public room of the inn, with the traveller whom chance throws in our way in the evening. As in this *viva voce* communication, intelligence and observation are desirable, yet not so indispensable but that one can learn something from the most ordinary and common-place persons, so it is with the written tour, the most meagre diary, even a bare record of dates and distances, will be gone through with interest during that process of 'conning of maps and guide-books which precedes 'a tour.' To this class belong Nos. 1 and 3 of the books whose

titles stand at the head of this Article, and to which we shall return presently. We wish, first, to say a few words on one source of interest peculiar to travellers in any country with whose history we may happen to be familiar.

On the pleasure and benefit to be derived from a tour in such a country, in respect of historical knowledge, we dwelt at some length in a former number. Besides this study of historical sites, there is another pregnant point of view in which the instructed traveller may regard the country he visits—in its physical geography.

'Let us consider a little what a knowledge of geography is. First, I grant, it is a knowledge of the relative position and distance of places from one another; and by places, I mean either towns or the habitations of particular tribes or nations; for I think our first notion of a map is that of a plan of the dwellings of the human race; we connect it strictly with man and with man's history. And here I believe many persons' geography stops; they have an idea of the shape, relative position, and distance of different countries; and of the position, that is, as respects the points of the compass, and mutual distance of the principal towns. Every one, for example, has a notion of the shapes of France and of Italy, that one is situated north-west of the other, and that their frontiers join; and again, every one knows that Paris is situated in the north of France, Bordeaux in the south-west, &c. Thus much of knowledge is indeed indispensable to the simplest understanding of history. Yet, you will observe that this knowledge does not touch the earth itself, but only the dwellings of men upon the earth. It regards the shapes of a certain number of great national estates, so to call them; the limits of which, like those of individuals' property, have often respect to no natural boundaries, but are purely arbitrary. A real knowledge of geography embraces at once a knowledge of the earth, and of the dwellings of man upon it; it stretches out one hand to history, and the other to geology and physiology; it is just that part in the dominion of knowledge where the students of physical and of moral science meet together.

'And without denying the usefulness of that plan-like knowledge of geography of which I have spoken, it cannot be doubted that a far deeper knowledge of it is required by him who would study history effectively. And the deeper knowledge becomes far the easier to remember. For my own part, I find it extremely difficult to remember the position of towns, when I have no other association with them than their situation relatively to each other. But let me once understand the real geography of a country, its organic structure if I may so call it, the form of its skeleton, that is, of its hills; the magnitude and course of its veins and arteries, that is, of its streams and rivers; let me conceive of it as of a whole made up of connected parts; and then the position of man's dwellings, viewed in reference to these parts, becomes at once easily remembered, and lively and intelligible besides.'—*Arnold's Lectures*, p. 158.

If, then, a knowledge of this kind of geography be requisite for a full understanding of history, it is a knowledge which can be rightly acquired only by personal travel. A good description, aided by a good map, may, however, do something towards conveying such a conception of a country; and this, it is evident, is all we can have in respect of far the greater part of the countries whose history we read of; and the profit each person will derive from such a description will be in the degree in which he has formed the habit of looking at the face of a country with a topographical eye. As an instance, in illustration of the kind of geographical view above characterized, we will cite part of a masterly description of France, by M. Michelet.

'Let us take a look at France as a whole, that we may see into what divisions it naturally breaks itself.

'Mount one of the most elevated peaks of the Vosges, or, if you prefer it, of Jura, and let us turn our back upon the Alps. We may discern, supposing our vision able to command an horizon of three hundred leagues, an undulating line reaching from the wooded hills of the Luxembourg, and the Ardennes, to the valleys of the Vosges, and from thence continued along the vine slopes of Burgundy, and the volcanic masses of the Cevennes, till it joins the prodigious wall of the Pyrenees. This line marks the separation of the waters. To the west of this line the Seine, the Loire, and the Garonne flow towards the ocean;—behind it, the Meuse and the Moselle turn to the north, the Saone and the Rhone to the Mediterranean. In the far distance are discerned what seem two islands in this continent; Bretagne, rugged and low, simple quartz and granite, a solid breakwater placed at the corner of France to receive the shock of the Atlantic, and the currents of the Channel; in another direction rises the green Auvergne, the stiffened lava bed of forty extinct volcanoes.

'The basins of the Rhone and the Garonne, important as they are, are only secondary in this expanse of land. The life of this body is concentrated to the north. There the grand movements of the nations have taken place. The stream of mankind poured itself from Germany that way in ancient times. The great political struggle of modern times is between France and England. These two peoples stand, front to front, as in an attitude of defiance. England presents to France her Teutonic face, and withdraws into her rear-guard her Celts of Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. France, on the other hand, backed up by her German provinces, Lorraine and Alsace, opposes to England a Celtic front. Each country exhibits to the other its most hostile element.

'In latitude, the zones of France are easily marked by their products. In its northern zone the rich and wide plains of Flanders, with their crops of flax and rape, and the hop, that bitter vine of the north. About Rheims commences the real vine; all froth and effervescent in Champagne, rich and warm in Burgundy, it becomes heavy and stupi-
ng in Languedoc, to recover its spirit at Bordeaux. At Montauban
mulberry and the olive begin to show themselves; but these tender

children of the south have but a precarious life in this unequal climate. Thus, Arthur Young says, "France may be divided into three principal belts; the first, the vineyards; the second, the maize; the third, the olives. The three districts are thus distinguished; first, that of the north, in which are no vineyards; the central, in which is no maize; the southern, which produces vines, maize and olives, all three. The line of demarcation between the country of the vineyards, and that in which the vine is not cultivated, would pass, as I have ascertained by personal observation, through Coucy, three leagues north of Soissons, thence to Clermont in the Beauvoisin, to Beaumont in Maine, and on to Herbignay in Bretagne." These limits, though perhaps too rigorously drawn, are at this day sufficiently exact in the main.'—*Hist. de France,* ii. 165.

This specimen, which is only a short extract from a survey of France, executed in the same admirable style, in which imagination is so happily made to subserve fact, and the widest generalization combined with minute observation, may well compare with the example given by Dr. Arnold of his own definition of true geographical knowledge—his description of Italy. Though this physical geography is quite distinct from the special science of geology, and requires merely a habit of exerting the common powers of observation possessed by most men, without any scientific training, it yet admits of considerable illustration from that science. For example, when geologists tell us that the Paris basin, a region of about 180 miles in length, and 90 in breadth, is a lacustrine formation; that a lake, or arm of the sea, once occupied the valley of the Seine, which has been filled up by alternating groups of marine and freshwater strata —and that in the two next valleys, those of the Loire and the Allier, there are considerable tracts of similar formation, showing the existence at one period of several chains of lakes all pointing like radii to the central mass of the Auvergne mountains,[1] what an exact counterpart is here in fact, or, at least, in science, to the picture drawn merely to the eye of the observer in the extract we quoted above! Michelet's metaphor, 'an ocean of land,' is matter of fact in geology.

But leaving these speculations, which are only one out of the many views, by proposing which to himself a traveller may reap instruction from every mile of ground he moves over, however apparently uninteresting, we come to the subjects of our notice. And, indeed, in none of the four will any views of this kind be found suggested. We say four, for the trashy pamphlet, No. 2, has no pretensions whatever to the name of 'Tour,' which is prefixed to it. The writer, who has gained a sort of notoriety by a book on the Reformation, seems aware, when he has finished his 'Tour,' that he has nothing to tell, for he adds, in a P.S.,

[1] See Lyell's Geology, vol. iv.

'Forgive me for sending you so uninteresting a letter; I wished to satisfy your request, and yet I could not give up the necessary time for so doing.'—*D'Aubigne.*

A very good reason, we should have thought, for *not* writing, and *not* publishing—though here, perhaps, the Chelsea correspondent is in fault—but hardly one for the contrary proceeding.

Of all the paid tourists who, in the pithy negro phrase, 'take walk, make book,' we have met with none more stupid and empty than the authoress whom we have placed last in our list. She belongs to the class of legendary tourists; of those, that is, who append to every place they visit a long string of marvellous histories, such as may be raked together in great abundance out of the Chronicles and Acta Sanctorum, but which are deprived of all their beauty and all their meaning by being accompanied with quizzing comments, designed to be witty, but generally only succeeding in being vulgar and impudent. They are not given us as true histories, or as true extracts from such and such chronicles, nor even in the antiquarian spirit as illustrative of the times, but simply, it would seem, for the sake of mocking at them, as illustrative of a foolish credulity. It is surprising how a person can go through the trouble of reading and copying so much of what is to them mere trash, which has nothing amusing or attractive in itself, and from all which, if multiplied ten thousand fold, but one and the same everlasting moral is to be drawn, 'how foolish men were five hundred years ago.' If the retailers of the historical reminiscences of the towns visited are tiresome, these are odious.

But if our readers would judge of Miss Costello's fitness for handling the history of the past, by her mode of viewing the present, let them take the following specimen:—

'The promenades on the ramparts (at Dijon) are delightful on every side; those beneath and beyond, planted in what must have been formerly the moats and outer defences, all are charming; in fact, it is impossible anywhere to possess greater conveniences for out-of-door amusement than at Dijon; and here, for the first time, we observed an appearance of enjoyment amongst the population, not merely confined to the lower orders, for whose exclusive entertainment and recreation everything seems made in France. Along the alleys leading to the park, ladies may be met on horseback accompanied by their cavaliers; groups of walkers are seen, as in the Champs Elysées, at Paris; elegant toilettes appear, and the actual existence is evident of a genteel middle class, rarely to be found out of Paris. Indeed, the total absence of this class throughout the country renders the towns extremely dull; in every town there are promenades, but no persons are to be seen there, but the common people, whose costume, though picturesque sometimes as a landscape, is sufficiently monotonous unmixed with others of a

more refined stamp. To an eye accustomed, as we are in England, to see a crowd composed of all ranks, it is dreary and unpleasant to meet with no figures but those of peasants in places where their manners are unsuitable,' &c.—*Costello*, vol. i. p. 295.

When the social condition of modern France is treated in this profound and sensible manner, the reader may easily conceive how the religious and miraculous history of the middle ages fares in such hands.

Mr. Trench's 'Diary of Travels,' offers little or nothing of novelty. It is evidently rather written for the amusement of an extensive circle of friends, for whose use the author has been kind enough to print it, than with any view to the public. Those who take an interest in the personal movements of the amiable author and his lady, may, perhaps, read the two volumes with pleasure; those who seek information on the present state of France will not find it here. Indeed, the amount of information with which the author himself starts on his 'Tour,' appears to be rather below the average of that generally possessed about a country by those who undertake the, now common, labour of writing two volumes about it. The things he thinks it necessary to explain are, that 'Temple Protestant' is the distinguishing appellation of a Protestant chapel; the difference between a Curé and Vicaire, between a Collége and a Seminaire; and, though born at Orleans, his parents being 'déteñus,' and himself having paid repeated visits to the country, he was ignorant of the title by which a French bishop is usually addressed in conversation. We have, in the outset, a voluntary engagement that Murray's Hand-book shall not be quoted—a promise which is too often broken; 'that valuable work' being laid under contribution on every occasion. For 'a very interesting sketch of 'Louis the Eleventh's character, and the extension of the French 'monarchy under his reign,' we are referred to 'Robertson's View of the State of Europe;' and the 'Outlines of History,' or the 'Tales of a Grandfather,' apparently furnish much of the 'historical matter,' which is introduced at the proper places.

If it were the case that an oft-trodden ground ceases to yield materials for 'Tours,' this would be a reason for not writing them; but it is not so. We may refer, as an instance in point, to a book which has lately appeared—'Three Years in Constantinople; or, Domestic Manners of the Turks in 1844;' by C. White, Esq.—three volumes more full of details, for the most part of very great value and interest, we never saw; and we could hardly have believed it possible, after all that has been written about the East, that so much of novelty remained to be produced.

And this in the way of hard, substantial fact. Another class

of tour-writers can give freshness to the most familiar track by the aid of imagination, and the gift of poetical description. Mr. Beckford's 'Italy' is one of the most striking instances of this. Sergeant Talfourd, whose 'Vacation Rambles' we have placed at the head of this article, belongs to this class of writers. Who has not read sheets upon sheets of Alpine description? yet, who would not be gratified with reading the following picture of the fall of an avalanche?—

'The effect of the vision of the Jungfrau from this spot, grand and surprising, was yet almost as strange as grand. From the natural platform on which you stand, the ground, covered with coarse grass, shelves rapidly to a dark scrubby wood, and directly beyond, as if only a narrow belt of coppice were between, rises into heaven the huge mass of snow-clad mountains, dazzling in purest white, except where broken by black ribs of rock, or by some huge brown, storm-swept hollow. It is in vain that you are assured that your eye is distant some miles from the nearest point of Alpine snow on which it rests, and that between your feet and the roots of the opposite mass of Alps, is a huge defile which a shepherd-boy could not traverse in a long summer's day; you cannot resist the conviction that you are on the verge of the eternal snow, or the fancy that it is all a delusion, a freak of Nature, who has anticipated the Diorama, and cheats and delights you with an artful picture of her own. You hear the thunder of the unseen avalanches among the recesses of the mountains, and the conviction that you are close to the unmelting pinnacle which defies the scorching heat, becomes yet more intense. But it shall be disturbed. How? By the sight of that which, unseen, was so terrible! From some jutting knob, of the size of a cricket-ball, a handful of snow is puffed into the air, and lower down, on the neighbouring slant, you observe veins of white substance creaming down the crevices, like the tinsel streams in the distance of a pretty scene in an Easter melo-drama, quickened by a touch of magic wand, and then a little cloud of snow as from pelting fairies, rises from the frost-work basin, and then a sound as of a thunder clap, and all is still and silent; and this is an avalanche! If you can believe this,— can realize the truth that snow and ice have just been dislodged in power to crush a human village, you may believe in the distance at which you stand from the scene, and that your eye is master of icy precipices, embracing ten miles perpendicular ascent; but it is a difficult lesson, and the disproportion between the awful sound and the pretty sight renders it still harder. We saw two avalanches during the hour and a half which we spent in front of the cottage; and learned two other illustrations of the truth, that amidst the grandeur of the universe, "seeing" is not always "believing."'—*Talfourd.*

Though, however, Mr. Trench has none of the powers exemplified in this beautiful piece of description, and though his remarks verge constantly upon the confines of truism, yet a reader who has once fairly begun his volumes will find, we think, an attraction about them sufficient to carry him through them.

This is the perfect naturalness, the tone of genuine honesty, and total absence of all ambitious pretence, which is found in them. There is none of that effort and aim at good writing, which gives a theatrical varnish to the books of more expert scribblers. Though he has swollen his pages with trite and school-boy texts of history, yet this is with no book-making view. And though he carefully notes down everything he hears, however trivial—table d'hôte conversation, observations of the waiters and chambermaids, &c., yet it is with no notion of getting them up for the New Burlington-street market. He is an English clergyman, neither more nor less, who just sees what a man of common sense, without any book-learning, would see, and tells it, without thinking whether he is telling it well or ill—in short, in the tone of ordinary conversation. It is the unaffected simplicity that pleases so in the older travellers, before travelling became a trade, when you are made to feel that you are moving along with them, and seeing what they saw, be it much or little, tame or striking. We give such a writer our confidence, and repose implicitly in his statements, and would repeat them with a full security, which we should, unconsciously almost, withhold from the glittering and finished accounts of the regular anecdote-monger.

Mr. Trench set out in September, 1843, and, passing down the western side of France, made a dip into Spain, in and out among the Pyrenees, returned through Auvergne and central France to Paris, in September, 1844. His mode of travelling, if not novel, was different from that of ordinary travellers, and one peculiarly favourable for seeing a country—being a small open carriage, drawn by a pair of ponies. The ponies themselves become almost the heroes of the travellers' epos. Inclusive of a stay of three months at Tours, during which they were employed in excursions into the neighbourhood, this time was one of unceasing locomotion for the ponies, who accomplished their thirty or forty miles a-day; and as we do not hear of their being at all the worse at their journey's end, 'la petite grise' and 'la petite rouge' must be very admirable little creatures, and quite worthy of the attention their master seems to have paid them. French roads are still mostly bad, up to the axletree often, in summer, in dust, in winter, in mud; but a great improvement has taken place since Mr. Swinburne, seventy years ago, described the road from Calais to Dieppe as 'scarcely passable:'—

'It runs through narrow lanes, or hollow passes, in the middle of the boundless corn-fields, worn so deep that the top of the carriage did not appear. We were often obliged to cross ploughed lands and ditches to escape dangerous holes, and I was sometimes compelled to call in a person to assist me in keeping the coach in its proper equilibrium. In spite of

all our care, it was once overturned. The next day we had to ascend a lofty hill, where there did not seem to be any trace of a high-road.'—*Courts of Europe*, vol. i.

Among the mountains a pedestrian may have the best of it, but, in the level plains of France, we cannot fancy any method of travelling more advantageous than this for gaining a knowledge of a country. And the pretty little vignettes, which appear, here and there, among the pages, (far better than the more showy lithographs,) show that this opportunity was not lost.

We should not, however, have been induced to pay so much attention to these volumes, but for one feature which they possess,—to us a very painful one,—on which we must now proceed to say a few words. We were caught by the following announcement in the Preface:—

'I was desirous that the absence from home should not be without objects and aims in accordance with the character of a Clergyman of the Church of England; I was desirous to make myself acquainted, by personal investigation, with the state of religion in France, and chiefly on two points; viz. on the hold which the Romish faith and ceremonies have on the population of the country, and on the degree in which the doctrines of the Protestant Church prevail at present in the land.'—*Trench*, vol. i.

Now, as the state of religion in France is a subject of the highest interest, as the elements of good and of evil are struggling with more active intensity there than, perhaps, in any other country of Europe at present, we gladly seize every opportunity of gaining intelligence of the progress of the struggle. What we have already said, however, will have prepared our readers to expect, what we soon found to be the case, that Mr. Trench had little information of this character to afford. We were prepared to differ from him, more or less, in our measures of good and evil, in our estimate of this or that outward exhibition of faith; but we had not reckoned upon finding so entire an alienation from the spirit of the One Catholic and Apostolic Church, so utter a want of sympathy with her history, or anxiety for her welfare, of feeling for her sufferings and her travail, as we found here. Not that Mr. Trench is a man indifferent to religion. Far from it. Unlike too many of our touring Clergy, who occupy themselves abroad solely with secular thoughts, anxious to get rid of their profession for the time, and to give themselves a brief liberty from that little constraint which English decorum requires at home, Mr. Trench acts and thinks like a person to
religion—of his own sort—is the uppermost subject in his
Not only are we not offended by details of 'gourmandise,'
repeated complaints of the discomforts of inns, the badness

of dinners, and the extortions of landlords, which make up so large a part of the impressions of travellers in general, but a tone of piety pervades the whole book; and, what is especially rare, there is not a single expression of flippancy or lightness, hardly of bitterness, throughout—not even in condemning what he regards as the superstitions of Rome. Scripture is constantly brought to his mind,—not always in the happiest style of allusion, we think,—as where the situation of Angoulême on a hill brings to his mind 'the mountains that are round about Jerusalem.' (Psalm cxxv. 1, 2.)

It is not, then, to a want of religious feeling that we must ascribe the barrenness of Mr. Trench's pages on the real state of religion in France. The cause lies rather in the head than in the heart—in the narrowness of his views, in the confined horizon, which is the result of certain early prejudices, and which cuts off the school of religionists who cherish them from all vision of the extent and lineaments of the Church Universal. In a country filled with memorials of every high and saintly virtue, of a fervent Christian piety and devotion, and all the abundant fruits of Divine grace which age after age brought forth, and have left, at least, as a lesson and an inheritance to the present—in the country of Pascal, and Bossuet, and Fenelon—names which our own Church has always held in the highest reverence, Mr. Trench sees no religion, beyond the limits of one small and miscellaneous sect, no Church beyond the walls of the 'Temple Protestant;' all these rich and copious annals of God's gracious dealings with His Church are veiled from his eyes by one word—Popery. Where the prejudices that this powerful spell commands have been diligently cherished as part, a primal part, of religion, a state of mind is produced which is the 'crassa ignorantia' of divines, a thick darkness, in which even honest and fair minds become hopelessly perverted.

To the same cause may be ascribed his silly arguments against Roman doctrines, which he does not understand, and cannot even state correctly, but for eradicating which he thinks nothing more necessary than a plentiful dispersion of French Bibles; sowing them broad-cast, so many to the square mile.

'I received from Mr. D. some interesting accounts concerning the sale of Bibles and Testaments by means of colporteurs. At Perigueux a colporteur had sold in one year seventeen hundred Bibles and Testaments, and at another period thirteen hundred in eight months. My informant . . . had sold in the mountains, in three weeks, one hundred and seventy-seven Testaments and four Bibles. They select a certain district, and offer the Scriptures for sale from house to house. The usual price is tenpence for the Testaments, and from two shillings and

a penny to two shillings and sixpence for Bibles.'—*Trench*, vol. i. p. 231.

It is impossible to repress a smile at the naïve complacency of the following:—'We were giving away some tracts on our 'departure, and, as the Priest was looking on, I requested his 'acceptance of a French translation of Legh Richmond's "Young 'Cottager," which he readily received. Can he, or any one else, 'fail to be interested with that delightful memoir?' Imagine a French Priest, of the most ordinary education, who has hardly ever out of his hand his breviary, in which almost every day is set apart to the memory of some Saint, whose patrimonial inheritance, so to say, is the whole array of Saints and Martyrs, Gallican and Catholic, from S. Martin down to S. Vincent of Paul, who 'through faith wrought righteousness, subdued kingdoms, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions'—imagine him invited to forego all this, and to substitute in its place 'The Young Cottager,' or 'The Dairyman's Daughter,' and requested to believe that true Christianity never visited his part of the country till brought there by an amiable and neatly dressed gentleman, amusing his leisure by a pleasure tour in his own carriage, with his wife and servants, or by a mercenary colporteur, of the stamp of the infamous Borrow, with a keen eye to the commission he gets on the amount of 'the Bibles and Prayers' he succeeds in 'putting off!'

But this blindness would be his own loss, and would be too common a case to call for these remarks, if it went no further than affecting Mr. Trench's views of the Church of Rome. His views assume a most distinct and intelligible shape in a series of acts, over which we most unaffectedly mourn, and which call for our most decided condemnation as attached members of the English Church. We mean his habitual and unqualified communion with the French Protestants. Not now and then, as out of curiosity, or by accident, or as a choice of evils, or with misgivings, but on all possible occasions, by choice, and with eagerness, without a hint of any difference of doctrine or practice, nay, with constant expressions of fervent sympathy, he associates with them in their worship, officiates for them, receives the ministrations of their ministers, and assumes, in a matter-of-course way, which would be arrogant if it were not so very simple, that the light of the Gospel in France is confined to the Protestant schismatical bodies. Here is an ordained minister of the Church of England,—a body which claims to be part of the Universal Church, which assumes itself to be on the same footing with the other Catholic Churches of the East and West, to have the same Sacraments, the same grace of Orders, the same Apo-

stolical Succession, the same commission from Christ, which the rest of the Visible Church throughout the world possesses—he goes out of his own country, into one where one of these sister Churches is in possession, and finds his natural home and fellowship; not indeed in this sister Church—that we know, and lament—our Church mourns the necessity which breaks or suspends communion, where, and where alone, we would seek it—where we pray daily that it may be given when we pray for 'the good estate of the Catholic Church.' No; he finds himself at once one in heart and spirit with miscellaneous bodies of sectarians, condemned by this sister Church, excluded by her from her fold, and reckoned among her most deadly and unremitting enemies!

There are two aspects under which we may consider our relation to foreign Protestants—Doctrine and Practice. And first as to Doctrine. The high position taken by the Church of England is that she is not merely *a* Church, but the visible Church, in this realm, and this not merely because she is recognised by the State, or because she has legal inheritance, or technical jurisdiction, but because she is part of the one living Body of Christ; because she has the true Sacraments of salvation through the Apostolic descent of her Bishops.

'True sacraments' [we quote from a popular work which happens to be at hand[1]] 'being those which are "duly administered" by "lawful ministers;" such sacraments being not "bare signs" of things absent, but "the means whereby we receive," in the one, "a death unto sin, and a new birth unto righteousness," and in the other "the body and blood of Christ, which are verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful in the Lord's Supper;" and that the Church "hath authority in controversies of faith," hath the power to "teach," to "decree," to "excommunicate" (the words of the Articles), and does not give every individual preacher, much less every individual Christian, permission to take down his Bible, and make out from it his own scheme of doctrine, or system of Church government.'

And, lastly, not to weary with proving what all our readers will admit, she teaches (Ordination Service)—

'That it is evident unto all men diligently reading the Holy Scriptures and ancient authors, that from the Apostles' time there have been three orders of ministers in Christ's Church, Bishops, Priests, and Deacons. No man shall be accounted or taken to be a lawful Bishop, Priest, or Deacon, except he be called, tried, examined, and admitted thereunto according to the form hereafter following, or hath had formerly episcopal consecration or ordination.'

Now, is this claim of our Church a mockery, and are all these

[1] Plain Words to Plain People.

words without meaning, that a Minister of this Church shall identify himself with bodies which are founded on the very explicit denial of doctrines which are the foundation and basis of his own Church? Is it true, as Romanists urge against us, that these high claims exist only on paper, and are renounced in our practice; that when we are brought into actual contact with the two bodies, Catholic and Protestant, our imposture is at once detected, and we betray for which of the two we have most affinity? Is the hypocritical cry of the Exeter 'laity,' 'our common Protestantism,' to be substituted in the Creed for the Article 'one Catholic and Apostolic Church?'

For—to take the much lower ground, that of ecclesiastical discipline—whatever we may consider to be the real position of the Roman Catholic communion in this country, nothing is more certain, nay, it is the only ground on which we can deny their pretensions *here*, than that in France the visible and legitimate representative of the Church, is that Communion and its hierarchy. The establishment or non-establishment of the Church can make no difference in this respect. What we claim to be here, that they are there. But the very heterogeneous assemblage of religionists, of every hue and shade of creed, who make up the one million of French Protestants, correspond, not with the English Church, but with the English Dissenter. Mr. Trench is, we believe, a Parish Priest. When an Independent preacher comes and takes up a position in his parish, and endeavours to form a congregation, to draw away the parishioners from the Church, and offers the people the pure Gospel, instead of the formalities of the Establishment, is Mr. Trench in the habit of encouraging his attempts, of sympathizing in his aims, and wishing him God speed? still less of joining his worship, of throwing open his church to him, or of taking his turn in the other's conventicle? Yet this man is but doing exactly what Mr. Trench made a point of doing wherever he went; holds precisely the same language about the Church of England that Mr. Trench does about the Church of Rome; and holds, and preaches, the doctrines of free grace, and justification without works, which Mr. Trench considers all-important; and, if he went abroad, would (and might without any inconsistency) fraternize with French Protestants of any description. Things that agree with the same agree with one another. If the English Independent or Presbyterian is one in heart and belief with the French, and Mr. Trench is as much so when in France, whence the impassable gulf between Mr. Trench and the Independent at home? Do they stand aloof from one another, on points of form and ceremonial? And do thus men who are wont to speak of form as so absolutely unimportant, move in diametrically

opposed orbits over the same ground, because they differ in mere rites and ceremonies?

What would be said, if one of those Clergymen, who take the high sacramental view of the English Church, were, in travelling in a Catholic country, not only to communicate openly with Catholics, but, supposing such a thing possible, to say mass whenever he had an opportunity, according to the Roman missal? Yet nothing is more certain than that, great as is the difference between our Church's teaching and that of the Roman Church, those differences are in details, and not in fundamentals; while, on the other hand, our difference with Protestants is one of principle.

That we may not be thought to have overstated the degree and nature of Mr. Trench's intercommunion with the Protestants of France, we quote some instances.

At Tours—

'There is at Tours a French-Protestant pastor and flock. The increase of numbers professing the Reformed Faith has been very rapid; and it could not be otherwise than gratifying for an Englishman to hear, that the establishment of Protestant worship in the place was due to a countryman, the late lamented and beloved Mr. Hartley. Much beneficial influence towards the promotion of the same cause is exercised at Tours by M. and Madame André. Their Christian zeal and love is widely known both in France and England; and yet the remembrance of the cordiality which we ever received at their hands, as well as of the interesting meetings for Christian communion and charitable works, so well ordered and maintained at their home, will not let me pass them by without this testimony to their influence, character, and Gaius-like hospitality.'—*Trench*, vol. i. p. 51.

At Saumur—

'I had a note of introduction for the pastor, M. Duvivier, who received us in a very friendly and obliging manner. . . . . By his wish I had a service in this interesting edifice for the few English who are at present residing in the town and neighbourhood.'—*Ibid.* p. 73.

At Angers—

'We rose early this morning, to clear and prepare our apartment for a temporary church; got in about thirty chairs, and arranged all things needful for our pure and simple form of worship. Thirty-five came. Three or four of the number were French; but, being Protestants, they were desirous of this Christian union with us, and were able to understand and follow a considerable portion of our service.'—*Trench*, vol. i. p. 90.

But Mr. Trench did not confine himself to performing the English service for English and French indifferently; at Nantes—

'We attended this morning the French-Protestant service, held in a

large and convenient edifice, which was once the chapel of a Carmelite monastery. There was a good congregation present, many of whom, as I was informed, were English. The prayer was in a written form ; the sermon extempore ; both excellent. Here, as usually abroad, it appears to be the custom to sit while singing. The text was from Revelation iii. 15, 16. The subject was, Lukewarmness in religion. M. Rosselet, the French pastor, gave notice in his church, that I should have a service for the English on the next Sunday afternoon.'—*Trench*, vol. i. p. 147.

'M. R., the French-Protestant pastor, spent the evening with us, and we had much enjoyment in the society of a brother minister so distinguished as he is for ability, and, at the same time, so simple in his faith and character. At the time of our family worship, I gave him the Bible, and asked him to read a portion, and make a few observations. He selected that grand and animating chapter, S. Peter i. 1.'—*Ibid.* p. 153.

At Bourbon-Vendée—

'At twelve o'clock we went to the Mairie, where a comfortable, simple apartment is assigned for public worship. We found a congregation composed of about thirty persons.'—*Ibid.* p. 170.

And, as a last instance, at Montauban—

'To one who prizes the Reformation, and takes an interest in the maintenance and advance of Protestantism, Montauban must be a place of deep and lively interest. When it is known that this town contains one of the two Theological Institutions for preparing young men for the ministry of the Gospel in France, Montauban can scarcely be visited by any friend of Divine truth without fervent wishes of prosperity to those young servants of Christ, who are hence annually sent forth to fight the battles of the Lord ; and that not with the many advantages possessed by us at home as members of the Church established in our realm, but in much worldly weakness and isolation, and against a host of political and priestly adversaries. And I am sure that none of our countrymen, to whom the glory of God and the welfare of souls is dear, should visit, or hear of, the place without the utterance of earnest prayer that the Institution may receive a constant and plenteous blessing from the hands of Almighty God. . . . . I called on M. A. Monod, a professor in the College. . . . . As I entered his house, I heard the sound of hymns, and understanding that the voices were those of some who had come early to a meeting for prayer and praise, which was shortly to commence, I returned for Mrs. T., and we thus had the privilege of an unexpected service on our way. We found a full room, and many of the young students were present. Scripture was read, two or three hymns were sung, M. Monod prayed, and two others, called upon by him thus to share in the service.'—*Ibid.* p. 262.

Thus, then, the position and claims of the English Church are such as to render this amalgamation with French Calvinists perfectly unjustifiable in any of her genuine members, much more

in one of her Priests; and their doctrine and discipline is utterly alien to the true spirit of our Church. And as, if we inquire on grounds of history and right—on the grounds, that is, on which the Church of England bases her prescription here against the English Romanists—we find that the Gallican Church has the same rights and legitimacy in France that we claim in England; so, if we look to character, temper, and practice, we shall be unable to deny that, in all these respects, that Church has the strongest claims on our sympathy and affections. But that an individual, or a society, possesses an inward spirit of religion is what can never be proved in controversy; at least, all such attempted proof would be thrown away on those with whom alone the fact, if proved, would have any weight. The glowing accounts Romanists are so fond of giving of the spread of religious feeling in France,[1] may animate and encourage those whose sympathy is already fully formed, but as *proofs*, they are totally without weight. Outward acts are, at best, a fallacious measure of inward devotion, and the attempt, so often made, to take a comparative gauge of the amount of personal devotion produced by Romanism and Protestantism respectively, is but like the comic poet's proposal to determine the merits of the rival tragedians by the scale and weights. These statistics of religion are even more illusory than the statistics of morality. And such a line of argument is especially open to the retort of an adversary of a very mean order, one of those beings who lives but to collect the malicious scandal of a small country town, and who is ever ready to *match* every fact stated in favour of the Roman Clergy by a story which tells the opposite way. When thronged churches are pointed to with satisfaction, such a man reminds you that Madame Laffarge made assignations at vespers.

When, then, a person has spent twelve months in the country without feeling the general prevalence of piety, earnestness, and the spirit of self-sacrifice, among the French clergy—without being able to appreciate their hearty zeal, 'in labours more abundant,' in toil and weariness, the hard lives, almost unrelieved by any compensation, of the 'desservans,' their patience under opposition, opprobrium, and the untiring calumny of the infidel and Protestant press—it is quite impossible that any paper arguments, any amount of facts, should overcome so deep-seated a prejudice. We have already indicated to what we should refer this blindness in Mr. Trench's case. In most French towns there is a little settlement of English residents, who form a coterie among themselves, and have their own little public opinion, and ways of judging men and things. Whenever it happens, as it

[1] See, for example, The Dublin Review, March, 1844.

does not unfrequently, that this little world becomes excited on religious matters, a peculiar state of feeling is produced, to which nothing among us is exactly parallel. But of all the shades and shapes which the No-popery temper assumes, that which has a tendency to form in a little knot of English residents in a town in which the majority of the population are strictly Catholic is the most malignant and unreasonable. A close compact is formed with the French Protestants of the place, and their united forces are spent in getting together new converts, new tales of scandal against the priests. Those who know what converts from Romanism generally are, unless in novels written by Anglican clergymen, may well imagine the bitter nucleus of faction and hate thus formed as a sore in the side of the parochial clergy. It is thus that the English too often become the means of upholding irreligion, profaneness, and vice, in foreign countries. If they fall into the circle of such a coterie, they lose all positive religion, and place theirs in nothing else but in opposition to that which they see around them. Living six days of the week for nothing but enjoyment and pleasure, offending the religious sense of the people by their Friday feastings, and only seeming to acknowledge any outward religion by the sour rigidity they observe on the Sunday festival, they form one of the most formidable among the many enemies which a conscientious priest has to contend against.

Mr. Trench's horizon, notwithstanding his acquaintance with the Bishop of Nantes, to whose character he does reluctant justice, was almost confined to this unpromising circle. As one instance, in a different subject, of what we must consider his narrowness of view, we mention his notion that the present Royal Family are *personally* popular. He is persuaded that the late Duke of Orleans was beloved by the nation. Nothing can be more unfounded than such a belief. The state of opinion on the subject we believe to be this:—The class who nourish any degree of loyal sentiment, do so in favour of the exiled family exclusively—they are legitimists. But the great mass of French people are strangers to any such sentiment—something even of ridicule attaches to the idea of loyalty. When, in 1843, M. Thiers, by a slip of the tongue, used in the Chamber the expression '*sujets* respectueux,' there was a shout of indignation from all sides—'Nous ne sommes pas sujets! Nous ne voulons pas être sujets!'[1] But though there is no such sentiment in

[1] This scene was but a repetition of one which occurred in the Tribunate in 1801, hen a treaty of peace with Russia, which had cost infinite trouble, negotiation, and iany sacrifices to bring about, was almost rejected because the word 'subjects' was sed in it. The First Consul had hard work to prove to the irritated 'citizens,' by eference to the Dictionary of the Academy and other authorities, that the word was as applicable to the members of a republic as to those of a monarchy.

existence (and, indeed, how should there be?) towards the present Monarch and his family, yet all classes are quite content that things should remain as they are—they are satisfied to be governed (if the word be not quite inappropriate) by Louis-Philippe. But if there is any one class who do entertain anything that could be, by a stretch of courtesy, called attachment towards that Sovereign, it is just that class of the French people to which the greater part of the Protestants belong—the small and well-to-do tradesmen—who are attached to him because he gives them peace and security. This is the real secret of conservatism—of Mr. Trench's 'loyalty'—in France. 'If we have not become savages, Spaniards, or St. Simonians,' says M. Balzac, 'thank the grand army of grocers. It has main-'tained everything. "I support," is its motto. If they did not 'maintain a social order of some sort, where would they find 'customers?'

The much-talked-of increase of Protestantism in France we believe to be intimately connected with the spread of commercial and trading habits. Attention to the 'intérêts matériaux' is gaining ground every year among the French. They have been roused by our example, and begin to think making money a better employment than making revolutions. Some observers we have heard regretting that much of the national gaiety of temper and politeness of manners is giving way to the absorbing interests of 'actions' and 'rentes.' It is a fact, which our own observation has confirmed to us, that, some how or other, in France, this spirit is often found in connexion with Protestant bias, or profession; at least, we should be surprised to find that a man who was making his way, was a *good* Catholic. But such men are very good Conservatives; and it is in them that the present dynasty, and the ministry of M. Guizot (himself a Protestant) find their surest support.

We have gladly acknowledged that Mr. Trench's aims and thoughts in his tour have been of so much higher a stamp than those of too many English travellers; but we see he has his own notions of 'the comfortable.' The following case of conscience is amusing; and, trivial as it is, may not be wholly devoid of bearing upon our last remarks:—

'We went on, in the evening, to a village called La Motte, where we had been led to expect a tolerable inn. . . . . At the end of a long and lonely drive, through a country which a Frenchman had told me was "un pays perdu," we reached a few houses on each side of a street forming the village called La Motte. Here we drove up to the inn which I had heard of; but the landlady herself told us that we should be "mal logés," as her inn was under repair. By-the-bye, it seemed much to need it. Not a single room for our reception was available; so that we

had to make an attempt opposite, where was another inn, and where we wished to pass the Sunday, in accordance with our rule of resting entirely on this day—a rule which we had not infringed for a single mile during the whole course of our journey. We were, however, much vexed at seeing the extreme unfitness of the place, even for one night, much more for a longer sojourn. I shall not dwell on the materials of our supper, (so rarely bad or deficient in France,) nor upon the state of the bedroom, which we reached along a creaking passage, with such large gaping holes in the floor, that I was literally afraid of going along it in the dark, for fear of stepping into one of them. However, notwithstanding these circumstances, had I been alone, or with only a gentleman as a companion, I should have thought it right to remain here till the Monday; but, as it was, it seemed to me otherwise. Mrs. T. had had a long and hot journey during the week, and it was evident that neither proper rest, food, or comfort, could be obtained for her. Accordingly, the decision being left to me, I thought that in the sight of God it would be allowable for us to proceed on the ensuing morning, though much regretting the circumstances of the case.'—*Trench*, vol. ii. p. 212.

Among the many points in which members of the English Church are without guidance or authoritative directions, that of how to conduct themselves in respect of the religious worship in Catholic countries is one. There is, however, one plain distinction which an obedient son of the Church must always make. He will always keep aloof from the schismatical bodies who call themselves Protestant, neither being present at their services, nor employing—if in orders, and he chooses to officiate—their temples for the English services. To act otherwise is to betray her cause; to renounce the very authority on which he acts as her minister. Nothing, indeed, can be more humiliating to the English Church, nothing more subversive of her claim to be Catholic, than this identification of her with foreign Protestantism. But to tamper with the faith of Catholics, to league ourselves with bodies such as the Foreign Aid Society, whose professed aim and object is to be the authors of confusion, not of peace, is even worse, 'As if,' as it has been well said, 'it 'were matter of triumph, not of lamentation, that a member of 'the Roman or Greek communion should throw off the great 'tenets of the Faith which all Catholic Churches hold in common, 'to embrace that system of irreverence and semi-infidelity which 'such teachers as we have been referring to, designate by the 'name of Protestantism, but which our Liturgy comprises under 'the denomination of "false doctrine, heresy, and schism."'[1]

Indeed, the way in which the Protestants ever side with the infidel party in France, is one that throws into strong relief the unbelieving character of that omnigenous heresy. One of the

[1] British Critic, July, 1841.

most frequent subjects of congratulation in the Reports of the Foreign Aid Society is, the total desertion of the churches in many of the rural communes, such that many have been shut up, and the Priest withdrawn. This is, unhappily, too true! but this desertion of the mass is not to the profit of Protestantism (even such as it is), but of infidelity. The people forsake the church, or at least the altar, (for often there is no church,) and shun confession, for no other form of religion, but to listen lazily to the harangues of the Protestant preacher, seasoned with bitter invectives against all they have hitherto known of religion, with the same curiosity, and as much profit, as they look on at the exhibition of the mountebank.

For, notwithstanding the unmistakeable appearances of a strong religious reaction in France, it is also true that irreligion is gaining ground. Each is making progress in a different class. In the Revolution, it was the middle and upper classes who were tainted with infidelity. These are now coming back to the Church. A glorious sight it was, and one to be thankful for, to see 3,000 persons, all men, receiving the communion at one time at Notre Dame, on Easter-day last. But, on the other hand, the Voltairian movement has not yet reached its apogee. It seems as if, like some virus, it must go through all the ranks of the social system before its force can be spent. And it has its work to accomplish yet among the lower classes. In the inferior populations, above all among the rural populations, and where the influence of Paris extends, the evil gains, the wound is still open and spreading. There atheism has still novelty and piquancy to recommend it; Voltaire and Diderot have a sale which among the upper classes they have long since ceased to have. There the infamous productions of the last century are the pamphlets of the day. In these districts the churches are depopulated, communions become less frequent, and, in more than one instance, the pastor, left all alone by his flock, has been reduced to pray for a community who had ceased to pray for themselves.[1]

These, though alarming symptoms, do however present but one side of the picture. There is much to counteract and balance this fearful growth of a new harvest of unbelief. Even in the arid desert of the banlieue of Paris may be met with little oases of Christianity; single pious parishes where the faith has been kept alive almost by miracle. In other spots, again, the most desperate village, once a mere nest of condemned

[1] See an interesting Memoir by M. de Champagny, 'L'Eglise et ses Adversaires en 1825 et en 1845,' in the 'Correspondant' for January last; a journal in which those who take interest in the present condition of the Church in France will find the best information, united with a very high order of thought and sentiment.

reprobates, has been sanctified by the zeal of a single man; some laborious and devoted curé has brought them from the cabaret to the church, from the most savage profligacy of manners to holiness. If in certain districts the churches are empty or emptying, in others new ones are being built by the zeal of the flocks. The Voltairian epidemic has not yet run its course; but there is not a single commune throughout the kingdom, where, in spite of outward appearances, the pulse of Catholic piety, if you choose to search for it, does not beat beneath the finger, and where some protest is not raised against predominant unbelief, by some act of Christian faith, secret perhaps, but indestructible.

ART. IV.—1. *Lebengeschichte des Baron de la Motte Fouqué.* 1840.
2. *Ausgewählte Werke von Friedrich Baron de la Motte Fouqué.* 1841.

IN returning to the life of Fouqué, we feel that we owe an apology to our readers for again troubling them to recall the view of biography on which hitherto we have proceeded. We all of us feel great difficulty in reading, still more in drawing any definite idea from, those many biographies and memoirs which inundate the press, in which every minute circumstance is related with praiseworthy precision, the details of the pedigree, infancy, childhood, boyhood, manhood, and senility of the hero. And this is because they seem meaningless. Even with all their particularity they are the history not of the individual, but of the genus. They distinguish in no respect their subject from any other man. A life is written of A. or B., and of the two or three volumes of 500 pages each, more than four-fifths will equally suit that of C. or D. The man's life, that which constitutes his distinctive history, lies but in the fifth. And had the writer been contented with giving us this, we should have carried off an idea; as it is, we are overwhelmed, we grow sleepy; perhaps we wade through a volume, and give the rest up in despair. Now, in the case of Fouqué, we have been endeavouring to apply this principle. By carefully examining his life and writings, we have sought to discover that idea, which was the moving element of both, and, by laying this before the reader, with the arguments which led us to it, developed by facts, to give, what seems to us, the fairest and most useful sketch of the man himself. We argued that poetry was, according to a well-known definition, the endeavour to express some powerful and absorbing emotion, whose full expression is somehow necessarily repressed; and, in examining the life of Fouqué, we endeavoured to prove that in him this emotion was a yearning desire to express a belief in or perception of the invisible world, most difficult, nay, impossible, to express fully and perfectly, yet, at the same time, not lacking ways and means to express itself poetically or imperfectly, by analogies, contrast, irony, and the like. In this way, then, we endeavoured to show that which governed his heart, and to find, as it were, a key to many obscure passages in his life and works, hoping, at the same time, to escape the enumeration of much indistinctive matter, common to him with half the world besides. The chief ground of our argument was what we first

showed must inevitably ensue, viz. that, when the absorbing emotion received due power of expression, the workings of the mind would be healthy; when checked beyond the fitting limit, troubled and distracted. We consider that we have now worked out the first part of our subject. We have represented Fouqué as suffering, filled with an eager desire to express his yearnings and emotions, yet without adequate power from either thought, sympathy, knowledge, or education, weakly in body and mind, on the brink of madness and suicide. If now, then, we can succeed in showing that, under circumstances obviously favourable to the development of such an emotion, his mind grew calm, our object will in some measure be effected.

Now, in speaking of one possessed by an emotion of this kind, seeking vent to express itself, we are speaking of nothing which is not quite conceivable in any man. Whether he be Christian or heathen, a man's heart might be filled with feeling so absorbing and powerful as to drive him to grasp at every mode of expression which came within his reach. Even this desire to give vent to certain indistinct stirrings of the heart connected with the invisible world might be found in any man, and they would be expressed more or less fully according to the circumstances in which he was thrown. As, for instance, when Plato, by the aid of the Greek language, and the imperfect mythical truths of the old world, could image forth and relieve his mind with the expression of heavenly and invisible things. But we may fairly urge that, through the Christian religion, or, to use a safer phrase, through the truths embodied and conveyed in the Catholic Church, leading us straight on to the heavenly and invisible, would alone be found the sure and satisfactory exponent of that yearning; and, when we add to this the case of one born in Christian times, we may fairly go on to assert that a mind thus possessed could not possibly find peace till it had grasped these truths.

The argument then would be reduced to this. A poet is one possessed with some deep and absorbing emotion. This must, in some way or other, and indirectly, be expressed: if not expressed, evil—if duly expressed, rest and tranquillity, result. The circumstances best adapted for expression vary with the emotion itself. This emotion may be ascertained from the phenomena of its expression or repression, viz. from its result in rest or unrest, in poetry or in distraction. If the circumstances be such as would naturally be adverse to the expression of any particular emotion, and we find accordingly unrest in the individual, there is a presumption that this emotion possesses him. Still more, if, on the other hand, we find, under circumstances favourable to the expression of such emotion,

poetry gushing forth, and the temperament peaceful and happy, may we fairly infer what the emotion is, without reference to the means by which it is expressed, looking only to the circumstances and the fact that there is peace and expression.

To consider, then, the case before us. Fouqué lived for many years, as we have seen, in outward circumstances, singularly unfavourable for the expression of this yearning after the invisible world, and his mind became unhappy and distracted. When at length these circumstances changed, and he became religious, and mingled with religious and earnest men, and acquainted himself with books, and found himself in a position where noble aspirations and a high soul could make themselves felt, the tone of his mind changed also. Therefore we may infer that this emotion or possessing feeling as being that which would be influenced by these circumstances, was that which was at the bottom of his mind. Certainly it is most striking to read the two parts into which his life is, as it were, divided, the one containing his early education, till he joined the army, the other the rest of his life from that time onwards.

To this latter we proceed. The reader will, perhaps, remember that, in 1803, he left his father's house, and soon after married, and got his discharge from the army. From this time, he gave himself up to literary pursuits, living at Nennhausen, and communicating with Bernhardi, the Schlegels, and other literary men of the day. Germany was divided into two distinct poetical schools. The rivalry between the admirers of Goëthe and Schiller is a popular topic; and separate from both of these, though truly, to our dull English minds, more in name than degree, arose the romantic school, founded and sustained by the two Schlegels, Ludwig Tieck, and men of less note, among whom, perhaps, we may class Chamisso. These set themselves to lower in the popular estimation the so-called Classical School, of whom, perhaps, Wieland is the most abstract specimen. We have neither the knowledge nor the inclination to investigate 'Almanacks' and 'Reviews,' 'Criticisms and Counter-criticisms,' in order to mark distinctly the differences, and shades of differences, between these two Schools and their adherents. It is sufficient, for the present purpose, to point out how the general tenets of that called Romantic must have corresponded with the peculiar genius of Fouqué. It was this romantic School which first saw the deep meaning hidden in the Mährchen, or traditionary nursery tale; which dealt with early mythologies as embodying 'world-old' truths; which traced the analogies between the seen and the unseen, treating the one but as the exponent of the other; which boldly worked out in its philosophy the grand distinction between 'reason' and 'understanding,' that they are

two separate faculties, if indeed the reason can be called a faculty, the latter, as it were the handmaid to the former, reason intuitively giving birth to truths or ideas, understanding digesting into logic that which is in itself above logic, as the goldsmith can create the ring, but neither the gold nor diamond which compose it; lastly, it was this school which first, of that generation, dealt earnestly and truly with Religion, albeit, not untinctured with strange mystical views. Now, so soon as Fouqué got among these men, he seemed, to use a common phrase, in his element. The school seemed made for him, to satisfy his peculiar yearnings and sympathies with the Invisible World. And exactly as our hypothesis suggested, he was at peace and happy, and overflowing with romance in prose and verse, all serving to express the idea of his heart. Thus his writings at this time show every thing passing through the alembic of the mind, whether History, Classical Literature, Politics of the time, only to come forth in a romantic form. Sintram, Wild Love, Thiodolf, will exemplify our meaning; all contain classical tales and myths thus grotesquely twisted into romantic shapes.

So, too, at this point of his life he found, with some sorrow, that he was diverging from many of those whom he had always admired, and whose society he had eagerly sought; among others, Heinrich von Kleist and Schiller. For so it is ever with men. They hold long together, and it seems that nothing can separate them, yet a turn of a hair is sufficient for the purpose. The bent of these men was to Pantheism, of Fouqué to Catholicism. They start from a common ground of seeking the beautiful wherever it may be found, but the one sees it as embodying, the other as but typifying, God. We shall have occasion to allude to this again.

Perhaps the following interview with Schiller may illustrate what we have said of the calm happiness which now possessed Fouqué, and of the power which he, who formerly cast aside his books in despair, had now acquired of feeling and comprehending so abstruse a subject as Greek Rhythm. He had been introduced to him at Weimar; and a few years afterwards met him at Lauchstadt, drinking the waters. Schiller hardly recollected him, yet, with great urbanity, welcomed him as a friend. He found himself among a herd of young men, who followed the great Poet from place to place, like the school in Academia of old, drinking in his eloquent words, and not very careful how they treated such as denied or questioned his authority. They usually occupied themselves in discussing points of literature, arguments in which Schiller's dictum was like the sword of Brennus. They looked somewhat askance on

young Fouqué, as from the enemy's camp (for Schlegel had shown in the Musen Almanach that Schiller was vulnerable), and seemed to look for an opportunity to measure swords. The conversation turned on the Greek Drama, how far it was calculated for representation on the German stage. Fouqué, a devoted admirer of Æschylus, at once mentioned the Prometheus as, if properly translated, fit for the purpose. This brought them to the subject of the Metres, and the question arose, how far was it possible to render the Greek into German trimeters. Fouqué advocated strongly the affirmative, finding fault with Stolberg's translation as defective in this point; and, on the other hand, the Schillerites blamed him as too rigorous, and as though this strictness of versification must cramp the Poet's freedom. 'By no means,' he replied; 'to the true poet, the 'so-called difficulties of metre are suggestive, as Stolberg would 'have found, had he started on this principle. In Æschylus, and 'especially his Prometheus, the trimeter cannot be dispensed 'with. In what less voice could the gods and Titans express 'themselves, or rather Titans and gods, for Titans here, pro-'phetic heroes of an ancient mighty world, have the mastery 'over the newly-risen and quickly-setting race of gods? How 'could they talk, but in the heavy tramping trimeter?' A well-known actor, whose powerful voice seemed exactly formed for heroic metres, rejoined somewhat harshly, '*We* shall, I suppose, amongst others, be acting your trimeter plays.' Schiller here took up the subject, and replied to his follower kindly, 'Why 'not, friend? In Joan of Arc, Montgomery speaks in this 'metre with the Maid of Orleans. Does not every good thing 'at first appear more full of difficulties than in reality it is? 'Remember how all Iambics were strange on our stage when 'I introduced Don Carlos. I do not mean to say that it is 'altogether in Iambics, but Iambics there are notwithstanding. 'And at first there seemed too many, for your actors never 'failed to alter the foot by an oh! or ah! or by changing a 'shrug for a sigh, to alter the character of the metre. But now 'things are changed, and I say it in glad acknowledgment. For 'if by chance your memory fail you, you strive to readjust the 'injured measure, not only by these interjections, but by a dex-'terously changed word, so as not to injure the Iambic. And, 'doubtless, the same may happen to the Trimeter Iambic.' Again they returned to the Prometheus. Schiller sat calmly listening, and at length said, 'I have thought much on this sub-'ject, and I will tell you to what my thoughts have led me. 'The Cothurnus and the Mask, moulded to aid the voice, are 'both good and useful; but for these Titan Æschylean forms 'we want something more: I should feel satisfied with nothing

'short of phantasmagoric images of superhuman size; while 'the gigantic, horse-breaking words are thundered through 'speaking trumpets by mighty voices. And the almost sta- 'tionary scene makes one image forth such representations where 'the beautiful group of ocean nymphs is ranged round the 'fierce Hero fastened to the rock by fetters, but still more by 'his own untamed, prophetic mind. So, too, I think in contrast 'to the flying and active Hermes, would rise the gigantic ocean 'on his winged griffin.' We have introduced this partly for its own sake; for who does not wish to hear a few last words of Schiller? but also because it seems to show a more settled state of Fouqué's mind.

He speaks thus of a scene in a poem written at this time, in a peculiar metre, whose subject was the acts and martyrdom of the great S. Boniface:—'My verse had fallen into a simple, 'church-like metre at a fitting spot; viz., where the newly-bap- 'tized Saxons hold their first Christian solemnity. For this was, 'as it were, a foreboding of the future, though truly as far from 'the real Church-feeling as a meteoric light from the beams of 'the rising sun.' Here, again, is just what we might expect. He was versed with what was in a measure true, and with earnest-hearted men, seeking the truth. His mind was gradually righting itself, and Nature, as we may say, led him on to Catholic subjects.

Now, too, came that letter, to which we have already alluded, from the old Catholic Priest, belonging to that branch of the Fouqué family who had remained in France. He was the last of the name. The estates had passed away to a distant relative, the Prince Tallemont. Strangely enough, he had written to young Fouqué, with a yearning desire to see the old family again settled in their ancestral halls. Forcibly he urged him to return to the bosom of the old Church, still lovingly stretching forth her arms to receive him, her truant child. 'Might it not have been through 'the departure of the family from the true faith that they had 'been shorn of their glory, and brought from Baronial sway to 'the estate of private gentlemen? If the only remaining heir 'would but return to the Catholic fold, might not a higher 'destiny be yet in store for them? Might not the paternal 'hearths again kindle in the long-lost splendour of the days of 'old? And then, to look to the soul, where could one be safer 'than in the bosom of that Holy Catholic Church, who asserted 'that she was the only channel through which to find salvation, 'while Protestants themselves admitted that Catholics could be 'saved.' The first of these arguments, it will readily be seen, was strangely *ad hominem*. In the beginning of Minstrel Love he mourns over the ruined castle and decayed glory of the family

of Maraviglia, ruined, like his own, by joining heart and hand with schism,—the Waldenses and Arnald of Brescia. 'Thy great 'grandsire,' says Altarbal, the aged monk, 'my noble Maraviglia, 'would also be a delver in the mine. He joined the new doc- 'trines; nay, for a time, Arnald of Brescia himself lived under 'the shelter of his ruined castle. Alas, youth! the Church was 'compelled to drop the mantle of love, and, after many a warn- 'ing, always echoed in vain, her avenging sword smote the 'castle of thy ancestors.' Or, again, in at least two of his romances, he portrays a distinguished hero, the Knight of Montfaucon, mixed up in a sort of genealogy with all the heroes of chivalry, as it were a Rinaldo or Ruggiero, to the future family of Fouqué. How eagerly, then, would he have clutched at the chance of restoring the position of his family. And, perhaps, had the Priest confined himself to this, instead of throwing doubt on his own words by putting forth the notorious fallacy in his latter argument, he might have succeeded in bringing his relative back to the Church. One who had set forth the glory of Catholicism, her universal communion, chivalrous opposition to the world, and subjection of the fine arts to the majesty of religion, could hardly have failed to win him to that holy faith whose spirit, at least, so strongly pervades his writings. But Fouqué had studied too deeply the logical exercises of Kant and Fichte to be won by any mere logic, least of all by a sophistical jangle.

He was, now, as we have shown, in a state of comparative repose, able to study hard, reason exactly, criticise and mingle in society; but the time of full rest had yet to come. 'After the confessions,' he says of himself at this time, 'made 'at the beginning of this life, the reader will not be surprised if 'I consider myself till my thirtieth year, and even still longer, as 'but a well-meaning heathen; yet, from the beginning of 1806, I 'began to rise. The glories of the Catholic Service attracted me, 'as well as the wondrous legends represented in noble splendour 'in the lays of the new Romantic School to which with body and 'soul I belonged. My first thought after I became well settled 'in life, was to return, with my beloved wife, to the fellowship 'of the old church; and I dreamed of places of devotion fixed 'in the most secret spots of the forests of my new home, 'pilgrimages to Italy, and many still more wondrous things.' His spirit was carried away exactly as might have been expected. For where could a more fitting vent be found than in the outward glories of the Catholic Church to express his yearnings after the invisible world? what could aid expression so well as her pomps and festivals? what grander idea could be met with, or more apt for the purpose, than the subservience which she holds forth to her admiring sons of all noble

arts to religion? Would that he had stopped here. Yet it was hardly to be looked for in that age wherein he lived; when even the best could not separate the notion of superstition from holy obedience, and priestcraft from apostolic doctrines and descent.

Hence it was that he found relief and comfort in the strange and enigmatic language of Jacob Behmen; the bias of his mind in studying these, we suppose soothing and seductive, ravings, is shown towards the deep things of the Invisible. And this quiet and repose succeeds to a state of discomfort and listlessness. Doubtless a man may work with a heart ill at ease, but surely not with these spontaneous overflowings of peace and joy.

From this time, then, he became daily more religious; as the knowledge of heavenly things wrought as the element of expression to the thoughts of his heart, his labours prospered; and one after another those romances and poems were struck off, which daily become more known and admired by the awakened Catholic spirit of the present generation. Schlegel was his master. He it was who turned the course of his muse to northern literature. His critical eye at once perceived where the strength of his scholar lay; and when Fouqué, intoxicated with the beauties of Calderon, was on the point of devoting himself to Spanish literature, he dissuaded him with, 'Thy true magnet is the north.' And so powerfully had the genius of this distinguished poet worked in the hearts of men, that when, in 1804, the attractions of Madame de Staël drew him away to Coppet, the Romantic School was manfully upheld, in spite of his absence, by a well-trained and stout-hearted set—Bernhardi, Chamisso, Varnhagen, Neumann, and Fouqué, less known then, but perhaps now more familiar to many than even Schlegel himself. The writings of these men—it is true even of such as Shelley—seem to strike a deep-seated chord of feeling in our hearts. They contain, as it were, the germ of Catholicity. Often we cannot agree with the views they put forth. Sometimes they startle us by an apparent flippancy, yet we feel that they embody poetry and truth. It is a step in the right direction when men discern that nature *is* a parable, though they still may be at a loss to read it; that the invisible things *may* be known by the things that are seen, though their heart be not yet prepared to discover Him who is made known. How far more ennobling this 'feeling after God, if haply he may be found,' than that wretched temperament which sees the wondrous things around merely as so many phenomena, to enable man to fill his weak heart with vanity, *corpora vilia*, on which to experimentalize, and deduce his so-called general laws. And whatever faults we may be inclined to find with these men, we must give them the praise of being the first of their generation to

work out in their writings the great principle, that the things in heaven and earth are other than they seem. Let the reader keep this clearly before him, and he has the key of Fouqué's works.

At this time he brought out two dramas, the Roe and the Falcon, written in the Spanish metre, in which, 'behind the 'fanciful forms of knights and ladies, lay a knowledge of nature 'in air and earth,' and planned two others, to be called The Gold-fish and Salamander, putting forward some super-mystical theories or symmetries in fire and water.

And now came a time of trial, when the ill success of the Prussians in 1806 left the country exposed to all the annoyances of an invading and occupying army. Yet, grievous and galling as this subjection was, it was not without its use. It served to concentrate the energies of all, join all parties in the land, and rouse that antipathy to the French so fearfully displayed seven years after in the Leipzig campaign. For the present, resistance was out of the question. The only chance to the villagers of safety from pillage and insult lay in separately showing a bold face whenever detachments of the French came upon them. And in this view Fouqué established some little discipline in his village, at Nennhausen, put his house into defensible order, and watched day and night. And the consequence was, that when a body of 500 French appeared in the little village, a firm presence, backed by a French letter of safety, preserved it from their insolence. So highly was this service prized, that, to this day, the curious visitor may find its record in the Nennhausen Parish Register.

About this time he published a small romance, Alwin by name. The time is during the thirty years' war, and in it a young poet is introduced, who 'passes his life in happiness and 'sorrow, anger, glory, oppression, consecutively, till he arrives 'at the recognition of the only truth and peace and love here 'below, where he dwells, for the rest of his life, with his master 'in a holy island.' Here, then, we have the same peacefulness of mind which enables a man to work calmly, and contemplate philosophically, or rather historically, the period of trouble and unrest.

But, perhaps, the following anecdote, more clearly than anything, shows the change which had come over his mind. He had formed a friendship with Heinrich von Kleist, and received a letter from him in these mysterious and most fantastic words: 'We are now both of age as poets, it is then right that we join 'hands in a bright bond of union.' Fouqué did not much heed this at the time, but shortly afterwards he heard that Kleist was alluding to suicide, as the only escape to a brave heart in the

forlorn condition of their fatherland; and thus he expresses himself on the subject:—'A half view of existence could not 'satisfy a mind like his, and the sun of faith had not risen to 'him. He was seized with an uncontrollable desire to peep behind 'the curtain, under the sad delusion that for this it needed but 'to die. In this view, he invited two of his friends to aid on the 'voyage of discovery, and when they declined the perilous expe-'riment, he became quite alienated from them.' Kleist's own fate is too well known to need relating. He was but the type of a class, too popular at that time on the continent; men of ardent but ill-regulated hearts, who lacked but religion to become really useful men, but whose poetry of heart, through this deficiency, became a dreadful snare to themselves. They were capable of self-denial, and conspicuous for a generosity of character which approved itself to the minds of all. And since self-denial, wherever met with, and for whatever motives, is always certain to tell among men, they exercised no small influence on the tone of the times. It is, therefore, remarkable, that, possessing those very qualities most likely to attract Fouqué, chivalrous courage and deep attachment to their fatherland, they did not altogether count him among their company. Why should he have been led to religion, and, relying on this, have escaped the darkening effects of that philosophy which those around him were eagerly pursuing, had there not been in him something actively working, which they recognised not in themselves? And this surely could have been no other than that yearning aspiration after the unseen world, — that world with which Religion deals, to which we have so frequently called the reader's attention.

Another passage of his life shows this yet more strongly. He met his old tutor Hulsen, who, it will be remembered, vexed at losing his pupil, had parted unkindly from him before he joined the army. Hulsen had given his mind to what Fouqué calls natural religion, while his pupil had been studying God's written word. And thus he disclosed his views to him in an evening walk through a sandy pine-forest: 'Think you,' he said, with light flashing from his eyes, 'that I worship this 'so-called Nature as I worship that Idea which is hidden be-'hind it? By nature I mean not this sand which fills our shoes, 'not this sweet odour of pines, but that which was before all 'time, which while time is, disappears, which will recur in all 'eternity. But we only stammer forth the mighty Mystery.' The reader will, of course, recognise in this grotesque speech of Hulsen, that very winning, though most dangerous, form of German thought, to which we have already alluded, Pantheism; that which professing to find God in all things, in fact finds and

realizes Him nowhere at all. We call it a winning form of philosophy, because it naturally brings before the mind all classic images in life and vigour, clothing them with an apparent reality which they do not indeed possess. Here was again a snare to Fouqué's poetical mind, and this, as we see, he escaped. Thus Fouqué began by admitting and trusting in a revelation, and thence learned to see nature truly, God's unwritten book, while Hulsen and his school, by shutting their eyes to revelation, naturally were misled, even by that which they owned as their guide. We do not mean to assert that, if heathen men really, earnestly, and humbly give their hearts to find God, even in His unwritten word, such would not be guided to truth; but to Christians, this method of searching cannot but be intellectual and antagonistic,—a groping blindly in the dark, neglecting the lantern beside their feet.

Once more, let us hear Fouqué arguing with Fichte, the great German reasoner. 'He was alone with his wife and child; he 'conversed without any restraint, lost in deep and mysterious 'subjects. Soon we arrived at the great question of Redemp-'tion: Whether did it come through Him alone, who was God 'and man, or had the moral exertions alone of each man the 'power to save him? The differences between us were brought 'fully to light; perhaps the more so, because, seeing that Fichte 'was the most skilful arguer, the feeling of defeat egged my 'spirit on even to bitterness, and my hereditary French warmth 'fanned the flame. In my inmost soul I felt firmly convinced 'of the truth of my views; but, to use Fichte's words, conviction 'had not yet ripened into expression. I took in, but could not 'express the light. Moreover, I had not yet arrived at that 'humble firmness in defence which beseems a Christian con-'fessor especially against so exalted an enemy. From wrestling 'we nearly came to fighting. Our voices became higher and 'higher. Fichte's wife and son, used to regular hours, were 'astonished and somewhat alarmed when the clock struck one. 'This brought me to my senses, and I broke off, begging par-'don for having disturbed their night's rest, and still more 'for my unseemly talk with so great a man. Fichte replied, 'smiling, "Think you, my young friend, that I could care for 'you, if you did not forget the so-called proprieties of life when 'fighting for that which is dear to your soul?"' As first, Religion generally saves him from the tendencies of Kleist and his school; and again, belief in revelation keeps him clear from the spurious form of religion called natural,—that of Hulsen and his school; so here his mind is carried on, even more deeply, and he fights manfully against the Pelagianism of Fichte.

And thus he continued for some time, happily occupied in

earnest thoughts and conversation, and in expressing what he felt in his works. The Magic Ring, one of his wildest dreams, and, as he says, a strange echo of his love for northern chivalry; Waldemar the Pilgrim, the Knight and the Peasants, and several others followed in quick succession. It is interesting, too, to find that, at this time, he wrote the Todesbund, or Deathbond, remarkable for a peculiar view of penitence. To those of our readers who have been somewhat startled by it, we will only remark, that it was written at a time when, doubtless, his mind, though rapidly becoming religious, was hardly sufficiently fixed to keep him clear from certain false views on this most awful subject. To these succeeded Thiodolf, which he considered his most successful work, two tragedies, and many minor tales and poems for various periodicals. The vent was indeed found, and copiously enough the stream flowed. Nothing can show Fouqué's better nature more clearly than the following lines, written when the storms were now again lowering over Prussia, when Napoleon's continued breaches of faith had excited a general feeling of fear and uncertainty of the future, Berlin being in the enemy's hand, and the King shut up in Potsdam:—

'Thou Fount of all the fair and good,
Thou Fount of all the strong,
Breathing full soft from spray and bud,
Thundering in battle throng:

A festival and fane for Thee
All times and spots provide,
And always who will guided be
Thy hand shall surely guide.

And where my heart must sadly roam,
And where it fain would rest,
Thou know'st: the gleaming lamps of home,
And glory's stern behest.

How that within my soul entwine
A young child's smiling face,
And flames far, far from home, which shine
To burn away disgrace.

Worthily then, my Lord, I'll die
Of those who gave me birth,
Guard Thou from evil destiny
The dear ones of my hearth;

For surely love of these is part
Of all true love of Thee,
As each bold thought that fills my heart
Has somewhat heavenly.

And if Thy will, O Lord, we pray,
Let peace and joy be ours,
And courtesy, with accents gay,
Still reign amid our bowers.

It may not be; then give us still
'Mid gloom a cheering sun,
Eternal Love and Strength, Thy will,
Thy will, not mine, be done.

Wherever Thou wilt have me stand,
Firm there my post shall be,
Whether to wield the bloody brand,
Or harp of poesy.

Whether in toil or battle Thine,
Or Thine in soft repose,
Eternal rest shall there be mine,
Which toil nor battle knows.—*Amen.*'

This, we need not say, is the highest development of Religion—'Thy will be done.' Thus, from step to step, we have traced the progress of his mind,—first grasping, then contending, now suffering, and, at length, the heart tranquillized.

And now let us cast our eye upon him actively engaged in service. In 1813 he bought a sword, and was the very first of the volunteers, when all were eager to answer the King's call. From his station and age (thirty-six), he was chosen to command a company. 'On a fine February morning he left his 'home, blessed by his wife, and held back by his weeping little 'daughter.' On May 2 came the Lutzen battle, and immediately after the Prussian retreat into Bohemia. In the battle Fouqué lost his horse, and was nearly drowned, receiving a shock which his constitution never entirely recovered. During this campaign he played a part, strange to our phlegmatic English minds, yet doubtless not a little serviceable to the more musical and excitable Continental. He became the Tyrtæus of the forces, and was so famous for his stirring poetry, that General Gneissenau introduced him under this character to Blucher. This notion of the warrior poet he has carried out in one of his most beautiful romances, Minstrel Love, to which we have before alluded, as illustrating his life. He depicts a young minstrel fighting as gallantly as the best, and at the same time cheering the whole army by well-timed and spirited lays. We have already said that each one of Fouqué's writings seems to mirror the poet's heart. This is the true description of them. They are not allegories, but counterparts of ideas and deep emotions of his heart, which approach or draw away from the allegorical, in proportion as these

emotions and ideas are more directly, or indirectly, portrayed. But our present object is not so much to dwell upon the works themselves, as on the condition of mind which this harmonious union of theory and action shows us in the author. We see the poetical element in action. He is not the puling, sentimental, half-witted, nervous being with which so many, not unjustly, associate the name of Poet; but a bold, manly knight, turning his gift of poetry, like other of God's gifts, to its best account. And does not this of itself show that the element which gave birth to poetry in his mind must have been far other than that which inspires poets in general, of a far deeper, wholesomer, and more religious cast? Poetry lacks reality, says the world. Look at poets; they use fine words, talk much, and do little. And then instance after instance is readily adduced—Goldsmith, Dryden, Thomson, Coleridge, in some measure, and many others, whose poetry teems with fine sentiments, ennobling and true, and whose lives show indolence, if nothing worse. And surely here the world is not altogether wrong. It judges on a right principle, though haply one carried to an illogical point. Now we conceive the answer would be, to admit, in a great degree, the truth of the assertion; nay, even to admit that the want of reality in the poet's life cannot but mar, and ought to mar, the effect of his words; but to deny that the poetry of these men is the result of a high element, *a principle actively working* in their breast; in fact, to deny that it is fair to judge of poetry by such as these. And then we would point to men like Fouqué, Herbert, or one who will occur to most of our readers, as men whose poetry, being based on high and holy principles, shows in action just as well as words. Fouqué's poetry, inasmuch as it is of hand as well as heart, is manifestly the result of such as this. And, further, its origin in the consciousness of the invisible world is shown by his words and deeds, in contempt of danger, and soul-stirring words to others, in comforting words to himself. This is remarkably exemplified in his prayer, after the disastrous battle of Dresden, when, as he says, he even longed for death.

'O Lord, Thy holy will be done!
Alas, it may not be
That I poor child of sinful man
Its workings here should see.

To Thee amid the tempest
My stricken head I rear;
And fixed be this within my breast,
Faith here is eyesight there!'

'Prayer,' he continues, 'availed; submission began to heal my torn soul.' Or, again, the same feeling strikes us when we read

that he consoled himself during the reverses of the campaign, by writing at all spare moments a poem called 'Corona,' suggested by a vision which haunted him of 'a woman, half Oriental, 'half European, whose face was at once attractive and repul- 'sive, sharp and gentle, like some of the portraits of the early 'Italian school,' in which he gave a poetical account of the chief events of the war. We feel here again the practical use of the poetical faculty, how the expression of it eases the mind.

But fortune was not to be for ever against Prussia. The energy of the country, though for a time subdued, could not be long kept down, and they were not slow to take advantage of the weakness of the French. The victory of Kulm first cheered them, where the Prussians, after a desperate struggle, remained masters of the field. Then came the battles of Grossbeeren, Katsbach, and Dennewitz, and, with the interval of a few weeks, the decisive battle of Leipzig. But, before this, poor Fouqué had become thoroughly crippled. The effects of his sudden chill at Lutzen now seized on him with renewed force. Most violent cramps in the chest were continually bringing him to the verge of death. And here again, in the midst of his agony, we find him patient and self-controlling. It is no small pain, under any circumstances, to see others actively engaged in some work congenial to ourselves, and be hindered from joining them. Still more when, as in Fouqué's case, the work was to end a campaign gloriously, to recover back lost laurels from a foe so deservedly hateful as the French. Let the reader, then, judge from the following lines how far our view of his character has been founded on fact:—

'Far from my dear ones shall my life depart,
Here on a foreign strand;
So be it; this too with a ready heart
I offer you, my king and fatherland.

E'en now for you full many a gallant deed
This failing arm hath wrought;
And still for you this heart again would bleed,
For you one lay have sought.

It may not be, so surely change has past
Over the Poet's head,
And this short breath of life which stays the last,
Is numbered with the dead.

I may not, dare not speak of wife and child,
Else would my swelling breast
Burst forth in tones of lamentation wild,
Which fain would be suppressed.

Haply while yet the Poet's grave is new,
An oaken twig shall spring
From the cold ground, last offering to you,
My fatherland and king.'

After a short recruiting at head-quarters, he returned and joined his regiment the day before the great battle. 'The 'General looked on my pale face, and said, "You are come too 'soon; you must speedily sink under the fatigue; but I under-'stand your feelings, and welcome." Soon the command, "For-'ward," was given. Cannonading began. We heard the French 'word of command directed against our left wing. "Here goes!" 'nodded one stern face to another. When suddenly we saw the 'King slowly drawing near. A joyful hurrah was on our lips, 'but he stopped us. Was it that the enemy might not know 'the position of his cavalry reserve? The officer went out of the 'ranks to receive the King's commands. With glowing and 'beaming face he answered, "I congratulate you on a battle 'won." What more was to be said? Germany was now free to 'the Rhine. In much subsequent darkness and sorrow of my 'earthly pilgrimage this ray of light has refreshed me, and 'lightened my load, and stayed a murmuring thought. He who 'has been permitted to rejoice in such a light, should not he 'willingly hereafter take up that which is decreed him, to suffer 'in whatever troubled hours he may be?' Then followed the pursuit, and solemn enough it must have been, a ride for many miles among the dead and dying. His illness, however, increased upon him. At length he could not mount into the saddle without support, and one more bivouac would, said the army doctor, have surely brought him to the grave. In the midst of his illness, he was appointed Rittmeister to his regiment, almost, as he says, a mockery, for the Rittmeister could not ride. At length the French passed the Rhine, the pursuit was ended, and Fouqué returned to rest in Weimar, where Goëthe was 'shining the central sun to many stars.' He was now so miserably weakened, that it seemed almost impossible that he could recover: yet, shattered and broken as he was, he enjoyed, he says, these hours at Weimar, which seemed his last, like a soft evening light. The King sent him the Order of S. John 'for the 'high love he had manifested towards his king and fatherland, 'and added the rank of Major of Cavalry. It seemed as if the 'struggles of this earthly life were at length closed in one blissful 'harmony.'

And here we may be permitted to set before the reader one or two passages from Minstrel Love, the produce of this gentle autumnal light at Weimar:—

'It has been often said, that a slow wasting disease of the body must press heavily upon the soul, which sees its departure from the friendly world approach step by step, and counts, as it were, the leaves of bloom which drop one after the other. Where, however, no distorting pains interfere, and where the departing one does not love too much that which is called life, nor hate too much that which is called death, it may not be so bad as is imagined. If we drink the last flask of a noble wine with a pleasure which we knew not before, why not also these last drops of the earthly being? In thus quietly gliding downwards we meet with few of the cares and shocks of this lower world; we have little more to do than to pluck its flowers: a foretaste of the disembodied state is breathing round us; those who love us have more thought and more affection for the departing one; and those who do not love us, we more lightly and easily pardon, regardful of the Scripture, 'forgive, as we would be forgiven,' mindful of the short time which we have to pilgrimage together; and where a tear flows from the eye, it flows almost visibly, as pearl-seed into the life of Paradise. Whoever has experienced this gentle suffering will not deny us his assent. At all events, it was truly so with Arnald, as slowly, slowly, he marched towards the grave . . . .

'"I believe," said George, "none pass into sleep so softly and gently as the poet." "Amen," said Arnald, in a subdued tone, and folded his hands; while his friend, without observing it, continued thus, with increasing animation:—"The poet's life, as far as I can see, who myself am none,—the poet's life has long before freed itself from the fetters of the body, winged with native aspiration, and volatilized in its exalted moments into pure sunlight and rainbow brightness; so that, without any effort, he flings off the heavy covering of earth, and floats up into the kingdom which belongs to him from the right imparted to his soul by Heaven." Arnald shook his head in smiling denial. "If you wise people are right, who call the poet merely an inventor of pleasant tales, with which reality has seldom anything to do, then you yourself have become one in this moment. It is not so sweet and soft as you imagine. The old mother, commonly called Nature, grasps after the poet with a thousand arms; as she loves him dearly, so he in return loves her with equal warmth; and when seriously he thinks of thus parting from her, he is weak and melancholy, and she not less so. Though, in the other world, she may bloom more beautifully and unchangeably, he is yet rooted to this earth, as the earth is to each flower. Oft, indeed, he behaves as an impatient child, when a mother denies his wish, and obstinately cries, 'I will leave this house altogether.' But only let the mother seriously turn away, and exclaim, 'Go; I ask no more of you,' and the obstinate heart melts. And however boldly we may bear up, she has but to take us again in her arms, and we nestle, weeping, to her breast, now doubly dear. But the voice of the Lord,—praised for it be His name to all eternity,—the voice of the Lord wakes in us, and with songs we ride out to many a glorious field, with songs we pass into eternity: or, at last, by our own hearth, we feel that our daily work is done, and lay us down with smiles to sleep: yet even then still holds

the same—'with songs we pass into eternity.' The swan may have striven with many a bitter pang before he sings his chant of death; but with the first sound of that all pain has ceased; and when we have arrived at this, O then all again is sweet and gentle, as you suppose it."'

We cannot resist one more quotation from this exquisite romance. It is the death-song of Arnald:—

'As flows the stream with murmuring call
When close upon its rocky fall,
So creeps my soul with weary power
On the last step of its last hour.

Good! Thou who from the seeds of birth
Didst call me to this life of earth,—
Thou Spirit of Eternal Love,
O call me into life above.

Many Thy gifts—a minstrel's fire,
For war a sword, for love a lyre,
To triumph in the battle hour—
To sing of love in Beauty's bower.
Thou gavest me pains with deep delight—
A glorious morn, with shades of night;
And now a fresh and laurelled grave
Within the land I helped to save.

Through the cold darkness of the tomb
The lights of Heaven freshly loom;
O let me with my latest voice
In Heaven's boundless love rejoice!
And thou, O earth, when all is done,
Lie lightly on thy minstrel son.'

Surely no words of ours can add to this. What can more beautifully show the use of poetry in calming the mind, and more fully answer the notion that poetry is unreal, and poets but dreamers? The true poet, the man whose words are from the heart, who expresses in his πόιησις the result of an overpowering emotion, surely finds in such expression the very highest comfort. Is it not the obvious feeling to mourn at being thus cut off in the height of youth and victory? Yet here the practicalness of poetry interferes, and helps the poet to the truth. And do we not trace throughout these holy words that keen perception of the world of spirits which we have shown to be peculiarly the bent of Fouqué's mind? Is it not this on which his poetical expression grounds its comfort, 'the foretaste of the disembodied state,' the world of spirits 'breathing around us?'

At this point, as he says, his poetical life seems brought to a

close; his constitution was enfeebled to that degree, that it seemed impossible for him ever to engage in active pursuits of any kind; and though he so far recovered as to be able to return to Nennhausen, yet his doctor warned him that either his strength would leave him entirely, and he would gradually sink into the arms of death, or that, after a longer or shorter interval, he must prepare for a very severe attack, as the climax of his disorder; and four years afterwards this actually happened at Berlin. His attack seems to have been something like paralysis. At last, he lost, for a time, all consciousness; and so completely did his usually tenacious memory fail him, that even on recovering and betaking himself to his accustomed studies, he forgot entirely his writing of the day before, not even recognising it as his own, but criticising it as the work of an indifferent stranger. At length, however, first his body, then his mind, attained, the one partially, the other completely, strength and health. Previously to this crisis, he performed a vow which he had made before the battle of Lutzen, and peculiar enough it was. It was, if he should return with honour to Nennhausen, solemnly to consecrate his sword in the village church. With no small self-denial (for now the allies were crossing the Rhine), and kept to his purpose by the remembrance of King Clovis dedicating his white horse in the cathedral of Tours, he hung it up over a shield, with an inscription explanatory of the circumstance:—'Farewell, 'then,' he says, 'thou noble sword; remind the villagers of their 'old friend, Fouqué; and when years have passed away, join 'with him, their old minister, his old and cherished friend.'

While his health was thus, as it seemed, fading away at Nennhausen, his mind seems to have teemed with those gentle thoughts of which we have given a specimen in an extract from Minstrel Love. 'This, my weak health, continued to open 'to me more and more the world of spirits; else, perhaps, had 'earthly life become too dear to me, and scarcely had I freed 'myself from the world of laurels and flowers.' And now his life passed most smoothly on. His very weakly condition, brought on by loyal service to his country, naturally disarmed hostile criticism, while the striking and original thoughts put beautifully forward in his romances and dramas, made him well known to all Germany. 'Outwardly pleasant were these moments, but full 'of inward danger—the danger of good words from all the world. 'And yet I wondered not at this. I meant well to all. Why 'should not all mean well of me? Indeed, in those days I 'wished earnestly for a skilful adversary, that I might measure 'myself with him, and then try the power given me by God. 'Child of man, that belongs to the gifts which are wont to come 'to thee without thy seeking them.' .... 'Still,' he continues,

'amidst the happiness of being regarded well by all, the mys-
'terious warning of Scripture would rise in my mind—"Beware,
'when all speak well of you." This word was ever knocking at
'the door of my heart; but therein dwelt too much vanity to
'suffer it to enter.'

The last point in the Biography of Fouqué to which we would call the reader's attention is this—his position among the literary men of the day. This was, as we have shown, very peculiar. High sentiments were in Germany divorced from religion. Young poets thought it fine to talk of fatherland, as a sort of golden calf before which to fall down and worship, and run into all sorts of mad excesses. In the name of fatherland, *i. e.* their own, often selfish, view of freedom and sublimity, any sort of atrocity might be committed with impunity. A man could not, as they thought, love his country and God at once. And when Fouqué fought manfully, and wrote noble sentiments of freedom, his own friends were not prepared to find him also a thoroughly religious man. Thus it happened that, at a meeting of literary men, at the opening of which one of his songs had been sung with great applause, when he, in turn, proposed a toast, with the view of uniting all, a general uproar arose, and showed him a wasp's nest, on which, unawares, he had trodden. 'People,' he says, 'have often asked me what was the subject of dissension.
'I have always answered freely, and will now say willingly—
'"You all find fault with me for what each believing Christian
'holds—for such I am—according as God gives me strength,
'and as He has placed me here below. And upon these princi-
'ples, and these alone, *i. e.* as men believe in God, and therefore
'are of Godlike mind, all real equality is based before Him. In
'this way, whether a man be peasant, burgher, noble, or king,
'priest or layman, it is all one and the same. This (of being
'Christian men together) is the unity, yea, the oneness which
'now in the most various privileges and duties, if faithfully per-
'ceived and acknowledged, unfolds itself gloriously in blessed
'harmony in a choral song, tuning itself for heaven. Men can,
'eternity cannot, deceive; the spirit of the times can, the Spirit
'of God revealed from eternity cannot, deceive. Here is my
'open confession."' And so again when, after the death of Kotzebue, he wrote some warning verses to young Germany, showing the full hideousness of the spirit of Voltaire, that fearful spirit of infidelity, and, we may add, poltroonery, which then began to run riot, he adds, in answer to the taunt, that he was behind the spirit of the age: 'I admit it, good people; I admit
'it freely. I do not recognise the spirit of the age for a fugle-
'man, whom in each step one is to follow, but for one of those
'spirits who must be tried by the word of God, whether they be

'of God or no. Not treachery, not a lie, not murder, not hatred, 'but heavenly and brotherly love, and truth, and faith, are from 'God.'

But not only the infidel part of the community thought they had reason to find fault with the brave and manly poet, treating him as one who had wittingly played them false; who had talked of freedom, and yet felt bound, by obedience to God's laws; had written fine and high thoughts, yet was tame enough to own the Bible; but, somehow, he did not suit those who now began to claim him as their own, the 'truly pious'* of the generation. 'Many of those well-meaning persons began to consider and 'declare, that any direction of the poetical gift towards what 'they called worldly matters was sinful. Many representations 'came from this quarter to Fouqué, to devote his muse entirely 'to Religion; and when he declined this, anathema was hurled at 'him by some openly in words, by others in withdrawal from 'the now distasteful society of their brother.' The fact was, that Fouqué's mind was far removed from either of these—he was far more religious than either. He saw plainly that Religion was not to remove a man from the world, but to keep him unspotted *in* the world; that poetry was a reality, and a practical duty of a Christian's every-day life; in fact, that man can make no greater mistake than to imagine that the gifts of God can be used so as to glorify Him only by putting them in what is called a strictly religious form. And when they accused him of light-mindedness, they erred beyond expression. 'Fouqué's mind was 'far too serious in matters of religion to throw aside considera-'tions of this sort by mere commonplace worldly sayings. He 'wrestled hard with the difficulty before the presence of God, 'and God alone knows of the struggles of his heart. Instead of 'casting away his worldly vocation as a poet, he acquired a 'strengthening or elevation of his gift, and henceforth he let it 'be heard much oftener than in earlier days, in spiritual expres-'sions and songs.' And is not this that which the great Master teaches? 'It has been His gracious purpose to turn all that is 'ours from evil to good .... He purposed to save and to change '*us*,—all that belongs to us—our reason, our affections, our pur-'suits, our relations in life,—He needs nothing put aside in His 'disciples, but all sanctified. Every faculty of the mind, every 'design, pursuit, subject of thought, is hallowed in its degree by 'the abiding vision of Christ, as Lord, Saviour, and Judge. All

* This puritanical bias of that age, which made the religious world, as it styles itself, look with suspicion on the revival of 'Tales of the Olden Time' by the Romantic school, is well shown up by Tieck in the 'Betrothing,' a novel, which is not improbably the prototype of a similar class among ourselves. Those who have read the works of the author of "The Fairy Bower" will know to what we allude.

'solemn, reverent, thankful, and devoted feelings, all that is 'noble, all that is choice in the regenerate soul, all that is self-'denying in conduct and zealous in action, is drawn forth and 'offered up by the Spirit as a living sacrifice to the Son of 'God.' It needs not that the gift of poetry should be turned solely into one source, but that the whole stream, with all its tributaries, should be holy and pure. Poetry is Catholic, and has to do with the whole drama of life, not with the thoughts and feelings—often isolated and unintelligible—of one particular section. Its use is to point out the true, and to draw men's hearts to it, in whatever form it dwell. It is the overpowering emotion of the heart, yearning to express the true and noble, whether found in chivalry and heroic deeds, the depths of the composition of the hearts of men, the mighty things hidden within the form of the natural world, or in the lights rapidly passing by, gleaming from another, which we call the invisible world. Wherever the true and holy lies, and in whatever shape, it is quite certain that some soul of man will be found to vibrate in unison with it. That vibration the world calls poetry. If Fouqué, at the suggestion of his friends, had given up that expression of the true and holy, which was natural to him, and betaken himself to what is popularly called religious poetry, the result would probably have been something like the small publications now so unhappily common among ourselves.

We have little to add to this sketch. Our object throughout has been to call the reader's attention to two points—first, the quality of poetry itself; and, secondly, the peculiar quality of that of Fouqué. And in this view we have endeavoured to connect together the different portions and events of his life, being fully convinced that, in the true poet, hand and heart must surely go together. We do not deny that poets may be bad men; like all the gifts of God, the gift of poesy may be misapplied; but their poetry, if they be true poets, will more or less, like that of Byron's, display the inherent badness of the man. But of those, who like Fouqué, show an instinctive appreciation of the true and beautiful, wherever to be found, how can we speak better than in the words of our great poet?—

'Sovereign masters of all hearts,
Know ye, who hath set your parts!
He who gave you breath to sing,
By whose strength ye sweep the string,
He hath chosen you to lead
His hosannas here below,
Mount and claim your glorious meed,
Linger not with sin and woe.'

ART. V.—*History of the Consulate and the Empire. By* M. THIERS. *Translated by* D. FORBES CAMPBELL, *Esq. 3 Vols.* London: Colburn. 1845.

THESE volumes, on their appearance, excited an extraordinary sensation in Paris. No book, however great its interest, has the power of doing this in our own capital. The talkers and the readers there are a distinct class, and before the reading class has communicated the impulse to the talking class, the gloss of novelty is off. Many books with us obtain great vogue and extensive popularity—none agitate and occupy society. M. Thiers' book had not to win its way gradually to notice to gain attention, and penetrate slowly through the various social ramifications, but at once it seemed to take every thing and every body by storm; for one week, the clubs, coffee-houses, circles, saloons, great and small, talked of nothing else. The feuilleton was forgotten, and the journals did nothing but review and extract from 'The Consulate and Empire.' It is true the excitement lasted but its week, M. Thiers being superseded by Horace Vernet and his 'Taking of Smahla,' and he by General Tom Thumb and his carriage-and-four. But this brilliant launch into the world, and a literary success almost unprecedented, though they do not make a permanent reputation, yet certainly do not preclude the book from attaining one, if it deserve it. This is a question which may very naturally be asked, when we call to mind the immense number of Histories of Napoleon which have been written, and are now forgotten.

This seems, justly or unjustly, to be the fate of Sir Walter Scott's Life of Napoleon. Yet that was surrounded at its first appearance with as splendid promise, and excited as much attention throughout Europe, as the present. The richest, the easiest, the most celebrated narrator of the century, had undertaken to write the history of his own times. Goëthe's Letters give evidence of the interest with which this 'romance of the dead lion,' as they called it, was received in Germany:—

'As soon as I saw it announced, I felt what a great gift this Life of Napoleon would be to me, and therefore I let people first babble themselves tired about it; but I can now contain myself no longer, and have boldly set to work on the book. If you have time and inclination to retrace in tranquillity the remarkable current of events in which we

have been hurried along for fifty years, read through this work from beginning to end. A man of sound, vigorous understanding, with the thoughts and feelings of a citizen, whose youth fell in the period of the French Revolution; who, in his best years, observed this momentous event with the eyes of an Englishman, watched and viewed it in all its bearings; this man, the best narrator of his time, gives himself the trouble to place before us the whole series of events in his own peculiarly clear and distinct manner.'—*Goëthe to Zelter, Nov.* 1827.

Very great merit must be allowed to Scott's Life. In the happy art of telling a story in the most interesting way, it is, perhaps, inferior to none of its author's most celebrated works; and its general correctness, making such allowance as must always be made for one who writes the history of a country not his own, notwithstanding it has been heavily impeached by French writers, has most honourably stood the brunt of twenty years' criticism, and the publication of several additional sources of information.

With all this there is that about Scott's Life which, even before M. Thiers' publication, had caused it to be put aside, as not the Life of Napoleon which one would select. This is, in short, the narrow view which its author took of the men and events of the Revolution. The most exciting scenes of Scott's youth had been the Edinburgh Light Horse, the reviews and sham-fights of the Musselburgh Sands; and he never lost the impression. To the last he saw the Revolution with the eyes of Wyndham or Perceval, and he took a mere contemporary view of it. These impressions, though softened by age, good sense, and above all, by the reception he met with in Paris in 1826, have still given their colouring to Scott's work. It is very far from offering such a calm and comprehensive appreciation of Napoleon and his policy as can alone satisfy the present generation, which is now beyond the reach of the passions of the time.

Does M. Thiers supply such a history?

It must be observed, that this is almost the first attempt by any French writer of eminence to give a general history of the Empire. The innumerable publications to which we have alluded have been partial or personal history; biography, or rather memoir, recounting only such facts as were known to the writer himself,—contributions towards history, rather than history. M. Thiers has forsaken this ground, the position of a contemporary, and taken that of posterity—posterity, whose function it is to judge. He reviews and resumes the whole cycle of memoirs, and founds his history on a collation of all the sources. The English translator claims for him the merit of having 'procured from exclusive sources the choicest materials for his present

work.' (*Preface*, p. vii.) This assertion, we imagine, is not true to any considerable extent. The archives were thrown open to Sir W. Scott, who, however, made too hasty and cursory an inspection of them. He was barely ten days in Paris (from October 29 to November 7, 1826). And his Life, though during the progress of composition it was expanded very much beyond the dimensions at first proposed, yet was, he acknowledges, on too confined a plan to embrace even all the materials that were in his hands. M. Capefigue, however, consulted nearly all the depositories of state papers in Europe for his history. M. Capefigue is a laborious compiler, one who, like Mr. G. P. R. James, causes us astonishment by the quantity he writes. Be the quality as wretched as it may, it is wonderful that such a number of grammatical sentences should have proceeded from one man's pen. But it is possible that, even after Capefigue and Thibaudeau, something may have been left for M. Thiers to glean. But he does not claim for his work this species of merit. To give new facts, to put forth new information, is not the object with which he writes. He aims at producing an harmonious whole, a connected history, in which the events shall bear only the prominence assigned by their own importance, and not by the writer's having hit on a document hitherto unpublished: he has doubtless largely consulted, during his four years' labour, the public archives, but it is to perfect and fill up the outline in his own mind, not to extract matter like ordinary book-manufacturers. A German historian,—M. Raumer, for example,—copies out every syllable that he can find bearing on his period, translates it, and prints it at full length, with commentary more verbose and enigmatical in its language than the state papers it illustrates, and thus produces his original work on some one's life and times. M. Thiers may have gone through equal labour, but its result is perceived not in its being spread out over weary pages in infinite verbiage, but in the completeness of his picture, in that mastery of his subject which familiarity with its details confers. If he occasionally relates a fact communicated by an original witness, it is given not because it is new, but because it illustrates what he has in hand at the time. Hence he rigidly excludes anecdote, old as well as new. Napoleon's life, more than that of most great men, abounded in pithy speeches and piquant traits. But besides that many of these, and some of the most characteristic, are apocryphal, they degrade history to the level of a newspaper report, and have been especially the plague of that of Napoleon. Coleridge used to complain of a set of people who thought they accounted for the French Revolution by anecdotes. So closely have some of these stories engrafted themselves on the events they relate to, that it must

have required no little boldness to resolve upon their banishment, as M. Thiers has done.

But if M. Thiers is not the gossiping chronicler or anecdote-monger, it is not to be inferred that he is therefore the philosophical historian, a doctrinaire, bent on promulgating a political theory in the guise of a history. His book is what it professes to be,—a genuine 'History of the Consulate and Empire.' The writer's character, that most unamiable and suspicious one of a political adventurer, who has raised himself by the sheer energy of talent to the highest station in the kingdom, might lead to other anticipations. But there is not throughout the smallest symptom of effort, of fine writing, of display of the author, or the exhibition of conscious talent. Close, succinct, and business-like, the narrative marches on, intent only on telling what it has to tell, and not stopping to make reflections. Not Cæsar himself sticks more closely to his story. Civil events justly related give out at once their true lesson; when the historian turns aside to question and put them to the torture, they too often give false evidence. It is the work not of the laborious pedant, nor the clever speculator, but of the statesman. Neither too far removed in point of time from the period he describes, to be obliged to exhaust his forces in ascertaining facts, nor too near to it to write under the influence of party spirit, he describes parties, passions, and interests with which he has himself had practically to deal. For the men and the parties of 1830, however we may regard them as a new generation and a new world, were yet moulded by the influences of the empire; so that his political career gave him not merely the usual advantages which an observer may draw from action, but also that of having to act among the results and relics of that which he proposes to describe. When a statesman writes history, the very best period he can choose is that immediately preceding his own age.

Such being the merit of the work in point of execution, let us see what is the value of the views, political or other, which it contains. We have said that the author does not stop to dogmatize or make remarks; but still, as must be expected, one system of politics is dominant throughout, and guides the pen when it does not appear on the surface. Those who are acquainted with the 'History of the Revolution,' and are thence, as is natural, led to compare the two, will find a remarkable difference of tone between them, a difference which age and the possession of power alone are not sufficient to account for, though they may have concurred in producing it. It is twenty years since the 'History of the Revolution' was published. The object of the young and aspiring author was no less than to vindicate and revive the doctrines of '91. There was at that time no such

thing as a Republican party. There were many, indeed, dissatisfied with Charles X., some who wished for a revolution, but these were rather Liberals of vague and speculative views, offshoots of Italian and German Carbonarism, than children of the Revolution. Some few of the old Republicans, such as the Abbé Gregoire, might be still living; but they had no followers, they had survived their party, and, still more, their reputation. The atrocities of the reign of terror had cast a shade over the whole movement, and all parties, Liberals as well as Royalists, were agreed to forget the Revolution. M. Thiers undertook to resuscitate and repopularise its principles. Rightly distinguishing between the Jacobins, the men of '93, and the Constituent Assembly, he vindicated the vast achievements and the high aims of this body, showing, what had been forgotten, that so far from their cause being that of the Jacobins, these were their greatest enemies, who had but marred their work. Not, however, that even the Jacobins were wholly condemned. The Committee of Public Safety and the Convention had been regarded with unjust prejudice; its crimes were great, but they had been exaggerated; the epoch had been disfigured, partly through fear, partly through ill-will. In M. Thiers' pages it assumed the air of a slandered, an injured party; the Republican era, from which all eyes had been long averted as a scene of blood, strife, and confusion, resumed an appearance of order and regularity—it was reconstituted—and people began to wonder how they had ever fancied it such a chaos; now it seemed only like any other period, having its settled order of events interrupted by its peculiar irregularities. A few flowers might be thrown upon the victims, but the pomp and colours of victory were bestowed on the executioners and the scaffold. The young generation, alienated from the Restoration, but having hitherto had no point of attachment, caught eagerly at these new doctrines, or rather at the old doctrines revived. They regarded themselves, indeed, not as innovators, but as restorers of '93.

The 'History of the Revolution,' then, was the vindication, or rather the apotheosis of the old Republicans. What has become of this in the 'History of the Consulate and Empire?'

In the first place, it is obvious that it is impossible to sympathize fully and entirely both with the Republic and the Empire. The Empire was the contradiction and denial of the former, and was founded upon its extinction. It is true that Napoleon always professed great deference for the men of '91, and carried out many of their plans; but the one main principle on which all they did rested—constitutional liberty—he completely crushed. Their social and administrative reforms were upheld, while it was the fashion at the Imperial Court to smile at their political

theories, their dreams of classical Republics. If, then, a man would write the annals of the Empire *con amore*, he must put aside all inclinations for the Constituent Assembly. M. Thiers does write *con amore* of the Empire. If his former work was an apotheosis of the Republic, the present is an apotheosis of Napoleon; the glories and splendours of the Consulate (for the volumes yet published do not extend beyond 1802) are painted in more firm and glowing colours than the tempests of '89 and '90, and the enthusiasm of the mature ex-minister for Napoleon is more ardent than that of the young aspirant was for Mirabeau. In what way, then, does M. Thiers reconcile his present with his former creed? How does he contrive to maintain the imperial régime without sacrificing his inclinations for the constitution of the year 1?

If we rightly comprehend the policy which was introduced into the administration of France by Napoleon when First Consul, we shall see how the writer is enabled to unite two such seemingly opposite sympathies.

In the almost boundless range of subjects on which Napoleon's transcendant genius was exercised, and the dazzling variety of his achievements and projects, it seems at first as if no general guiding and governing principle could be discerned; or rather it seems as though, at the summit of all systems, he had seized into his own hands not only the reins of government in his own country, but the laws and springs by which all action, of whatever sort, is accomplished, and, equally master of all, regulated and ordered them according to the nature and properties of each. Other great men have devoted the energies of life to the elaboration and enforcement of some one idea, to the perfection of some one particular branch of art, or the exhaustion of some special sphere of action; and this is the characteristic of genius, as distinct from talent, which is a facility of adaptation to many different sorts of things. Talent implies versatility, it takes up with whatever comes in its way to be done, enters with readiness into new modes and ideas, and wields with equal ease machinery of the most different kinds. Genius is stubborn, uncomplying; occupied with its own ideas, it will not stoop to learn what has no interest for it. Conscious of secrets, and a power which no existing systems can bear, it disdains to be initiated into the petty artifices by which the machine of actual life and politics is regulated. Hence great genius is often found accompanying much narrowness of mind, and the greatest men have been the most powerless and incapable in action; while, on the other hand, the men of most success in conduct have been men of mere talent—men of expedients, deficient in general views—men of no principles. In Napoleon these wholly distinct faculties,

genius and talent, were united in a greater degree than perhaps in any other man. He was not only great, but original, in everything; not in his own sphere only, but in everything he touched alike; so that, indeed, it is difficult to assign him any sphere narrower than the whole compass of human action. In each department his sagacity invented and originated; and his talent was the only one which could carry through his own daring ideas.

In an intelligence so diversified and so flexible we should not expect to find any ruling law, any dominant principle of action, such as masters while it vivifies the genius of other great men, urging them on a prescribed career apparently in spite of themselves. But as it is in physical nature, where the most prodigal and fantastic variety cannot escape the classification of science, so in the still more perplexing complexity of the human mind, no character so capricious, arbitrary, and multiform, but may be brought under some general rules. There are some who have attempted to find this common denominator, in Napoleon's case, in self-interest. They maintain that he applied his prodigious powers to govern France solely for his own interest; and by this simple answer they think the whole problem solved. But it is not solved. First, because the assertion is not true. It is not intended to lay claim for Napoleon to a disinterested patriotism, or even to assert that he did not end by becoming intensely selfish; but it was not true in the early part of his career. The characteristic of selfishness is caution; it is not compatible with daring and hazardous effort, with ardent aspirations after glory: the supposition is negatived even by the careless exposure of his person in his early battles. And, secondly, even though true, it is too general a proposition; it is not enough to assign self as a motive, for that is no more than might be said, according to the very same parties, of every one else in the world. If we were to grant that his own greatness was the one object before Napoleon's eyes in all his undertakings, we should not be at all nearer answering the question. Were there any general political views according to which his measures were conceived, and his administration regulated?

Such there undoubtedly were, and we would point to the first years of the Consulate, as the period from which these principles may be collected; the period, in short, embraced in the present volumes, as especially worthy of the study of the philosophical politician, as much so as the Italian campaign is by the soldier. And it is more peculiarly instructive to us, as having a most direct bearing on our present condition and circumstances.

For it was the genius of the First Consul that conceived, or at least first practised, and upon a scale, and with a success and

éclat which have never been equalled since, that very system of policy which is now adopted universally by the ministers of all the constitutional states in Europe, and which is indeed the only one which can be adopted with any hope of permanence in such states. This is, the principle of governing without what are called principles; or rather of continuing the administrative functions of the body politic, while cutting off entirely its political functions; allowing the state a social existence, and denying it an ideal life.

There is such a thing as a Science of Politics. To this belongs the division of States into monarchies, aristocracies, democracies, &c. with the various arrangements which each of these classes admits, and the modes of taxation, representation, &c., proper to each. It is true that no existing States are, or can be, exact copies of such abstract polities, any more than straight lines or right angles exist in matter. But in a State which will not admit at all of the application of abstract principles, which cannot be said to have a constitution, in which laws and institutions are a chaos of contradiction and inconsistency, in which neither one, the many, or the few, can be said to be the source or the possessors of power in such a State, how can a Statesman hold, or act upon any theory of politics, or do anything else but continue the machine in the same anomalous state in which it came into his hands, incapable of applying a remedy to any, even its most ruinous deficiencies? His only resource is to deny the science itself, or to deny its applicability, to meet each new emergency by some new expedient, and so to adjourn from day to day the dissolution momentarily impending.

Or, to put the same policy in another point of view. The idea of a State is that of a large family, that all its members should be of the same mind, should think the same thing. This perfect harmony and agreement, this complete '*idem velle atque idem nolle*,' was sought to be attained in the old Greek republics by continual expulsion or massacre of the dissident minority. Opposition of opinion or interest within the bosom of the State they would not tolerate; it destroyed, to their view, the being of the State. But experience shows that entire uniformity of opinions and aim cannot be established in any society; that, reduce the numbers of which it is composed as low as you will, you cannot reach it; nay, that hardly any two men can be found who agree in everything. It must be enough then for the being of the State if, in all main and essential points, in all the great and vital interests of the community, there be between its members unity of feeling and purpose—if, abstracting from innumerable lesser differences, it can be brought to act together in matters that concern the whole nation. But it is obvious

that there are limits to this divergence; there are points, irreconcilable difference on which must be fatal to national life. And as it is impossible to fix the point at which these limits have been reached, political union may have been fatally broken long before it is discovered; and the nation may have passed through slow decay to death, while its social system remains undisturbed. Then is actually realized that condition of the body politic, which is the highest conception some theorists are able to form of it, that it resembles, namely, any other voluntary association of men who unite in action for some one specific purpose, such temporary coalition implying no harmony of sentiment, or fusion of will. The specific purpose, they say, in the case of the State, is the protection of life and property. Men unite in the laws by which this is secured, and this is enough; all beyond is out of the cognizance of the State, and ought to be left to individual discretion. Writers, such as Dr. Arnold, and Mr. Gladstone, have thought to refute this material theory on abstract grounds. But on the appeal to facts, the theory is amply vindicated. For such is the actual present condition of every nation in Europe, in a greater or less degree, in proportion as its government is more or less free. Opinion is broken up, not into two or three great sections, but almost into units—nay, men have no stable opinions; they are the creatures of every passing hour, and they have no faith in the very doctrines they seem to be adopting. It *is* not that the high and cardinal questions of human existence are neglected; on the contrary, speculation is rife in those regions: but we are employed in raising an endless succession of fleeting theories, which their authors are the first to retract, in building showy castles of cards which we dare not inhabit, and drawing paper schemes to which we have not courage to conform our practice.

In such a condition of things, what ground is there for the Statesman to move upon? For a scientific statesman, for one who believes in a truth in Politics, and aims at establishing and enforcing that truth on others—none. Let him attempt to unite the nation in any common expression of that higher truth with which alone man's immortal part is concerned, and support falls from under him like handfuls of sand. He must give up his belief, or the government. For others are ready to take his place, who will be content to unite opinion, and the national energy in those directions in which alone it admits of being united,—the material interests.

This was the task which the First Consul undertook for France, and performed with a triumphant success, which was only inferior to the skill and talent which secured it. This is the policy which may be learned from studying the first years

of his administration, and which, as being the only choice that the modern statesman has, make the Consular administration so valuable an object of study. For we should have a very false idea of Napoleon if we were to look upon his military exploits as the prominent and characteristic features of his history, as they certainly are the most striking and world-famous. If we did, we must class him only with Alexander, or with CharlesXII. But war, with him, was merely a subordinate instrument towards a more comprehensive end. His victories were, after all, only the moving power with which he worked one section of his cabinet, the Foreign department; and though the whole powers of his mind might for the moment be thrown into the campaign, yet in the vast compass of his policy it formed but one item among many of quite equal importance, and which received in their turn quite an equal share of his attention.

To achieve great things it is not enough to be a great man; he must come exactly at the crisis that demands his peculiar powers. This was eminently the case with Napoleon. Had he come upon the stage in the earlier years of the Revolution, he might still have been the victorious general, or been renowned in some other province; but he would not have been the man he was, the man who made France his own, and then, by means of it, had nearly conquered Europe. He gained France; gained ascendency over the minds of his countrymen, the most absolute mastery over their wills, by their voluntary surrender, that was ever achieved by man. Of all the various descriptions of power that may be gained, none can compare with this. A military despot makes himself obeyed by force of arms, and is feared and hated. An autocratic constitution the most ancient, Russia, or Turkey, produces but submissive slaves, the tameness of passive obedience. But to command the active and enthusiastic obedience of millions, to fascinate them till their wills are concentrated into the one will of the magician, collected into it as rays of light into one focus, deprived of all that was individual in them, except their energy, creates a power in the moral world, before which none other can stand, one which is very rarely gained in any considerable degree by man, —by none to such an extent as by Napoleon. It is a power indeed in the moral world, like that of the Titans in the physical,—ruinous to him who gains it; too overwhelming to find an adequate antagonist among men, it leads him to make war upon heaven. Napoleon fell a victim to the disease of the old Greek tyrants, ΥΒΡΙΣ.

There was then a favourable conjunction of affairs without, et by an aptitude from within, contributing to put this power to the hands of the First Consul. This peculiar crisis was

the total disorganization of society in France. It was not merely that all existing law, precedent, or barrier of distinction, had been thrown down; that the constitution had been broken to pieces, that the institutions on which society reposes had been swept away, and the usages which support practice had been abolished: that public credit was null, that the State was, or had been insolvent, that there was little revenue, no commerce, that the roads were infested with brigands, that the armies were unpaid at home, and unfortunate abroad; that, in short, all the symptoms of a total dissolution of the body politic were rife—all this, and much more than this, was true. But these were but the material evils, so to say, which the sick State had to complain of. They would furnish an admirable field for a talented man of business to set to rights, could he once get the position and power to set about so doing. But there lay the difficulty. There was no lack of able men who could have righted all these administrative evils, frightful as they were, had there been a standing place for them. But, in order to reach a position from which to bind up the material wounds, it was necessary to heal a much deeper sore,—that with which the national mind was afflicted. This was, in fact, the source and parent of all the external symptoms of disorder; this once removed, their cure would follow of itself; but, till this was reached, it was impossible even to attempt to eradicate the others. Before the physician could approach to prescribe for his patient's body, he must gain the command of his mind.

The disease that had seized on the mind of the French nation was mistrust, want of confidence,—not in men only, nor even in parties only,—but in politics—in systems. What else could be expected after the mad enthusiasm with which they had thrown themselves into the arms of so many systems in succession, and found them all equally helpless and impracticable. They were sick, not merely of convulsions and disorder, but of the very remedies which, ten years before, they had thought were to cure everything—constitution-making, and theoretical polities. They cared for neither republic nor monarchy, so that they could get order, and a solid executive.

In this state of opinion General Bonaparte came forward. He was the very man wanted. Able to administer each department better than even the special men in each, his known talent, already proved by success, and his military renown, were the first elements of public confidence. But all this would not have availed, had it not been for the general conviction that he was a man of no party. He was not only entirely unconnected with all actual parties, neither royalist, republican, nor partizan of the Directory, but it was felt that he was not at heart inclined to

any one of the prevalent political creeds, that he worshipped in the inmost shrine of his heart no ideal constitution. In the temper in which France then was, the most just and valuable measures would have been viewed with distrust, if they had proceeded from any one who could have been suspected of wishing to turn them ultimately to the profit of some one of the many forms of government which had then their partisans. It was the footing on which young General Bonaparte claimed the adhesion of the nation, that he was a man of no party, of no principles; but that he proposed that, merging all such visionary distinctions, all should unite in furthering the common good of France. He hated doctrines; not this, that, or the other, but all general principles, as such; politicians who entertained such, he held in the greatest aversion, calling them 'ideologists;' and though he would sometimes take pleasure in an argument with them in the salons, he held them unfit to be admitted to office. This dislike of systematic doctrine has been indeed shared by many—indeed it is common to all men of the world; but it took a peculiar shape in Napoleon's mind. From the elevated position he occupied, with an unlimited field of action opening before him, and unlimited means of accomplishment at his command, it seemed a mere weakness of mind to fetter these large energies by tying down one's exertions by the adoption of any set of connected opinions. Administrative success, the conciliation of the jarring views and passions of conflicting parties, the devising the measures, and the mode of carrying them, likely to reunite the suffrages of the greatest numbers, or of the most influential persons in a State,—here is the true field of the politician: to hang round his neck the millstone of a speculative creed in politics or morals, is voluntarily and needlessly to add to difficulties always sufficiently great whenever our fellow-men are the materials on which we have to work. To sell oneself to a party, is the resource of the weak, of those who, shunning inactivity, feel themselves impotent to cope single-handed with society; but to bind oneself a slave to a set of abstract dogmas is a greater weakness still—it is to incur all the servitude, without the support, which the former conduct yields.

And we shall be better able to appreciate the wisdom of these views, if we will look for a few moments deeper into this matter. There are, in all, but two lines of policy practicable. One is that we have just been describing. Under all its disguises it is founded on the uniform plan of following opinion. All governments, even despotic, it has been acutely observed by Hume, rest upon opinion, and they only differ in the number or class of persons who form this opinion. In a military despotism it may be the soldiery; in feudal times it might be the armed barons;

in rude and ignorant communities it is those who monopolize the intelligence and wealth of the society; in civilized countries it is that larger proportion of the people who can bring their joint strength to act in concert when occasion requires. But in every society, there is a prevailing public opinion, generated from the juxtaposition of minds, just as heat is generated from the congregation of animal bodies. A government will be strong and stable in proportion as it consults, attends to, identifies itself with this public opinion: it must defer to it entirely, but without seeming to follow it. It will not answer to resist it, at first, and then to give way in the end; nor even to wait in passive neutrality till it has intelligibly expressed itself, and explicitly demanded a certain line of action. The statesman's art lies in anticipating, and yet not diverging from, the line of progress of the public mind, in gently sounding it, in watching and waiting for the breeze, and trimming his sails to it, while yet in the distant horizon, before a breath has yet really reached him. All statesmen, who have succeeded at all, have in some degree acted on this rule; few or none with that entire consistency and clearsightedness which distinguished young General Bonaparte during the triumphant opening scenes of the Consulate. The error of ordinary statesmen is, that they do not apply this rule universally; that they make reserves of some questions on which they presume to entertain opinions of their own, and to wish to carry these into effect, under cover of their general 'popular measures;' they wish to strike a balance, as it were, between the government and the country, and to contravene opinion in some instances, because they yield so much besides to it. Or again, they wish to set limits to their inconsistency; and a minister cannot in decency change so rapidly as the phantom public, or cannot embrace, at one and the same time, such opposite extremes. Or lastly, in the most supple there may be some remains of conscience and conviction; so rarely is it that political infidelity, any more than religious, can be complete and total. But let the man arise who, to superior and tried ability, joins perfect freedom from the shackles of prejudice, entire emancipation of his intellect from the scholastic cobwebs of abstract truths; who thinks no measures of any value, but such as can be 'carried,' none hurtful or iniquitous, that are 'called for;' let him be gifted with that nice political tact that anticipates the will of a community before that will has found its own expression elsewhere, and ripened into a demand which there would be no merit in granting; and let him have the discrimination to distinguish the fictitious and ephemeral cry of a noisy party, from the genuine deep-seated wishes of the people—such a minister may be, not, perhaps, an absolute autocrat, but may

enjoy the highest measure of power and success that can be extracted from the shifting and unstable materials of human affairs. Complete success in statesmanship is only for the unprincipled; for him, at least, who bows to no other principle than the necessity of success.

This brings us to mention another element of Napoleon's greatness, one which, however rare, seems indispensable to chief felicities. This is, a fortunate beginning,—that the racer have a good start. There is a greatness which is achieved by persevering and magnanimous resistance to misfortune, which is the crowning reward of years of struggle against adverse circumstances. Against such men we may fancy fortune exerting all her spite and rage, and yielding in the end to their indomitable energy. But there are others whom she seems to take a pleasure in launching forth upon the world with every favourable circumstance that it is possible to bestow. They seem to bear a charm with them, which commands the smiles and favours of all. They meet no opposition but such as tends to exercise and display their powers. They have the crest of the wave, and float on upon it, free from the tossings and undulations beneath them. Louis the XIVth's first ten years were a striking instance. Everything he did, he did well, and succeeded. This tide of fortune must not bear the appearance of fatality, or its magic is gone. It is the prestige of success, to which it is essential that it be thought to be earned by the merit of the hero. It was the more striking in the instance of the First Consul, as it was a reaction from what had immediately preceded. The Directory seemed fated to fail in everything they put their hand to. The change is thus described by M. Thiers:—

'In public evils there are always a real evil and an imaginary evil, the one contributing to render the other insupportable. It is a great point gained to do away with the imaginary evil, for you diminish the sense of the real evil, and inspire him who has to endure it with the patience to await the cure. Under the Directory, people had made up their minds not to expect anything from a weak disrespected government; which, in order to repress faction, proceeded to violence, without obtaining any of the effects of strength. Everything that it did was taken in bad part; people would not expect from it any good, neither would they even believe it when, by accident, it accomplished some little.

'The accession of General Bonaparte, of whom the public was already in the habit of expecting everything in point of success, had changed this disposition. The evil that had afflicted the imagination was cured; ple had again confidence; they took everything in good part. His were certainly good in themselves; it was good to release the dean hostages, to liberate the priests, to manifest pacific dispositions

to Europe; but, above all, the public was disposed to consider them as such. Such is the spell of confidence! it is everything for a government at its outset, and for that of the Consul's it was immense. Money flowed into the treasury, from the treasury to the armies, which, content with these first supplies, awaited with fortitude those which were promised. Overawed by a power reputed superior to all resistance, the parties submitted: the oppressing parties, without claiming a right to oppress any more; the oppressed parties with the confidence that they should be no more oppressed.'—Vol. i. p. 40.

The fall of Napoleon illustrates these remarks. He deserted, in process of time, from his original track; he ceased to be merely the minister of the will of the French nation; the empire, and the erection of a dynasty, were notions, principles, of his own, in which he was not followed by the sense of the people. He gained victories after this, but he no longer carried the enthusiasm of a nation along with him; it was one continued loss of popularity from the assumption of the empire till the overthrow, which was effected not more by Russian bayonets than by internal disaffection; for there was more than one period of the campaign of 1813—14, when a rising of the country, or even a vigorous demonstration of the towns in his favour, might have prevailed in the irresolute councils of the Allies to enforce a retreat.

To the consideration of Napoleon's fall the present volumes do not call us, and we return to what led us into these remarks,—the difficulty of reconciling M. Thiers' present enthusiasm for Napoleon, with his splendid apology for the Constituent and the Convention in 1825. We shall, indeed, be curious to see how, in the sequel of his task, he will handle the oppressive despotism of the ten years of the empire. If he condemns it, or even laments it as a blunder, he will sadly mar the tone of his picture, which resembles the suite of rooms at Versailles, devoted to the history of that period, a set of tableaux illustrating the glories of Napoleon. And yet we cannot imagine on what ground a man who wishes to be a consistent advocate of any degree of constitutional freedom, can admire that despotism. At the same time so distinct is the policy of the First Consul from that of the Emperor, that an advocate of the Revolution may, without inconsistency, approve the one, and condemn the other. The First Consul only suspended the institutions of the Revolution for the purpose of restoring order and strength; the Emperor trampled upon, and overthrew them. But we are well aware that this is a distinction which would not suit M. Thiers' purpose. It is not the peculiar policy of the Consulate which it is his object to recommend, but the military and aggressive spirit of the empire. He constitutes himself the panegyrist of

Napoleon as a whole. He aims to rekindle, or rather to furnish, a text-book for that martial frenzy which is rife just at present in France, which talks about the natural boundary of the Rhine, and has induced the Chambers to consent to sink some millions in the fortifications. Silly as this schoolboy heroism is, its prevalence cannot be doubted, and it is in a great degree to that that the success of this book is to be attributed. It is in vain to remind such *têtes échauffées* of the necessary accompaniments of all that glory that dazzles them—of the dreadful conscription, of the grinding and arbitrarily levied taxes, the press and opinion stifled, and the selfish neglect, the vindictive persecutions, or the outrageous violence of the tyrant. But all this is known well enough to M. Thiers. So that in aiming, notwithstanding, at feeding and flattering this enthusiasm of the Polytechnic School, we cannot acquit M. Thiers of sacrificing at the shrine of a paltry vanity. As in 1825 he made a hit by writing up the Revolution to the taste of young France, which was then republican, so he would now write up the empire to meet the prevailing military fever. We have endeavoured, and we would endeavour, to speak of this writer with respect, mindful of the responsibility that attaches to all judgments of others, a responsibility that is not diminished, because the subject of the judgment happens to be a public character. We have endeavoured to treat his convictions as true, and his expressions of them as sincere, as that of, at least, others in general. But we must beware that we do not carry our courtesy too far. The public character and career of M. Thiers must be taken into account in estimating the value of his views and opinions. And this is such as to deprive those opinions of every grain of weight or authority.

M. Thiers is a successful adventurer. The son of a poor schoolmaster in Provence, without station, interest, friends, or money, he has made his way to become Prime Minister of France, by the unaided exertion of his talent. We cannot even say that any peculiarly fortunate concurrence of circumstances helped him there. For he was great before July 1830, an event to the bringing about of which he contributed as much as any one man could contribute. The field of political life in France is, without exception, the finest and fairest arena in the world open to simple talent. In this country, birth and connexion do so much; in America, money, and that modified species of physical force, only one degree removed from the bowie-knife of the back woods, which society allows of there, and which consists in a swaggering, bullying, impudence of fraud, interfere with the free play of the higher gifts of mind. In France, notwithstanding the inroads of the demon of gain,

pure talent, intellectual energy, is still supreme. Compare the political articles in their journals with ours. Those of our most widely-read, and most influential papers, are made up of coarse personalities, petty slanders repeated over and over '*ad nauseam*,' tedious comparisons of present, with past speeches, but all personal, individual, party arguments. But in all the Parisian journals of the first class, and this is a very much more numerous class than with us, every measure that comes forward may be found discussed in the most highly scientific way, referred to first principles, and with all the lights and illustrations which a competent, if not often profound, political science, and historical information, can supply; and all this in a style of that neat, clear, luminous logic, which seems almost a property of the French language, by whomsoever handled. Hence their journals lead, while ours follow, public opinion. And it may be also added, that, notwithstanding the higher price of our papers, the remuneration of editors and contributors is at a much higher rate in France.

Upon this clear stage, and with this formidable engine of journalism, the young Provencal came to Paris to try his fortune, as he describes Mirabeau doing, in his History of the Revolution. We do not propose to follow his career; how from the friendless student of the Ecole de Droit, he had worked his way, in less than twenty years, to the Premiership. He did not hold office long. Amusingly enough the ex-minister returned to the point at which he had started. He had begun by thundering away in the Constitutionnel against religion, and the clergy, or, in his own phrase, Jesuitism and the Jesuits—a paid writer, at so much a line. Having, during his under-secretaryship in the treasury, contrived (so it is said) to make a snug fortune for himself, and all the Thiers family, he bought the Constitutionnel

> 'mercenarius agrum
> Illum ipsum mercatus aravit, dives amico
> Hercule;'

and now, as proprietor, pays other aspirants for continuing the same strain which he had found so profitable. So that, after all, there is some ground for those assertions of the omnipotence of the Jesuits, which some writers, from childish alarm, others, who know better, from malevolence, are continually repeating. As Gibbon used to hint that he had made Watson a Bishop, and collated Dr. Apthorpe to an archiepiscopal living, so the few, poor, helpless, and persecuted priests of the Society of Jesus in France, may lay claim to the honour of having made M. Thiers President of the Council of Ministers.

Yet this is the man from whom we are content to receive lessons of history, to whose judgments of men and events we are

ready to bow with implicit submission. We listen, or we read, we assent or dissent, we argue for or against, as though they were real genuine sentiments, truths which his mind had conceived, and had been forced to utter. Do we not very well know all the while that the article was got up for the market, that this tone was affected because it would take, and that sentiment thrown in to make a sensation, and that the author himself is laughing at us in his sleeve all this time for taking him to task so gravely, and for being at the pains of a formal refutation of his theory?

But this is the picture of the shallowest species of sophist, the mere juggling rhetorician; and M. Thiers is something more than this. It is true that men of his fortunes cannot be sincere; they cannot mean anything by their words, even when they wish to. But they do often wish to have a meaning. So natural is the appetite for truth in the human mind, that there are moments when they would fain think one of their own gaudy theories true. When ambition is stilled for a moment, and success cloys, they would gladly have something to repose a faith in, and for some short time they may even become their own dupes. They began to sport with general principles as though they were mere formulæ of the reason, counters of which they were masters, to take up and drop at pleasure, and every now and then they are startled to find them mastering their minds in spite of themselves. They are like children in the necromancer's room, who have meddled in play with spells they did not understand, and called up genii they cannot lay. The shallower and more material intellects will be the more free from visitations of this kind. But where the purely intellectual power has developed in an extent at all proportioned to that of the selfish and prudential organs, thought, with which he has so often trifled as the means of his worldly advancement, will now and then revenge itself by flashing across his mind, that he has never known truth; that he has chosen, and is, therefore, for ever confined to, shadows; that there is a real and substantial knowledge, of which his is but a glittering copy; and, therefore, that if there are any truly sincere searchers of truth in the world, they have got beyond him, they possess a secret which he can never have. As he who honestly seeks knowledge for its own sake, for the practical guidance of his conscience, has moments when all truth seems hollow and a mockery, and when everything he had deemed most sure seems to have slipped away from him; so the clever trader in theories, who has employed ideas as the stepping-stones of his ambition, must occasionally suspect, in despair, that there may be such a thing as abstract verities, and if so, that his whole existence has been a cheat and a lie.

And as where the desire or necessity of making good their case is not urgent, such writers may by chance be honest; so there is another cause which sometimes leads active intellects, even when quite unprincipled, to truth, that is, curiosity: while things are new to them, they do not think about distorting them. This motive has been assigned to M. Thiers in a criticism of his former History, which, written many years ago, contains so remarkable a prophecy of the line which he would take in his present subject, that we think it worth recalling to memory:—

'En effet, M. Thiers n'est pas un philosophe, il n'est ni systematique, ni enthousiaste dans son histoire. Mais avant tout, il est un curieux; un homme avide de spectacles nouveaux, qui se plait à tout, qui s'enquiert de tout qui bat des mains, aux Etats Généraux, à l'Assemblée Nationale, à la Constituante, à la Convention, oui même à la Convention! Et pourtant il aime le Directoire, quand vient le Directoire, parce que c'est un monde qui lui reste à connaître, des hommes qu'il n'a parvus, des connaissances à faire. On sent qu'il *eût été l'ami du Consulat et de l'Empire, s'il eût fait leur histoire.* Tous ceux qui vivent ont raison auprès de lui, on n'a jamais qu'un tort à ses yeux, c'est d'être mort.'

This seems to be the temper in which he has applied himself, in one of the most elaborate chapters of the book, to that important portion of the history of the Church which is connected with Napoleon. There is novelty about the subject, and the negotiations connected with the Concordat are curious in themselves. But they occupy a very brief space in most of the histories of Napoleon, and generally, from want of interest and attention to the subject, have been very imperfectly told. But whatever may have been the case hitherto, it is so no longer; the Church and the Church's affairs, from filling the last and most obscure corner in our books of history, have come to occupy the most prominent page in them. And this not only when the middle ages are the subject, in which case it would not be possible to shut the eyes upon the existence of the Papacy, but the present actual workings of the Church beneath the surface attract the attention and excite the fears of all. One cannot write a novel without supplying this appetite with some appropriate food in the shape of intriguing Jesuits, and dangerous Abbés. And these not the shadowy, unmeaning personages we used to be familiar with in the Mrs. Radcliffe school, but real living men of the present day, whom it is suggested that you should expect to meet at every dinner-table, or see prowling suspiciously about your door in an evening. Writers, again, of the high visionary class, who speak as though they floated perpetually aloft on the wings of speculation, and never touched

this polluting earth even with the soles of their feet, yet, when they do cast a glance earthwards, see nothing so worthy of their attention as Christianity. One of this school said lately from the Professorial chair—

'When I have had to speak of Homer and of Plato, I have found it indispensable to go back to mythology. How could I speak of Christian poets, historians, legislators, without speaking of Christianity? Deny me the Church, in the largest acceptation of the term, and the soul of my subject is vanished. What would you have me say of Italy if I am not to mention the Papacy, how treat of Calderon without Catholicism, of Spanish philosophy without Louis of Grenada and St. Theresa, of America without the Dominicans, of the Alhambra without Islamism, of Byzantium without the Greek Church, of the institutions of Alphonso without the councils, of the East without Mahomet, of the world without the Gospel? It would be to take the body and leave the spirit.'—*E. Quinet. Cours au Collège de France.*

And this, it should be observed, is of a very different nature from mere antiquarian curiosity of research. It is a living, present interest, founded on the experience of a living, present power, active in the Church at this moment, and nourished by an entire antipathy to that power and tendency. Thus, in the case of M. Thiers, the bitterness of this ancient feud, which has subsisted from the beginning, and will subsist to the end, of the world, is ill-concealed under the condescending language of compliment, which the statesman studiedly uses towards the Church in his detail of the negotiation of the Concordat. He assumes towards it the attitude not of the arrogant philosopher, but of the practical statesman, to whom the attachment of a certain number of persons to a certain institution is a fact not more, but not less, important than any other fact, and which must be met and dealt with in its turn with the same consideration. To declaim against it, to insult it, or to argue with it, would be to attribute to it more than its worth—would be to seem to fear it. The politician conducts himself towards the Church like the nobleman's servant towards the visitor of humble exterior, 'with a stately composure which disdained to be supercilious.' Nay, so far from reasoning against it, he will even take it by the hand, and vindicate its claim, at least to existence. The establishment of the Church, he says, was not only necessary, as being clung to by so large a proportion of the population, but on reasons

'of a more exalted character, if any there can be more exalted than public order and the repose of families. There must be a religious faith and form of worship in every human society. Man, thrown into the midst of this universe, without knowing whence he comes, whither he goes, why he suffers, or even why he exists, what rewards or what

punishments will attend the long warfare of life, beset by the contradictions of his fellow-mortals, some affirming, on the one hand, that there is a God, the great and intelligent Author of all things; and some, on the other, averring that there is no God; one man maintaining that there is good and evil by which he is to regulate his conduct, and another that there is neither good nor evil, but these are only the interested inventions of the powerful of the earth,—man, in the midst of these contradictions, experiences the imperative want of adopting a fixed and unalterable belief on all these points. Whether true or false, sublime or ridiculous, a religion he must have. Everywhere, in all ages, in all countries, in ancient as in modern times, in civilized as well as in barbarous nations, we find him a worshipper at some altar, be it venerable, degraded, or blood-stained. Whenever a country is without an established form of belief, a thousand sects, addicted to fierce disputation, as in America, or a thousand shameful superstitions, as in China, agitate or degrade the human mind; or, as was the case in France in '93, when a passing storm swept away the ancient religion of the land, we find man, who, but the day before, abjured for ever all belief, belying himself by the mad worship of the goddess Reason, inaugurated in the presence of the reeking scaffold, and thus proving his vow to have been as vain as it was impious. To judge man, then, by his ordinary and invariable conduct, he has need of a religious creed. This being granted, what can be more desirable for a civilized community than a national religion, founded on the feelings of the human heart, in conformity with the rules of a pure morality, consecrated by time, and which, without intolerance or persecution, can assemble, if not all, at least the majority of the citizens, at the foot of an altar ancient and respected?

'Such a creed, if it has not existed for centuries, cannot be invented. The most sublime philosopher can only make men think, he cannot make them believe. A conqueror covered with glory can found an empire, but he cannot found a religion. In ancient times, sages and heroes have succeeded in enslaving the minds of men, and imposing a creed upon them, by attributing to themselves relations with heaven. In modern times the creator of a religion would be treated as an impostor. Whether surrounded with terror as Robespierre, or with glory like young Bonaparte, his scheme would end only in ridicule.

'There was no need to invent a religion in 1800. A pure, moral, ancient belief was in existence; this was the old religion of Christ, the work of God, according to some; according to others, the fabrication of men; but, by unanimous consent, the profound work of a sublime Reformer; of a Reformer commented on during eighteen centuries by councils, which consisted of assemblies of the most eminent men of their time, who discussed, under the title of heresies, all systems of philosophy; adopting on each of the grand problems of human destiny opinions the most plausible and most suitable to society, and adopting those opinions by what might be termed a majority of the human race; thus finally producing that body of unvarying doctrine known by the name of Catholic Unity; a doctrine before which the mighty genius of a Bossuet and a Leib-

nitz, after having long investigated all codes of philosophy, had humbly prostrated itself. That religion still existed whose sway had extended over all civilized nations, had formed their morals, had inspired their songs, had furnished subjects for their poetry, their pictures, their statues; whose impress stamped all their national recollections, and whose sign was emblazoned on their banners, whether victorious or vanquished. It had disappeared for a time, during a wild tempest of the human mind; but that tempest passed, and a want of religious faith being again felt, it was found lurking in the recesses of the heart, the natural and indispensable creed of France and of Europe.'—Vol. iii. p. 122.

This restoration of the Church to a recognised place in the state was, of all the First Consul's measures, that which was most dubious at the time, but which most evinced his sagacity and foresightedness in the event. It was opposed by almost all his contemporaries, by all those among whom he lived, and who might be thought to have constituted a public opinion for him. All the moderate constitutional party, who had not, like Robespierre and St. Just, shed human blood, and who disavowed all participation in the violent excesses of the Revolution, yet looked upon the overthrow of Christianity as one of the main points gained by the Revolution, as final, and what could not be disturbed without undoing all that it had cost so much to do. And to those who, from political views, opposed the measure, may be added the men of science and learning, who had no little weight in society at the time, especially on a question of this nature. They regarded Christianity as not only politically destroyed, but as having been refuted, exploded; as a system, which never could regain any hold of a philosophical mind, and which was fast disappearing from that of the people at large, and which ought therefore to be suffered to die a natural death. La Place, La Grange, Monge, united in imploring the First Consul not to prostrate at the feet of Rome the dignity of his government and his age. A third party, and a very numerous one, were those whom interest arrayed in opposition to any negotiation with Rome. The purchasers of the Church lands, though receiving the most solemn and repeated guarantees of the inviolability of their new acquisitions, looked with alarm at any revival of the pretensions of a religion, which they were conscious must condemn the injustice and spoliation by which the lands had been acquired. However willingly the clergy might renounce any wish to molest the occupants, the act of occupation, it was felt, could never be sanctioned. To this class of opponents belonged M. Talleyrand, who, galled by recollections which came home to himself, did not wish to have France brought again into relations with Rome.

Most of all was to be feared that ridicule, powerful everywhere—in France all-powerful—which had now attached—it seemed inseparably—to all the ceremonies and outward profession of the religion of Christ. Voltaire and Frederick II., the wits of the eighteenth century, had wielded such a power over men's minds, that even those who still adhered to the faith durst not perform any of the acts it requires in public. And the companions in arms of General Bonaparte, generals and officers of every grade, who had never received the rudiments of a liberal education, who had been brought up amid the vulgar jests of the camp, or the declamations of the clubs, were peculiarly sensitive on the score of ridicule. They treated religion, and all relating to it, with profane and ribald mockery. At the last moment it required all the authority of the Military Chieftain to bring this infidel soldiery to submit to be present at the High Mass at Nôtre Dame, which ratified the conclusion of the Concordat.

And finally, but not the least obstinate opposition, was that offered by the constitutional clergy. These were the priests who had been put in the place of the legitimate clergy by the Convention. The legitimate priests had been first deprived, and then exiled, and otherwise persecuted, for refusing to take the oath to the Constitution. The constitutional priests were mere creatures of the State; they were not acknowledged by Rome, or by the faithful: they were, in fact, mock priests, counterfeit imitations, endeavoured to be passed off upon the people for the true. Of their bishops, but few had gone through the forms of regular election, but had usurped their powers during the confusion, or had procured their appointment by clandestine chapters, or parties in the chapters, destitute of any legal or canonical authority. And among the body of this description of clergy were a large proportion who had lost all moral weight, who had mingled in the political squabbles of the time, had been violent declaimers at the clubs, or men of profligate lives, and Jansenist priests, who had taken advantage of the disorder to marry. All this party looked upon themselves as suffering in behalf of the Revolution. They represented the discredit they were in with the rural populations as the result of their fidelity to the Constitution. They had not fled, they said, nor deserted their churches during the reign of terror, but had sought to reconcile the religious part of the people to the new order of things: and now they were to be thrown aside, and the old priests, enemies of the Government, most of them emigrants, to be taken into favour.

This then was the formidable opposition which the First Consul had to encounter in his scheme of restoring to the Church

in France a legal position, and a public acknowledgment. And it may be well asked, how did it consist with the line of policy which we have ascribed to the First Consul, to take so important a step in what would seem to be a direct opposition to the almost unanimous voice, both of public opinion and of the counsellors by whom he was habitually surrounded? We see the ardent Republicans, and the consistent political maintainers of the Revolution, the purchasers of Church lands, the recreant ecclesiastics, the men of science and philosophy, the army, and the constitutional priests, so many different classes, so many diverse interests, all united, and thus generating a public opinion which covered with ridicule all practical profession of Christianity. This measure, then, bears the appearance of an exception to the ordinary policy of the Consulate, and has been considered by some as an early instance of that obstinate perseverance in his own schemes against the expressed opinions of the nation, to which the Emperor sacrificed the popularity and ascendency which the First Consul had acquired. We are speaking now of the human motives and the worldly policy alone which were concerned in these events, and not of the unseen, but overruling, hand of Providence, which used the apparently uncontrolled sway the young conqueror had gained over the minds of his countrymen to bring about its own purposes.

And in this point of view, not one of the First Consul's measures evince more strikingly his capacity for seizing the real, true, and permanent bearings of the public mind, and not suffering himself to be deceived by that false mirage which counterfeits it, and which expresses itself in violent declamation, in noisy harangues, in public meetings, and petitions. He saw through, what no one else did, that superficial coterie which was ever putting itself forward as the French nation; he saw that the saloons of Paris were not France, that it was not enough to gain the faubourgs, if he did not also gain the rural populations. He felt the much greater depth and sincerity that lies in the faith of a Catholic, than in any attachment to self-formed and self-adopted doctrines of philosophy, politics, or religion. Strange that one hardly a believer himself, and afterwards stained with so many crimes, should have been almost the only man of his class who understood the vitality of the Christian religion, who saw that it had a germ of life which all the shadowy simulations of creeds, worship of reason, theophilanthropism, latitudinarianism, lacked. At the very time when infidelity was most triumphant, when a Pope had died the prisoner of a Republic, and all—friends, and foes, believers and unbelievers alike—thought that the days of the great religious system which had so long been dominant in Europe were numbered, the scheme was resolved on. The

Pope might now seem in the last stage of decrepitude, and the description in Pilgrim's Progress of the old man who sat in helpless imbecility by the road-side, biting his nails from vexation, that he could now no longer, as formerly, come at travellers, might now be thought justly applicable. The watch-word of Voltaire, *Ecrasez l'infame*, was now about to have its fulfilment.

So judged all the world, friends as well as foes. Not so the keensighted man in whose hands Providence seemed for the time to have placed the direction of the affairs of all Christendom. It is one, and not the least wonderful, of the consequences of an enlarged understanding, and high position, that it seems to bring its possessor into contact with spiritual powers and existences which are not perceived by those who move in a lower sphere, and with less extended knowledge. Intellect is very far from being a means of spiritual attainment. But it is the case, that in proportion as the individual ascends in the social scale, and multiplies his connexion and acquaintance with different points of human society, he becomes cognisant of systems, forces, and relations which do not exist for those in a less exalted position. So children move about totally unconscious of those intricate and subtle laws of society, which, as they grow up, they find to have been woven in and around the whole intercourse of man with man; so the peasant or the artizan could not be made to comprehend the refined policy which regulates the mutual dealings of states. Universally, men come later to apprehend political than social relations. And the existence and attributes of the Church are less palpable, less manifested, than those of States, and have accordingly, as we see, escaped the eye of large classes of Christians, who deny their existence. Still more delicate and intangible is the intercommunion of the separate parts and members of the Church Universal; an intercommunion which is again denied, or dispensed with, by many who are not blind to the general principles of the Christian society or polity. But to a view of these secret and subtle influences Napoleon was admitted by force of the eminent position which he had attained in the European system. M. Thiers thinks that something must be set down to the influence of early impressions, recollections of his childhood. The sight of a decorated altar, he says, excited in him the most lively emotions. But mere emotions of this description would never have been a sufficient motive in the mind of the First Consul, had not his intellect disclosed to him those real powers which the Christian religion still exercised over the minds of the majority of France and of Europe.

The Concordat then, we repeat, was another, and not the least, striking instance of the general policy which distin-

guished the Consulate; the policy on which Napoleon's greatness was founded during a period which, though productive of some faults, might still merit for Bonaparte the almost unqualified commendation of the impartial historian, were we not obliged to view it through the medium of the later and disastrous period of the empire, in which personal ambition becoming predominant, errors, follies, and crimes were heaped on one another, with a recklessness and grandeur which has almost made even the sufferers themselves forgive them for their greatness. The Concordat issued from the same view of policy that produced the amnesty, the recal of the emigrants, the dismissal of the Vendean hostages. It was not an act of faith, a homage rendered to Christianity, but a profound perception of a social fact, which escaped all his contemporaries and colleagues, even the most acute. It may be true, as M. Thiers asserts, that 'the con-'stitution of General Bonaparte disposed him to religious ideas,' and we do not forget that he died with the crucifix clasped to his breast. But we cannot for a moment hesitate in pronouncing that he was not the man to have sacrificed popularity, and run counter to a prevalent sentiment, from any generous, or self-denying devotion to the Church; he who, in this very measure in which he seemed to be doing so much for her, was taking from her more than he gave, taking, in fact, all that he could take. It is little indeed that the Church had to be thankful for in Napoleon's Concordat; but for that little, whatever it be, she had to thank the statesman, and not the repentant Catholic. And it must not be forgotten, that in earlier times Napoleon had given in to the irreligious sentiments and language of his time, and had raved about 'mitred despots,' 'European fakirs,' 'parchment brigands,' and so forth. His adoption of the tone of respect which he afterwards used may be dated from his second Italian campaign. He writes to the Consuls after the battle of Marengo,—'To-day, 'in spite of what our Paris atheists may say of me, I am going, 'in great state, to the Te Deum which is to be chanted in the 'cathedral of Milan.'

No less characteristic is the change which we have remarked in M. Thiers' language, in speaking of the affairs of religion. Whatever be the cause, whether internal conviction, or a mere speculator's perception of the growing importance of the subject, the difference of tone on this subject between the 'History of the Revolution' and the present volumes is very apparent. Not only is a much greater space devoted to religious affairs, but they are spoken of with a respect and gravity which was altogether wanting in the earlier work. There Pius VI. was 'a 'roud priest,' 'the old Pope's pride was humbled;' Cardinals 'ere 'stupid dotards;' 'priest-craft,' 'priestly government,'

'monkish party,' 'superstitious,' 'devotees,' were favourite phrases. He repeated with delight the nickname of 'The old Fox,' which the revolutionary army had applied to Pius VI. 'Republicans felt a natural instinct to assault a Pope and a Bourbon;' 'priests who knew of no country but Rome;' 'old aunts of Louis XVI., who travelled to Rome to secure their salvation;'—these are specimens of his habitual mode of speaking in the earlier work; nor are we aware that he has cancelled any of these expressions in later editions. Again, he saw in religion nothing but 'a branch of the public service to be brought into order;' the property of the clergy was 'immense wealth which had been given them in former times on condition of relieving the poor, whom they never relieved;' and of the civil constitution of the clergy he chose to say, that 'it was an occasion, or a pretext, of which they profited to offer an unjust resistance to the State.'

The vulgar and petulant flippancy of these expressions has given place to a language sober and respectful. We hear now of 'the genius of the Court of Rome, which still in its depression shone with a brilliant lustre.' Gonsalvi is 'remarkable for ability, penetration, and powers of pleasing.' Chiaramonti, 'by his talent, science, and his amiable virtues, enjoyed universal esteem.' And Pius VII. is 'a Pontiff of rare virtue, the character as well as the physiognomy of an angel, and of an endurance capable of bearing martyrdom.' But this change, though a great improvement in point of taste, is nothing more. For we find M. Thiers, as indeed might be expected, warm in his commendations of the Concordat and the Organic Articles—acts more oppressive than even the Constitution itself had been—acts of tyranny by the strong towards the weak, and in which Pius VII. surrendered what he said had never been surrendered by any Pope before. One might almost doubt whether the advantages gained by the religious peace were worth the sacrifice at which it was bought. Yet, in the present condition of the Church in France, and while Napoleon's Concordat still remains the basis on which it is constituted, we have the best proof that even the most unfavourable position with respect to the State, may be counteracted by the strict and rigorous discipline she maintains within herself.

But it is no part of our present purpose to discuss the intrinsic merits of the Concordat. We have simply viewed it as one act of the general policy of the Consulate. Those who wish to pursue the details of the treaty will find this chapter of M. Thiers one of the most interesting in the book. And they may combine with this a volume, which has just appeared, of documents and correspondence relating to it, published from the

papers of M. Portalis, which will form a very useful commentary.

In conclusion, we may say one word with respect to the English translation of Mr. Campbell. We have examined it with some care, and find it executed with a scrupulous fidelity and adherence to the original that is quite surprising. The slovenly incorrect manner in which our versions of so many standard foreign works are done, make these qualities, which ought to be universal in translators, an honourable distinction. Some critics have found fault with Mr. Campbell for having adhered too closely to the original, and having thus rendered his English stiff and harsh. This is certainly the case in some degree. But only those who have made the attempt know what labour it is to write an easy and idiomatic style with perfect fidelity. And where both cannot be attained, it will then depend on the character of the work to be translated, which of the two should be preferred. In a historical work, no one, we think, can doubt that the present translator has made the right choice. One or two cases we found in which the sense of the original had been misunderstood. They were not of much importance; and we only mention them, not as desirous to find blemishes in Mr. Campbell's work, but rather in apology for translators in general, to show by the slips of one so watchful and scrupulous, how almost impossible it is to avoid occasional inadvertencies of this kind.

ART. VI.—*The Life of Baber, Emperor of Hindostan. By* R. M. CALDECOTT, Esq. London: Darling. 1845.

BABER was the first Great Mogul, the chief warrior and statesman of the East in the sixteenth century, and the conqueror of Hindostan. His life, written by himself, says the Preface, 'has always been received as genuine, and no one who reads it 'can doubt his sincerity. The chief portion of it was translated 'by Dr. Leyden, and the remainder by William Erskine, Esq.'

The value of this autobiography is, of course, principally that of a literary curiosity. A quaintness, however, runs through it, which comes out at times in the shape of amusing descriptions of characters and persons. Baber generally appends some short description to each name of an Ameer, or court officer, that he introduces; and the book furnishes, in this way, a curious picture of an Eastern court or camp and its satellites. He is something of a satirist, but makes his comments always with true Eastern gravity; and the fact that one Ameer was too fond of dancing, and another of drinking, and that another was an excellent man, only that he liked his hawks better than his own children, and that another was a first-rate poet, though his person was covered with boils in consequence of the riotous life he led, is given, in each case, in the same dry, succinct, narrative style. Baber himself appears to be a mixture of the soldier, man of business, and literary man; perfectly hard and solid; entirely unscrupulous when it served his turn, but most exact and conscientious in observing different religious rites and rules, and punctilious about the faith. He seems to pride himself on his own unrivalled Mahometan orthodoxy, and to consider his own theological opinions and state of mind to be unique and incomparable. If it was not for this, we should really admire him on several occasions, and feel a respect less adulterated than that to which the following passage excites. *E. g.*:—

'On the 8th of December I was in a boat on the river with 'several who were ready at making verses, Sheikh Zin, Mulla 'Ali Jan, and others. A verse of Salikh being quoted, it was 'agreed that every one should make an extempore couplet to 'the same rhyme and measure. As we had been very merry at 'the expense of Mulla Ali Jan, I repeated the following 'verses:—

'What can one do with a drunken sot like you?
'What can be done with one foolish as a she-ass?

'When I had composed these lines my mind was led to reflection, 'and I was struck with regret that a tongue which could repeat 'the most sublime productions should bestow any trouble on 'such unworthy verses; *that a heart elevated to noble conceptions 'should occupy itself with these contemptible fancies. From that 'time forward I religiously abstained from satirical poetry.* On 'the 9th of December we were at Ali Mesjed, where, on account 'of the small extent of ground for an encampment, I always 'took up my quarters on an eminence. The view of all the fires 'blazing in the camp below was very brilliant. *It was certainly 'owing to this beautiful spectacle that every time I halted in this spot 'I drank wine.*'

Why the spectacle of the fires is made to bear the whole blame of his drinking wine, is not very easy to see. He gives, with his usual coolness, in another passage, his first introduction to the forbidden pleasures of wine. After talking about the Koran, he proceeds:—

'. . . Soon after my arrival I was invited to dine with Mozaffer 'in the White Garden. After dinner Khadijeh Begum carried 'him and me to the palace of Terebkhena, "the Pleasure House," 'a delightful edifice in which there were paintings representing 'the battles of Abusaid Mirza. Mozaffer placed me above 'himself, I being his guest; and, he having filled a glass of 'welcome, the cup-bearers began to supply all the party with 'unmixed wine, which they quaffed as if it had been the water 'of life. As the spirit mounted into their heads, they took a 'fancy to make me drink with them. Till that time I had 'never been guilty of drinking wine. Whenever my father 'asked me I made an excuse. After his death, by the guardian 'care of the reverend Khwajeh Kazi, I remained pure and un-'defiled. I was ignorant of the sensations which wine produces, 'yet I had a lurking inclination for it; and, being then in the 'refined city of Heri, I thought it was the time to regale myself; 'and therefore, when they pressed me to drink, I was on the 'point of complying; but it occurred to me that, [observe the 'reason!] *since I had refused wine from the hand of Badia ez Zeman, 'the elder brother, he might take umbrage.* In consequence it was 'agreed that I should take wine the next time we met at the 'palace of the Sultan. . . . . .

'Kasim Beg, hearing that I had been urged to drink wine, 'remonstrated with Zulnun Beg, and he reprimanded the Mirzas 'severely; so that they did not press me again on the subject. 'My courtiers were bound by my example not to drink wine. 'If they desired to indulge at any time,—perhaps once in a 'month or forty days,—they used to shut their doors, and sit 'down to drink in great apprehension of being discovered.

'Badia ez Zeman, hearing of the banquet given by Mozaffer, 'sent an invitation to me and to several nobles of my retinue. 'On that occasion, when by any chance I appeared to be inat- 'tentive, they would hide the goblets in their hands and take a 'draught in a hurry; although there was no necessity for such 'caution, since it was allowable at an entertainment for every 'one to follow the common usage. There was a roast goose set 'before me, which I left untouched; not knowing how to carve 'it. The Mirza asked me if I did not like it; upon which I 'told him my reason for not partaking of it, and he immediately 'cut up the goose into thin slices for me. No man was superior 'to him in attentions of this kind. At the end of the feast he 'presented me with an enamelled dagger, a kerchief of golden 'cloth, and a Tipchak horse.'

Does any one want to know what the lions of Heri were three centuries ago?

'During my sojourn of twenty days at Heri I saw every thing 'worthy of notice except the Khanekah, or convent of Hussain 'Mirza. There was the Bleaching Ground, the Paper Mills, 'the Park, the Fishpond, the College of Guher-shad-begum, 'her Tomb, and her Grand Mosque, the Raven Garden, the 'Warrior's Seat, the Kiosk and Mansion of Enjoyment, the 'Lily Place, the Twelve Towers, the Irak Gate, and the Kip- 'chak Gate, the College of Badia ez Zeman, the Mosque of Ali 'Shir, his College and Convent, which is called the Pure, and 'his Baths and Hospital.'

We have another wine scene, followed by a military one of a very different character. The same imperturbable coolness pervades both descriptions:—

'On that day, being with some friends in a tent near the gate 'of the Charbagh, I desired them to drink freely, *in order that I 'might observe the gradual effect of wine upon them, while I 'abstained from it myself, being still unwell.* Ghiâs the Buffoon 'made his appearance, but was turned out again several times 'in sport, until, with much wrangling and jesting, he forced his 'way into the party. While we were there I composed and sent 'to Shah Hassan the following verses:

'(Toorki.)
'My friends, enjoy the rose-garden of beauty in this banquet,
'While I am deprived of the delights of their society;
'Yet, since the charms of social bliss are theirs,
'I breathe a hundred prayers that no evil may betide them.

'Between noon-day and afternoon prayers the party got 'drunk, and began to be guilty of fooleries. On the 28th of 'June, Ali Rikabdar having swum across the water in the Gar- 'den of the Plane Tree a hundred times, I presented him with a

'dress of honour and a saddled horse. About the same time I 'sent these verses to Polad Sultan, at Samarcand:

'O Zephyr, if thou enter the sanctuary of that cypress,
'Remind him of this heart-broken victim of separation.
'The object of my love thinks not of Baber, yet I hope
'That God will pour compassion into his steel heart.

'The Abdalrahman Afghans did not pay their taxes, and mo- 'lested the caravans. Therefore I went in July to chastise them, 'and sent predatory parties to scour the country. One of these 'detachments was in the dale to the east of Gerdez, when forty 'or fifty Afghans came in sight. Before I could ride up Hus- 'sain Hassan rashly spurred his horse into the midst of them, 'and was laying about him right and left, when, his horse being 'wounded, threw him, and he was quickly cut in pieces by the 'Afghans. The Ameers stopped short, and calmly looked on 'without rendering him any assistance. When I arrived with 'some choice troops, we cut down all the Afghans, and made a 'tower of their skulls.'

Now for some descriptions of character. The first we have is that of his own father, Omar Sheikh:—

'Omar Sheikh was always bent on some scheme of conquest. 'Several times he led an army against his brother at Samarcand, 'but without success. In the year 1494, Ahmed Mirza formed 'a league with Mahmud Khan, and they marched on each side 'of the Sihoon against him. At this juncture, being in the fort 'of Akshi, he was precipitated from the edge of the steep rock 'with his pigeons and pigeon-house, and departed to the other 'world. (The Mahometan Princes in the east have often 'been fond of pigeons. Those of the Emperor Akbar were 'trained to perform many fantastic movements. Each of them, 'before receiving the daily allowance of food, made fifteen 'circular flights and seventy tumbles. Among the Ottoman 'Sultan's household there were formerly the Bulbulji Bashi, 'first nightingale-keeper, and Tutuji Bashi, first parrot-keeper.) 'Omar Sheikh Mirza was of low stature. He was very corpu- 'lent, and wore his tunic extremely tight. He was not fanciful, 'either in his food or dress. His turban was without folds, and 'he allowed the end to hang down. During the heats, when out 'of the diwan, he usually had a Mogul cap. He was of the 'Hanifah sect, and strict in his belief. He never omitted the 'five daily prayers, and during his whole life he rigidly per- 'formed the Kaza, or retributory prayers and fasts. (The 'Mahometans, when sick, or on a journey, or in war, are not 'bound to observe the stated prayers and fasts, but are enjoined to make up for the omission afterwards.—*W. E.*) Much of his time was spent in reading the Koran. He was an affectionate

'disciple of the venerable Khwajeh Obeidullah of Samarcand. 'He read the mystical poems, especially the Shah Nameh (the 'Book of Kings, a poetical history of ancient Persia, in 120,000 'verses, composed in the eleventh century by Ferdausi). He 'was so just, that, when a caravan from China (Khita) lay 'buried in snow among the eastern hills, although he was then 'in straitened circumstances, yet he caused all the effects to be 'preserved until the heirs came from the western cities, in the 'following year, to claim them. He was of an excellent temper, 'affable, eloquent, and sweet in his conversation, yet brave 'withal and manly. Twice he advanced in front of his army, 'and displayed his prowess in combat. He was a middling shot 'with the bow. He had uncommon strength in his fists, and 'never hit a man without knocking him down. In his youth he 'was very fond of talar and buzeh, an intoxicating liquor made 'of millet. Latterly he indulged himself with a drinking party 'once or twice a-week, and he was much addicted to the use of 'maajun, inebriating comfits prepared with bang, which brought 'on a feverish irritability. He often played at backgammon, 'and sometimes at games of chance with the dice. (According 'to the commentaries on the Koran, all games of chance are for-'bidden.) He fought three great battles; one with his father-'in-law, Yunis Khan, on the Sirr, at a place called the Goat's 'Leap, where he was defeated. Another with the Uzbeks, near 'the river Aras. They were returning with plunder from the 'territory of Samarcand, when he crossed the Aras, then frozen 'over, and routed them. In his third battle, in which he was 'opposed to Sultan Ahmed, his eldest brother, he was over-'thrown.'

A truly Asiatic career! out of the three great battles of Omar Sheikh's life, one being fought against his father-in-law, and another against his brother! Omar's Ameers then follow:—

'.... Sheikh Mazid Beg, who was first appointed to be my 'governor. His arrangements and discipline were excellent. 'No man stood higher in the esteem of Omar Sheikh Mirza. 'Nevertheless he was a man of gross habits, and given to unna-'tural practices. After his death the Ameer Baba Kuli was 'my governor. He kept his troops in good order; but he neither 'prayed nor fasted, and was like an infidel in his whole deport-'ment.

'The Ameer Hassan Yakub, "the handsome Jacob," was a 'frank, clever, and good-tempered man, an excellent archer, and '*distinguished for his skill at leap-frog.* On the death of Omar 'Sheikh, he became Master of my household, *i.e.* Prime Minister. 'He was, however, a narrow-minded man, and a promoter of 'dissension.

'Another was Kasim Beg, a man of ancient rank. He was 'successor to Hassan Yakub in the office of Prime Minister. 'To the end of his life his power and favour with me were on 'the increase. He was a bold man at a foray, and made a 'gallant use of his scymitar in the service of Omar Sheikh, and 'even, in his old age, with me. He was a faithful and pious 'Moslem, who carefully abstained from all dubious meats. In a 'period of great difficulty he forsook me, and joined Khosrou 'Shah. In the year 1504 he returned to my service, when that 'chief was reduced to destitution. He became governor of 'Humaioon during my residence at Cabul. His judgment and 'talents were of a superior order; and, though he could neither 'read nor write, he had an elegant vein of wit.

'Another of the Ameers was Ali Dost Taghai, a Mogul, the 'Grand Huntsman. He received great favour at my hands, and 'I was told that he would be very useful to me; but I cannot 'tell what service he ever did in all the years he was with me. 'He was covetous, self-conceited, mean, seditious, insincere, and 'of a sour visage.

'Another was Mir Ghias Taghai. He was much in the con-'fidence of Sultan Abusaid Mirza, who gave him the custody of 'the Square Seal. He was no less a favourite with Omar 'Sheikh. He was a very facetious man, but fearless in de-'bauchery.

'Another was Kamber Ali, a Mogul, the son of a skinner. 'He was ewer bearer to Yunis Khan, but finally attained the 'rank of Beg. From me he received distinguished favours, and 'behaved very well till he reached a certain elevation, when he 'became negligent, and his talk was very silly. There can be 'no doubt that a great talker must often talk foolishly.'

Ahmed Mirza, a great man in his day, in the Eastern world, figures in another passage.

'.... Meanwhile Ahmed Mirza, on his return through Ura-'tippa in the month of July, was seized with a burning fever, 'and departed from this transitory world, by the side of the 'White River, in the forty-fourth year of his age. He was tall, 'ruddy, and corpulent. He wore his turban in the four-plaited 'manner, according to the fashion of the time. He was a man 'of very pleasant manners. He was attached to the Hanifah* 'sect, and was a true orthodox believer. He omitted none of 'the five daily prayers, even when engaged in a drinking party. 'His religious instructor was Khwajeh Abeidulla. He was

* 'According to Sale, there are four sects of orthodox Mahometans; Hanafees, 'Shafees, Malekees, and Hambalees, named after their founders. The Hanafees decide questions by reason; the three others by tradition. The heretical sects dispute about free-will and predestination; whether God has a corporeal nature, &c.

'polite and ceremonious at all times, especially in his intercourse 'with the Khwajeh. *It is said that, however long they might 'sit together, he never changed the position of his knee, except 'in one instance, when he rested one knee on the other.* After 'he rose the Khwajeh examined the spot, and found a bone 'lying there, (the bone of a dead animal defiles a Mahometan, 'and he is bound to purify himself after touching it.) He was 'so observant of decorum that he would never uncover his feet, 'even before his own relations, (the Asiatics wear long robes, 'which conceal the feet as they sit cross-legged). He was a 'plain honest Turk, of moderate abilities. He was scarcely able 'to read, but he was a just man, and always consulted the 'Khwajeh in affairs of importance. He was true to his promise, 'and faithfully performed all his engagements and treaties. 'He was brave in battle, and a dexterous archer: in riding 'across the place of exercise, he used to hit the brazen basin 'several times. When he became very lusty he had recourse to 'falconry, and seldom failed to bring down a quail or a pheasant 'with his gos-hawk. With the exception of Ulugh Beg, there 'was no king equal to him in field sports.

'He would drink wine for twenty or thirty days at a stretch, 'and then abstain for an equal period, during which he took 'pungent substances.'

A Lord Chief Justice is mentioned in connexion with accomplishments that should put our English Bench to the blush. An Asiatic Chief Justice has a wider field of character open to him, and is not bounded and oppressed by the sobrieties and matter-of-fact tone of his deportment.

'In May 1497, agreeably to my appointment with Ali Mirza, 'I issued from Andejan, to resume the siege of Samarcand, and, 'passing through Yar Ailak, encamped at Yam, where, in a 'skirmish on the pleasure-ground, Khwajehka Mullai, the Lord 'Chief Justice of Andejan, the elder brother of Khwajeh Kilan, 'received an arrow in the neck, and departed to the mercy of 'God. He was a learned man, and was nominated by my father 'to be Keeper of the Seal. *He was skilled in falconry, and knew 'the art of bringing down rain and snow by enchantment.*'

Imagine a biographer of Lord Denman detailing, with the appearance of a profound veracity, among a variety of talents and accomplishments, his lordship's power over the sky, and art of bringing down rain by enchantment! Sultan Hussain and his Ameers now come before us, each with his character in

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'They generally charge each other with infidelity. The Shiites, who assert that Ali 'was the first lawful Caliph, are divided into a countless number of sects.

'Mr. Forster says, that this division of the Moslems into so many sects was owing mainly to the study of Aristotle.'

order. The Sultan has a longer description appended to him in deference to his greatness; the nobles are cut off with a short notice.

'Sultan Hussain had straight, narrow eyes; his body was 'robust, like that of a lion. On his accession he determined 'that the names of the twelve Imams should be read in the 'Khutbeh, according to the Shia faith; but, afterwards, all was 'regulated in the orthodox manner. He was a lively, pleasant 'man, but rather hasty in his temper and language. In more 'than one instance he showed a profound reverence for the faith: 'one of his sons having slain a man, he delivered him to the 'avengers of blood, to be tried before the Kazi. For several 'years he abstained rigidly from the prohibited meats. He 'composed a Diwân in the Toorki language: many of his verses 'are pretty good, but the poem is all in one measure. He was 'a valiant man. No prince of the house of Taimur ever rivalled 'him in the use of the scymitar. He won several victories 'sword in hand: in one of his early battles he slew nine men. 'His chief exploit was the surprise of Yadgar Muhammed Mirza, 'who was lying intoxicated in the Raven Garden, at Herat: by 'that success he became master of Khorasan, and then he re-'signed himself to wassail and debauchery. During the forty 'years of his reign at Herat he drank wine every day after mid-'day prayers. His sons, and all the soldiery and the citizens, 'followed his example, and seemed to vie with each other in 'rioting and lascivious revelry. In his latter days, even when 'his beard became white, he wore gay woollen clothes of a red 'and green colour; on festival days he put on a showy turban 'with a nodding plume, and in that style went to prayers. *Not-'withstanding his age and royal dignity, he amused himself with 'pigeons and cock-fighting, and was fond as any child of keeping 'rams to butt against each other.*'

'.... The most eminent of his Ameers was Berenduk Birles, 'a very discreet man. He was so fond of his hawks, that, when 'he heard of one being lost or dead, he would say that the death 'of a son was nothing in comparison. He was the chief coun-'sellor of Mozaffer Mirza.

'Another was Mozaffer Birlas, whom he loaded with favours. 'They were so familiar together, that, in the first campaign of 'Hussain, it was agreed between them, that whatever country 'might be conquered, four parts of it should belong to the Mirza 'and two to Birlas. *How could such an agreement stand?* It 'could never answer even with his own brother or son. Hussain 'became ashamed of this arrangement, but to no purpose; 'Mozaffer presumed very much upon his friendship, and behaved 'factiously: the Sultan is said to have poisoned him.

'Another was Ali Shir, who was more his friend than his 'Ameer; in their youth they had been intimate with each other 'at school. Ali Shir was admired for the elegance of his de- 'meanour, which some ascribed to the conscious pride of high 'fortune; but that refinement was natural to him. Indeed, he 'was an incomparable person. From the time that poetry was 'first written in the Toorki language, no man has written so 'much and so well: he composed four odes; "The Singularities 'of Infancy," "The Wonders of Youth," "The Marvels of Man- 'hood," and "The Benefits of Age." He also wrote a treatise 'on Prosody, which is very incorrect. His Persian verses are, 'for the most part, heavy and poor. He has left some excellent 'pieces of music. There is not upon record a greater patron of 'talent than Ali Shir. At first he was Keeper of the Signet; in 'his middle age he held the government of Asterabad. He after- 'wards renounced the profession of arms; and, instead of receiv- 'ing any thing from the Mirza, he made him an annual present of 'money. He passed through life single and unincumbered.

'The Amir Syed Beder was a man of great strength, and very 'sweet manners. He was skilled in the arts of refinement, and '*danced in excellent style, exhibiting dances of an uncommon sort, 'of which he was himself the inventor.* He was a companion of 'the Mirza in his wine-parties.

'The Ameer Bedereddin was a very alert and nimble man; it 'is said that *he could leap over seven horses at once.* He was 'an intimate friend of Baba Ali, the Master of the Ceremonies.

'The Grand Falconer was Hassan Ali Jelair, an extravagant, 'shameless man. He was the most eminent man of his time for 'writing Kasidehs.

'Khwajeh Abdalla Marwarid was at first the Ecclesiastical 'Judge, but subsequently embraced the military life, and was 'raised to the dignity of Beg. No man could rival him in playing 'on the dulcimer. He was well versed in the art of writing 'letters. He was a poet, and a very pleasant companion. Owing 'to sensual excesses he was attacked with boils all over his body, 'and, after the endurance of severe pain for several years, he 'was brought to his end by that disease.

'The Ameer Syed Uroos was a young man noted for courage. 'His bow was stiff, the arrow long, the range far, and his aim 'was sure. He held the government of Andehkend.

'Another of the nobles was Dervish Ali Beg, a buffoon and 'silly man.

'Another was Syed Hussain, who was well acquainted with 'astronomy. He was rather given to wine, and was riotous in 'his cups.'

The age of Hussain abounded in genius and art. Poets and painters flourished in the kingdom of Khorasan in truly Eastern exuberance, and Persian literature was enjoying an Augustan age. 'The general character of the Persians,' Sir W. Jones tells us, 'is that softness, love of pleasure, indolence, and effeminacy, 'which have made them an easy prey to the western and northern 'warriors. In the intervals of peace they constantly sink into 'inactivity, and pass their lives in a pleasurable yet studious 'retirement: this is one cause that Persia has produced so many 'poets. There is a manuscript at Oxford containing the lives of 'a hundred and thirty-five of the finest Persian poets, most of 'whom left an ample collection of poems behind them. The 'delicacy of their lives and sentiments has insensibly affected the 'language, and rendered it the softest, as it is one of the richest, 'in the world.' The mixture of indomitable barbarism with all this refinement is most grotesque; and poetry and music in vain try to prevent the rough, satyr form of barbarian nature from coming in. It impertinently mixes itself with the scene, and intrudes from some hole in the wall, like an animal. Its gambols are entertaining, and there is a rough common-sense about them occasionally. We hardly know how a very conceited public singer of our own day,—the flower of a school accustomed to give themselves airs, and coquet with their musical gifts,—would relish the treatment applied to a master of the science at the court of Khorasan.

'Among the musicians, I ought not to omit Kul Muhammed 'Udi, who added three strings to the guitar, and could perform 'on the lute with fine taste; but he used to give himself many 'airs when he was desired to play. On one occasion he brought 'a bad instrument with him to a party, where Sheibani Khan 'requested to hear him, and, after giving much trouble, he made 'a very indifferent performance. *The Khan, at that very enter-* '*tainment, ordered him to receive a number of blows on the neck.* '*This was one good deed that Sheibani did in his day.*'

Baber's grave approbation of the act gives a finish to it, and poor Kul Muhammed does not meet with the smallest compassion. The poets and musicians of Persia are described as combining a variety of other talents with their peculiar gift.

'Another peerless man was Pehlewan Busaid: he was a poet, 'and a composer of music. *No man was a match for him in* '*wrestling.*

Another man of superlative talent was Mir Hussain, the 'Enigmatist. His conundrums and riddles were beyond all 'competition. His whole time was spent in devising them. He was a humble, unpretending man.'

A philosopher:—

'Moulana Sheikh Hussain was a man profound in philosophy, 'logic, rhetoric, and mataphysics. He had the faculty of extracting 'a great deal of meaning from a very few words, and of com- 'menting upon them with exceeding subtlety. No one ever 'discharged the office of Mohtesib,—*i. e. Public Censor of Morals 'and Superintendant of Markets,—with more ability.* In the time 'of Sultan Abusaid he was consulted by that prince on all affairs 'of state. As for the heads of the Sedder (Supreme Court of 'Justice) there was "the bareheaded Mir," who affected to be a 'Syed. He wasted his life in composing a long-winded impro- 'bable tale.'

We have been led on from extract to extract in turning over the pages of this odd book, and the continuity of the proceeding has carried us along. There is much more of the same kind in it, as well as of a graver kind, and much valuable information about Eastern manners and customs, and Asiatic events. As an autobiography, its quaintness and unconsciously dry and invariably sober style, is its chief feature. We have presented the more personal and characteristic aspect of the book to our readers.

ART. VII.—*The Life of the Rev. Joseph Blanco White, written by himself; with portions of his Correspondence. Edited by* JOHN HAMILTON THOM. 3 Vols. 12mo. London: Chapman. 1845.

'I HAVE written a great part of my Memoirs, which are not to 'be published till after my death. Few, except men like your- 'self, will take an interest in them: the irreligious will despise 'me for most of what I have to state; the dogmatic religionists 'will conclude that I have ended in something little short of 'atheism, and will turn away from the history of my mind with 'horror. That history, however, *shall* be known. I consider 'it my paramount duty; if I had not lived for the purpose of 'attesting faithfully the facts of my mental experience, I have 'lived in vain. But I have better hopes; and the joy with 'which, at the close of my *mission*, I look at the instances in 'which God has enabled me to be faithful to it, is a pledge that I 'am not deceived .... I feel therefore that I have done all that 'was assigned to me by Providence in the world, and now I must 'wait for death in this perfect moral solitude—without a single 'human being near me, to whom I may look up for that help 'and sympathy which old men that have walked on the beaten 'paths of life, expect when their dissolution approaches. My 'only comfort is, that I have been true to my internal light; 'that I have not betrayed the *cause* of truth. My works '(except the last) do not afford me any satisfaction, for they 'have been generally written under an imperfect light—a light 'thickly clouded by the large remnants of the enormous mass of 'religious prejudices which my education laid upon me. But I 'leave the result to Providence; such *gropings* as mine, upon 'record, may be profitable to minds destined to shine in future 'on the way to improvement.' Such is the view which Mr. Blanco White takes, near the close of his life, of his 'mission,' the object for which he conceives he was sent into the world. He was born to suffer a martyrdom in the cause of truth; to spend a life of acute and agonising intellectual self-examination; and, after clearing his own mind, step by step, of all the religious ideas which first Roman Catholic, and then Protestant Christianity, had fostered in it, to leave to the world, at any rate in his own internal system, one isolated, individual exemplar of rational piety. He speaks as if this mental analysis had never once been thoroughly done before, as if his own were literally the very first complete achievement of the kind, and were a distinct introduction of a new intellectual era.

Nevertheless, in spite of his deep feeling to this effect, in spite of self-analysis, determination, singleness of purpose, and clear-headedness, we do not think that nature intended Mr. Blanco White for a theologian: she gave prognostics of a much more simply literary, we may even say of a dilettanti line. So, as we happen to know, thought his friend Quintana, in talking to an Oxford acquaintance of Blanco White's, who went with a letter of introduction to him,—'A great pity,' was his view; 'a 'great mistake; Blanco White was a literary man, and shonld 'not have perplexed himself with theology.' The autobiography, we think, strongly confirms this. We do not say that Blanco White's is not a deep mind—far from it; but a literary and a dilettanti mind may easily be a deep one. There are different kinds of depth—of *real* depth. Blanco White has one kind, not the most solid. His mind is a penetrating, but not a large one. He perforates, but he does not spread; he grasps particular ideas very tight, but does not take in a field of balance and comparison. He dips under, and comes up again; he disappears, and comes up instantly in the same place; he brings up something solid with him from the metaphysical bottom, but he has not staid there long enough to see its large and awful extent. He is content with seeing very clearly and pointedly what he does see, and does not feel the enlarging swell and movement of the inner mind, which suspects narrowness, and wants to have as many ideas under its eye at a time as possible—to think as many things at once as possible. We mention it more as a philosophical than a moral fault in him, that he is far too satisfied with the mere clearness of an intellectual view, and luxuriates in metaphysical point and local accuracy. The pleasure of clearness is a regular snare to the philosophical mind, just as the confined exertion of any of our powers of body and mind always is. It becomes soon comparatively easy to do one thing well, if we abandon ourselves to it; but mind and body become one-sided in the process. Clearness of idea is not the only object which a philosophical mind should have in view; largeness is quite as important. Blanco White handles and handles his idea when he has got it; he likes to feel himself handling it, to think to himself—I have it; I've got it; I've hold of it. This is the luxury of thought. It is effeminate to go on indulging in the enjoyment of the capture, after the act of capturing the idea has been performed. The mind ought to be going on to other things, and enlarging its field. Here Blanco White fails; and this is what is especially essential in the department of theology. Scientific theology is a regular chart, a map; it is a field of lines and sections, contacts, juxtapositions, comparisons, balancings. Take one of the philosophical schoolmen, and think what

he had to do; what a vast expanse of intersecting intertwining ideas, of similarities and dissimilarities, he had to master and keep in order. We are speaking now simply of the power of mind shown. If Aquinas, for example, had real ideas in his head corresponding to his words, and it is probable he had, what a field his mind becomes! Blanco White had not the sort of mind to carry on such a process as this; it was not regular, not business-like enough, for there is such a thing as this latter even in metaphysics. His natural temperament enters into his philosophy. His is capricious and unmarshalled depth: he thinks deeply, but impatiently. With his real force of intellect a metaphysical form of the childish goes along; and the amiably fretting, peevish, querulous man, is the subtle, but impatient, metaphysician. He likes thinking in his own way, and putting down his thoughts as they occur. The album and commonplace-book have too great an intimacy with his theology, and he is a divine and a philosopher in the mould of a literary dilettanti.

Notwithstanding this, however, there is a depth and force in this book which tells. Such a life as Mr. Blanco White's, is, in a minor way, a blow struck at Christianity, and a blow which will not be unfelt, perhaps, in some quarters. Christianity has had many blows struck at it in the course of its earthly career, and more than one in this country within the last century. Hume's argument against miracles was a blow; Gibbon's Roman History was a blow. Christianity simply received them, allowed them to tell and have influence upon this or that portion of society, and went on its way. A feebler blow in the same direction is Mr. Blanco White's autobiography. His mind is a deep, narrow well, out of which infidelity springs up with wonderful genuineness and life. The infidel objection he raises has a clearness and transparency, which can result only from the reality of the thought in his mind. It is surprising to see the old objection which Butler's Analogy has long ago dealt with, and which one thought had now had its day, springing up again with the freshness of life, and with as seemingly clear a sensation of its unanswerableness, as if the fountain-head of truth itself were speaking. In this light the present autobiography is not an unimportant book. It seems to reflect, as in a mirror, the intellectual elements at work in the infidel mind in general. Defective in itself, it has weight and power as a reflex. The scattered sounds come from the true oracular hole, from the navel of the earth. He seems to hit off occasionally some deep principle of ›fidelity that we may expect to see coming out some of these ›ys. As a reflex of this kind, it gives warning symptoms. For nts of approaching questions, a theological mind, we doubt ›ot, could gain something from looking into it. There are

signs in the political world which tell what questions are on the rise; and there are signs in the theological world of the same sort. The quick thrusts that we have here may be intimations of something more general. The English mind at large is not one to be much influenced by metaphysical reasonings, but a portion of it is; and upon that portion a theological cloud seems hanging.

These volumes consist of extracts from a journal and correspondence, mixed with his own reflections. The journal begins in 1812, starting with the second stage of his religious course. In 1834, a new course of self-review commences a comment upon his own diary, and gives extracts. The process is continued at certain intervals up to his death; and his mind is altering as this very process of review is going on. The effect is almost puzzling to the reader. The strata of scepticism multiply, and intertwine with each other. After commenting upon his own diary, he then comments upon his own comments. The very act of reflection is itself reflected on, and the tone of a former stage of review is too orthodox for a later. The autobiography becomes itself a kind of animal, and seems to move; and the very narrative turns narrator. The extended trunk that we are sitting on begins to creep. We think we are stationary at last, when a little note at the end of the page transcends the text, and converts the ground we are on into an inferior and moving stratum. 'I am struck with the absurdity of the ex-'pression, which I used from habit only two years ago,' is a note which marks the progress which two years had made in his mind. The same advance goes on to the last; and where the writer does not himself observe it, the reader may see a tone taken at one stage of review which is not in keeping with that further on. But we must turn to the contents of this history.

Joseph Blanco White was born at Seville in 1775. 'Of the 'excellence of my parents' hearts, of their benevolence, of their 'sincere piety,' he says, 'it is impossible to speak too highly.' They were true specimens of Catholic devotion, deeply attached to their faith, and fervent in works of mercy. His father's walk, after prayers on the Sunday, ended in 'visiting the wards of a 'crowded and pestilential hospital, where, for many years, he 'spent two or three hours of the evening in rendering to the 'sick every kind of service, not excluding the most menial and 'disgusting. He was twice at death's door in consequence of 'infection. But nothing could damp his philanthropy.' His childhood was a solitary one; and, in his diary, he recollects how, while his two sisters were receiving their education at a convent, and he was left alone, he 'looked on the children of the poor

'who were playing in the streets, and envied their happiness in 'being allowed to associate with their equals.'

An ardent, affectionate temper, a fastidious taste, a busy intellect, a sceptical fancy, a dislike of mental checks, marked, in their measure, his boyhood, and even his infancy. A Spanish translation of Fenelon's 'Télémaque' was among the small collection of books which constituted his father's library. 'I read it, indeed, 'so often, when only six or seven years old, that I knew it almost 'by heart. The effect it had upon my imagination was very 'powerful. Nor did it confine its influence to that faculty. 'It is a curious fact, that my first doubt of the truth of Christi- 'anity originated in that book, before I was full eight years of 'age. My recollection of every circumstance connected with 'that transient doubt is quite perfect; my delight in the descrip- 'tions of the sacrifices offered to the gods was intense. I felt, 'besides, a strong sympathy with the principal personages of 'the story; the difference between their religion and my own 'struck me very powerfully, and my admiration of their wisdom 'and courage suggested the question, why should we feel so 'perfectly assured that those who worshipped in that manner 'were wrong? I dwelt upon this argument for some time, but 'when the day arrived to go to confession, and I had to look at 'the catalogue of sins which is contained in the book of *Prepa- 'ration*, I perceived the necessity of accusing myself of doubts 'against the faith. At the moment I am writing, the place 'where the confessional stood is clearly before my mind, and 'I see the countenance of the Dominican who used to shrive me: 'his name was *Padre Baréa*, a fat, rosy, good-tempered man, 'who, nevertheless, held the office of *consulting Divine* to the 'Inquisition, and hated heretics from his heart, as in duty bound. 'In accusing myself I fairly stated my argument. The friar's 'astonishment made him fall back in the confessional-box; yet, 'using the kindest expression which the Spanish language 'affords for addressing a child,[1] he asked what kind of books I 'read. I answered him with great simplicity, that I read no 'books but *Télémaque*. On hearing this the friar smiled, and 'desiring me not to trouble my foolish head with such subjects, 'absolved me of all my sins, and did not even interdict the 'book which had been the innocent cause of my scepticism. 'I believe he would have been inclined to twist my neck, 'had he possessed any prophetic spirit, so as to foresee that 'the time would come when even the *Heretics*, whom he would 'have burnt with exultation, would find me too much a heretic 'for their taste.'

[1] 'Angelito, *qué libros lees?* Little innocent, (literally, little angel,) what books do you read?'

A dream he had in his childhood was never forgotten, and is duly recorded as an 'important mental fact about himself.' 'I remember,' he says, 'that even in my childhood I had a fear 'of a future Life, and shrunk from all the Pictures of Heaven 'which abound in the Catholic Books of Devotion. I preserve 'a pretty distinct recollection of a Dream, which I had about 'my eleventh or twelfth year. In that Dream I felt disem-'bodied and climbing up (it was a laborious Motion) through a 'dimly-lighted passage, at the end of which I found myself—as 'if I had been a Swedenborgian—in a House very like those to 'which I was accustomed in Spain, full of Angels such as I saw 'daily in Pictures, who welcomed me and told me I was really 'in Heaven. Though I had now nothing to fear from the Place 'of Torments, which I almost distinguished at the foot of a long 'flight of Stairs, the deepest Melancholy took hold of me, because 'Heaven appeared to me a very dull habitation, and I did not 'know what to do with myself through a long, long Eternity. 'I was relieved, when waking, I found that I was still on Earth.

'"What a childish Dream," some People will say. I suspect 'that the charge of Childishness lies at the Door of those who 'make it. The Child did not contrive the Dream for himself: 'it was the pure spontaneous result of those Pictures of Heaven 'which are supposed to have the greatest Power to *bribe* Mankind 'into Virtue. Now, if such Allurements had any real influ-'ence they would chiefly exert it upon such a being as I then 'was—a stranger to the Passions and Interests which bind Men 'to this Life. Yet the most glowing Pictures of a future Life 'had no attraction for me. The Fear of an interminable, suf-'fering Existence possessed my Soul, and, though I had never 'thought on Annihilation, I remember that I preferred *not to be*, 'to the *Chance* of living for ever with the Angels, which I felt 'somewhat in the character of living in a Church.'

A quarrel with the Dominican professor at college, when he was fifteen, was another epoch in his intellectual career. The Dominican was an adherent of the old Aristotelian school of logic; and the works of the Benedictine Feyjoo, a disciple of the French school, and maintainer of Bacon's experimental philosophy, had already settled deep in the young student's mind. And 'now the very sight of the friar, who lectured on logic at 'the Dominican College, became odious to me. One day he 'gave me a reprimand, before the class, for neglecting my studies. 'I rose from my seat, and told him plainly those studies were 'not worth my attention, and should never have it. I repeated 'a number of remarks against the Aristotelic Philosophy, which 'I had learnt from Feyjoo. The friar was enraged: and I 'wonder I escaped a beating from the other students. Fright-

'ened at my own boldness, I ran home, and told my mother all 'that had taken place.' He adds, 'Nearly fifty years have 'elapsed, and now, more than ever, I recognise and rejoice in my 'intellectual identity with the boy of fifteen.'

An ardent taste for literature gave the main direction and occupation to his mind for the whole first half of his life. At the age of fourteen he 'was instrumental in forming an Academy 'for examining the beauties of Don Quixote in the style of 'Scholastic Theology.' Some of the youths rather objected to the pertness of this process, but 'he had the pleasure, 'through the exertions of himself and some able young friends, 'of seeing that prejudice nearly subdued.' A 'serious academy 'of Belles Lettres, to which he chiefly owed the original develop-'ment of his mind,' kept these young literary men together, 'till they were all about the age of four or five-and-twenty.' An intimacy with an accomplished literary friend, gave him a still deeper bent in this direction. He and Arjona formed, out of their circle of acquaintances, a select and finished literary club, who met in Arjona's room, and read papers, and discussed. An election to a fellowship in the *collegio mayor* at Seville, a secular and aristocratic foundation, finished his position, and furnished an unfailing passport into the best informed and most brilliant part of Spanish society.

A large part of his character, a favourable sphere for its development, tastes and friends to sympathize with them, reading in the morning and conversation in the evening; lectures, soirées, and clubs, thus combined and went a considerable way toward making a purely literary man of him. There is a difficulty in that phrase 'would have been,' in the conjecture what a man would have been, had he lived in a different age, under different circumstances. Without troubling ourselves, however, to make such a conjecture, it is impossible not to observe the strong pointed tendency to the purely literary man which Blanco White's whole picture exhibits. There are certain signs which show this particular class of mind, just as every class has its own signs. A genuine literary man evinces a sensitiveness to the details of his department, and sees charms in minutiæ, and ravishing graces in *quæstiunculæ*, which no other mortal does. Each sprig and tiny flower in his path is full of meaning, and reflects, in its narrow compass, the animation of a world. The soul of literature pervades and animates the universal body up to the extremest tips and finger ends. Every wheel of the machinery of authorship, and every fact that proceeds from behind the scenes, delights simply from being *recherché*. A disputed authorship, reading, derivation, have a definite interest to his mind; and inquiry and decision pick up favourite materials

everywhere with a tender embrace. The technicalities, in fact, of every department to persons outside of it, are realities to those within. Blanco White is genially imbued with a love of the literary circumstantial, and shows it thoroughly. In the very thick of his theological metaphysics, up to the very last, the pages of his diary teem with literary matter. He puts it down for his own private pleasure, and as a part of his own intrinsic mental course, without any other object than this: he loves it for its own sake, and does not get it up for a purpose. Theologians have often and often been literary men; but their literary life becomes a past stage to them when they have once entered regularly the theological: they do not pursue theology and literature together, as twin pursuits. Blanco White does this. The literary man is the divine, and not the divine the literary man. On the same pages with the most abstruse and awful points of religious inquiry, and with metaphysics as to the Trinity and the Incarnation, appear, given with evident relish, and real depth, reflections on style, language, grammar; on Addison, Steele, Blair, Lindley Murray; or Göethe, Tasso, Le Sage, Shakespeare, Chaucer, Cervantes, Schiller; Mitchell's Aristophanes; on the respective characters of Gil Blas and Tom Jones; on Göethe's Bettine. He suggests new derivatives, new conjectural readings; a "subsume" as well as a "consume" in English; súppliance, and not suppliance, in the line of Hamlet,

'The perfume and (the) súppliance of a minute;'

He quotes 'Biondo Flavio, the antiquary;' Ugo Foscolo, upon the origin of grotesque names for Italian academies, 'Guingené, Leo, M. Antoninus,' 'the inscription on the Alexandrian Pharos.' He is translating Fichte's metaphysics. 'The love of information,' he says,—'of which I have found an inexhaustible mine in the 'German language—attracts me almost irresistibly to the works 'which I see already on my shelves, and those whose valuable 'contents I know by report. If I open the treasures of lite-'rature which nourished my mind in youth—especially the 'Italian poets—I feel young again, and my mind feels trans-'ported to the region of love and beauty, which I can now better 'enjoy than during the fever of the passions. I am reading 'Tasso, after more than thirty years of neglect, with a far higher 'perception of the immortal beauties of his great poem, than 'I ever had in the period of my æsthetic self-instruction. How 'can I quit this elysium of the mind, to plunge into Stygian 'floods of controversy!'

Looking at the way, then, in which he threw himself into those tastes, and adopted them as his regular line, as a young man, and kept them up with relish to the very last; he is not the

person whom one would expect before-hand to become the founder and exemplar of a new theology. We can imagine him, under certain circumstances, having contented himself with his literary line, and lived and died in it. A strong natural scepticism is apparent in him, it is true; but many a literary man with such tendencies has, before now, finished a flowing and successful career without any positive quarrel with established religion. If religion lets him alone, he will let religion alone, and he is satisfied with the uninterrupted development of his own powers which is secured to him, and with the liberty to sneer. But Blanco White had another state of things to encounter; and in the Church domination of Spain a stimulus was felt, which sent him in another and far more dangerous direction.

The state of the Roman Catholic Church at this time in Spain exhibited that mixture of exuberant devotion in the mass, and suspicious despotism in the rulers, which is so striking at certain periods of that Church's history. The Inquisition still held its ground, and exerted its mediæval powers. In the midst of an universal change which had spread over the intellectual surface of the world, Spain alone was prohibited ground, and kept out the movement. People could philosophize freely everywhere else, but not in Spain; and the intellectual Spaniard who had caught any portion of the continental 'enlightenment,' felt himself in a dark prison, and fretted under his total exclusion from the open air which the rest of the world enjoyed. He could not speak to a bosom friend, without risk, of any religious doubts that an active intellect had raised. He could not move, or speak, or whisper, without a danger of the sound reaching the Inquisition: even walls had ears, and thought betrayed its own workings. The very isolation of Spain in her Inquisitorial system compelled a more rigorous watchfulness in administering it, and the circumjacent liberties of the rest of the world sharpened suspicion about opinion at home. A general feeling of distrust spread downward from the 'holy tribunal' into the mass, and penetrated into the very recesses of private life. Fathers and mothers were afraid of hearing a casual word from their own children, which might impose on them the duty of reporting them to the Inquisition. All sects and schools have in their day persecuted pretty vigorously, and the theory of persecution was the popular one for centuries; but now it had not that excuse. Public opinion over the world had declared against it. The Inquisition had outlived its natural term, and was keeping up a forced and artificial authority as useless as it was odious. It had, moreover, outlived the sanctity and earnestness of its first institutors. The course of things hands over institutions from genuine to

hollow hands, and a twofold hatefulness attaches to what time, while it has unnaturalized, has also hollowed and corrupted. What a symptom it was, when the very tribunal that had condemned a miserable woman to be burnt, had not the courage to hear her confession, and with a base cowardice, called in a stranger to face her! The ruling powers of the Church in Spain seem, with a trembling sensitiveness to the impending storm, to have been simply bent on keeping things going, and maintaining an establishment ascendancy; and without the smallest sympathy or tenderness for the intellectual dangers of the age, simple stifling prostration was the order of the day. The plan, of course, could not answer. They tried to keep out the whole body of continental literature, and the only result was a smuggled influx of the exclusively bad and infidel parts of it. They threw intellectual minds into a hopeless self-consuming morbidness, and forced them into secret clubs and hotbeds. Scepticism could not be artificially stopped: it only went on in Spain underground instead of above-ground, and with almost more pollution and darkness than attached to it in other countries.

While a fierce mental struggle was thus raging in the upper circle of the Spanish mind, the mass below presented a warm and glowing picture of Catholic devotion and unsuspicious Church-submission. Churches were thronged; the priesthood ruled; young women left their homes, and entered, moved by their simple aspirations after a high devotion, into the most austere nunneries. There were temporary spiritual retreats for those who wanted them; and crowds of penitents listened to favourite preachers, and responded with groans and tears to impassioned appeals which set their own sins and God's judgment, death and hell, in vivid horrors before them. At Seville, the spiritual exercises of S. Ignatius went on in the oratory of St. Philip Neri, under the superintendence of Father Vega—a person of whose eloquence and great powers Blanco White was himself a witness. 'His countenance, besides, was very striking. 'It must be an interesting fact to physiognomists, and, perhaps, 'to phrenologists, that an excellent bust of Oliver Cromwell, 'which I had frequently before my eyes during two years of 'my residence in this country, forcibly reminded me of my old 'spiritual leader. That this was not a mere fancy, may be 'proved by the circumstance that a young Irishman, whom I 'knew intimately at Seville, and who, through my father's in-'fluence, submitted to the Spiritual Exercises, told me that from 'the recollection he had of the portraits of Oliver Cromwell, he 'imagined he saw him alive when Father Vega stood before 'him. His voice was harsh and nasal; but in the private 'chapel, fitted up on purpose for the *Exercitants*, he could modu-

'late its tones with a wonderful effect. During the perform-
'ance of mass, he was daily affected to such a degree that a
'flood of tears gushed from his eyes, especially at the time of
'consecration. This may convey to some people the idea of
'perfect acting; but I knew the man very well, and having
'often reconsidered his character, I feel bound, in candour, to
'acquit him of that charge. The modifications of enthusiasm
'are, indeed, innumerable, and the manner in which the thoughts
'of things invisible, constantly dwelt upon with vehemence, can
'affect the nervous system, has never been thoroughly inves-
'tigated. Indeed, in sternness and boldness, he might be com-
'pared to Knox, the Scotch Reformer. . . . .

'A large bell announced the first meeting in the chapel.
'That place was kept nearly dark. A lantern, closed on all
'sides but one, threw its light on a statue of Christ expiring on
'the Cross. As the object of the sculptor was to strike the
'senses, without any regard to taste, the statue was as large as
'life, with glass eyes, and the body so coloured as to represent
'flesh, sprinkled here and there with blood. After the congre-
'gation had taken their seats, in profound silence, one of Father
'Vega's assistant priests read the subject of *Meditation* for that
'evening. This reading generally lasted half an hour. At the
'end of it, all knelt. For about a quarter of an hour nothing
'was heard but the pendulum of the clock which was to measure
'a full hour for *Meditation*. Aware, however, that most of his
'spiritual patients would lose themselves in reverie, if left en-
'tirely to their own thoughts, Father Vega assisted them, with
'what, in the language of asceticism, are called *ejaculations*. It
'seemed as if his thoughts, growing too big and vehement to be
'contained in his breast, broke out in spite of himself. At first,
'these ejaculations were short, and came at long intervals; but
'they gradually grew more frequent and longer; till, near the
'end of the hour, and just before the congregation were allowed
'to rise from their knees, the monotonous chant of the ejacula-
'tions was changed into agonizing screams, accompanied with
'a loud smiting of the breast, in which the congregation joined,
'as they were moved; most of them repeating the words of the
'Director, and loudly calling for mercy.'

At Cadiz, the 'Cave' of Father Santa Maria, a dark, dimly-lighted cellar below the street, presented scenes of an even more tremendous character. 'Directly after the Sermon, two Priests,
'each bearing a large bundle of knotted scourges made of whip-
'cord, paced up and down the subterranean chapel, furnishing
'every one present with one of those instruments of penance.
'After this, all the lights were extinguished, except a small
'taper, which was concealed in a dark lantern. When perfect

'darkness had been produced, one of the Priests chaunted in a 'wailing voice a short narrative of Christ's sufferings. The 'devotees were in the mean time removing that part of the dress 'which stood in the way of the lashes which they intended to 'inflict upon themselves. Previous, however, to the intended 'revenge on the sinful flesh, the pious self-tormentors inter-'rupted their invisible stripping, to give themselves a sound slap 'on the face, when the singing priest mentioned a similar blow 'inflicted on Christ by the High Priest's servant. The narra-'tive being ended, the *Miserere* was set up in a louder voice, and 'the whips, clashing quickly and loudly against the bare flesh, 'accompanied the melody with the strongest thorough-bass ima-'ginable. The zeal of the flagellants waxed hot as the opera-'tion proceeded; I have, indeed, seen the walls sprinkled with 'blood in churches where this practice prevails. The noise of 'the lashes might be supposed to grow less as the Psalm (the 'verses of which are alternately chaunted by the congregation 'and the Priest) approaches to the conclusion; but it is not so. 'I confess that at the recollection of that conclusion, feelings of 'scorn, pity, and indignation, are strangely mixed in my breast. 'The frantic clamours raised all at once by two or three hundred 'voices, in such screams as the sight of the bottomless pit yawn-'ing before them might wring from the creatures who saw the 'first undeniable evidence of their eternal misery; the increased 'violence of the blows, the sighs, loud sobbing, and cries for 'pardon—all this wild noise re-echoed in perfect darkness by 'the walls and vaults of the chapel, surpasses in horror every-'thing which the novelists have imagined for the purpose of 'terrifying their readers. A repeated loud clapping of the 'priest's hands puts an end to the flagellation. After a pause 'of about five minutes, allowed for clothing, the dark lantern is 'opened, and the lamps rekindled.'

Whatever may be said of such scenes as these—morbid, fanatic, frantic they may be; and we are not going to set them up as the types of the highest kind of devotion—whatever they may be, they carry with them their own evidence of religious sincerity. There is a reality in them which shows that the Church in Spain, with all its corruptions and abuses, had also its practical side, and was a converter of souls; made people feel themselves sinners, and preached Jesus Christ and Him crucified to the miserable wandering crowds within its fold. A rude excited luxuriance of devotional feeling, somewhat answering to the Methodistical revivals in our own country, marked the popular religious mind of Spain, and showed the real Gospel element in its intermixture with the disordered human mass.

There are two ways in which such a state of things as this

tells upon a sceptical nature. Either the scepticism thaws before the scene of devotion, or the scene of devotion irritates the scepticism. In Blanco White the latter took place. The popular religion, hollowed and eaten out in the first instance by the sceptical element in his mind, received but a superficial and treacherous glow from such displays, and his intellect pictured but the more intensely the internal rottenness of the painted corpse. Scepticism was first in the field. He had just those impressions from such scenes that a man has on seeing a false system 'showing off,' and putting on a face. He disliked it so much the more. He had also a natural repugnance to all impassioned devotion as such. A peculiar want of sympathy with any form of religious enthusiasm, is a regular feature in him. It coexists with that warmth of natural affection which would lead us to expect, *à priori*, the very contrary: but there it is all the same. He is warm in nature; cold in religion; has ardent human affections, and dry spiritual ones. Family, friends, and acquaintances; father, mother, and sisters; all the world, so far as it is nature's, has a power to fascinate and soften him. The tear starts to his eye, his voice falters, his heart beats—this is the sympathy of nature. But sensitive and impassioned nature sees her own reflection in God's Church; is at once cold, suspicious, and angry; and, proud in her tenderness, will not let herself be translated into religion. She gives to man and to this world the worship of the heart, and to God the worship of the reason. The strong affectionate principle and the strong rationalistic one go side by side in Blanco White. He cannot bear the religious affection, the devotional sentiment; it annoys him, pricks, and irritates him. He thinks it so foolish, absurd, weak, empty, untenable. He turns from the kneeling knee and outstretched arms, from the *Miserere* and the *Gloria*, with an irritation almost like positive spite; and the serpentine intellect writhes under its own sting, as all its refined and piercing hatred of superstition rises up. He even dislikes it the more from having felt its impressions; impressions made hollow, in his case, by the antagonism of the counter element in his mind. 'Though tears,' he says, 'flowed from my eyes, and con-'vulsive sobs were wrung from my bosom, my natural taste 'recoiled from that mixture of animal affection (I do not 'know a more appropriate name) with spiritual matters, which 'is the very essence of mysticism.' Its internal morality was equally offensive to him. A strict scrupulous religion was always a '*disease*,' upon his theory. 'The mixed disease, 'both mental and bodily, called Scruples, so common among 'nuns and recluses of both sexes, was, to my great surprise, 'here present in a Protestant Clergyman,'—is the remark he

makes in the course of his journal, upon an English Clergyman of his acquaintance, who calls on him to ask some religious advice in a distressed state of mind. The whole religion that Spain presented was a phenomenon to him, an irritation, an eyesore,—a national distemper.

The religious hiatus in his mind thus handed him over a total and undivided prey to the fretting gnawing disgusts which the inquisitorial system in Spain provoked. Without any sympathy with the devotional side of the picture, to counterbalance the collision with the tyrannical; without any of those feelings of spiritual fellowship, which actually do in multitudes of cases so console and tranquillize internally doubting and irritable minds, his refined fastidious intellect simply chafed under the bit, and felt in the religious system over it, only a grinding and remorseless mistress, treating it as a slave. The Church was always dogging him, interfering with him. She would not let him read his Don Quixote as a child, except by stealth. 'Concealing 'it from all the family, he devoured it in a small room allotted 'him that he might read his lessons undisturbed;' his father and mother would certainly not have permitted it if they had known. She hovered in threatening attitude over every rising movement of his opening intellect, and he could not even be alone in his own mind, without the Church's ominous form stepping in and claiming to be there. Every avenue of thought led to the Inquisition, and the ideas of a naturally sceptical fancy no sooner assumed form and body, than they appeared as the officers of the holy tribunal come to summon him. He felt that his own parents would become themselves his accusers there, at the very first overt expression of what was passing in his mind. His own mother was, in fact, made wretched by this fear, and avoided his presence, from the apprehension of what might incidentally drop from him in conversation. His own favourite literature, even when most unconnected with theology, was pursued with the conscious guilt attaching to a forbidden pleasure. It was a *vetitum nefas*, a department that strict orthodoxy had prescribed; and an unreasonably suspicious, fettering, and vexatious system, came, by the most unhappy fatality, just into contact with the most bare, sensitive, and blistering fastidiousness. The consequence was a perpetual wound and sore, which ran and would not heal. A feeling toward the Inquisition grew up, more resembling the hatred of a personal mortal foe, than hostility to a system. The strength of the hatred impersonated its object; and the Inquisition, with its subtlety and its mercilessness, seemed to call for the knife. It is impossible not to see how deeply this one great hostility enters

into his very philosophy, and becomes a kind of basis. Hatreds, very akin to personal ones, are much more at the bottom of the history of many a mind than is generally thought. We mean hatreds experimental, as distinct from those of pure principle. A system that has actually and solidly galled a man is charged with all the odium of what it has *done to him*, over and above its hatefulness *per se;* and the former odium is often quite as fundamental a one in the philosopher's mind as the latter. Blanco White grasps a solid inquisitorial image in his mind, which no mere process of reasoning could have produced; he has deep personal sensations and convictions, of which ordinary argument is a poor unequal expression. 'See me,' he seems to tell everybody, 'look at me and my state of mind. Am not I a 'fact in myself? How could I hate a Church system as I do, if 'it was not what I tell you it is? I have known it, felt it, borne 'it: I have a certainty on the subject, which you, who have 'not known it as I have done, cannot have.' His censure here becomes invective, his argument gall: he cuts deep, in the way a person does when he is aiming at a personal foe, and wants to wound. He almost hates his very country because it was the country of the Inquisition. 'I never felt proud of being a 'Spaniard, for it was as a Spaniard that I found myself men-'tally degraded, doomed to bow before the meanest priest and 'layman, who might consign me any day to the prisons of the 'Inquisition.' Even the Spanish language is odious to him when it touches on theology, and the very sounds themselves, that so long clothed those hostile ideas, are intolerable. He had rather, as soon as he has put foot in England, at infinite inconvenience to himself, think and reason *to himself* in broken English, than in his own Spanish. 'Why did I not carry on my reli-'gious inquiries, and arrange my thoughts in Spanish?— 'I answer, because the religious phraseology of my native lan-'guage had become *ludicrously disgusting to me*. When, some 'time after the period on which I am dwelling, I was requested 'to correct for the press a Spanish New Testament, I could 'hardly bear the disagreeable impression which I received from 'old associations.' 'Orthodoxy,' under all shapes, always retains in his mind the original associations of its form in Spain; and allusions to its 'poison,' 'tyranny,' '*auto-da-fé's*,' 'frowns,' 'insolence,' 'disdain,' 'horrors,' 'fulminations,' 'anathemas,' the 'anguish of spirit,' 'unmerited degradations,' the whole life 'martyrdoms' which lay at its door, show at every page the smarting mind. 'Every human error and infirmity should be treated by the 'Christian Philosopher with tenderness, except when it assumes the character of sanctity. When *sanctified* by superstition and

'bigoted pride, error acquires such a poisonous and destructive 'nature, that whoever perceives it, is justified in procuring its 'extermination, as that of the most venemous reptile.'

One or two cases where he came into actual contact with the mortal foe, are recorded with bitter force. One was a case in which a friend was at stake. His confessor called upon him to give up a friend's name to the Inquisition. 'He told me he 'could not absolve me unless I promised to accuse my friend of 'having lent me a prohibited book. I well recollect the sort of 'trembling yet resolute courage with which I told him, that I 'would rather "go to hell" than betray my friend.' A much more trying scene awaited him, at his last parting with his only sister, on her entrance into a nunnery. Here, touched in the very tenderest part, and feeling all the overpowering arguments of an excited and glowing affectionateness, in their bitter contrast with the Church's severity, his mind turned into one black flood of thought, horrible from its very intensity. He could hardly restrain an outbreak. 'When I recollect the circumstances of the melancholy 'transaction which I am recording, I am quite surprised at my 'having escaped without committing myself by the vehemence 'of my indignation. My sister's health was extremely delicate; 'that of my mother was in a state which absolutely required her 'only remaining daughter's company at home. Yet the poor 'deluded man (I have not the heart to call him harsher names) 'whom I have just mentioned, conceived that he was sure of 'heaven's approbation and favour by encouraging the enthusiastic feeling which had turned my sister's eyes towards 'one of the gloomiest nunneries at Seville. It was a nunnery 'where the rule of St. Francis was observed with the greatest 'rigour; where the nuns were not allowed a bed, and were 'obliged to sleep on a few planks raised about a foot from the 'ground; where the use of linen near the body was forbidden; 'where the nuns wore coarse open sandals, through which the 'bare foot was exposed to cold and wet; where the nearest 'relations were not allowed to see the face of the recluse, or to 'have any communication with her, except on certain days, 'when, in the presence of another nun, and with a thick curtain 'close behind the double iron railing which separated the visitors 'from the inmates of the convent, the parent, sister, or brother exchanged a few unmeaning sentences with the dear relative 'whom they had lost for ever. I will not conceal that, even at 'this distance of time, my feelings of indignation choke me when 'the picture of Father —— sitting near my sister, about the time 'when her resolution of being a nun was announced, presents 'itself vividly to my mind. I see the room;—I stand on a well-'known spot, where, in the presence of my mother, I was 'betrayed into a burst of indignant disapprobation, which

'darkened the priest's brow into that threatening scowl by 'which even the most contemptible wretch convinces you that 'he is thinking of the Inquisition. He bade me hold my 'tongue, and not lend my services to the great Tempter. Oh, what 'man who has a heart, not deadened by vile superstition, would 'not be on the side of the Tempter, if his office were only to defeat 'the Priests! But I am ready to rave! Yes, I have suffered 'these things in the nineteenth century; I have suffered them 'as the effects of Christianity; and they still exist *as Chris-* '*tianity.*'

A man has often a unity and force of character thrust upon him from without, that he would not have derived from within. 'Some are born to greatness, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.' Touched in some soft part, or galled by pressure, the tender luxurious mind has gone off at a tangent, and gained audacity from its smarts; and a bold line is the result of the doggedness and purpose which its very irritation gives. A wound is a strengthening thing. A soldier fights the more fiercely after he has been grazed. The spirit's heat gives real power. Not born to be a martyr or a champion, either for Christianity or infidelity, Blanco White is indebted to the Inquisition for having had a career, and attained an unbelieving greatness. A wounded sensitiveness gives him a strength of mind that he would not otherwise have had, and shoots him, possessed of an aim and purpose which he had not before, into that fearful vortex of speculation, into which he sank never again to rise.

The history of Blanco White's theological course in Spain is short and summary. An intense disgust at the Church system there upset the whole Roman claim in his mind; and with the Roman claim went Christianity altogether. A period of several years followed, in which he officiated regularly as a priest, while he was inwardly an atheist. For some time conscience would not let him do this smoothly, and he lived in a fever. But conscience was quieted by the analogy of an ancient philosopher under paganism. 'If they conformed to the external rites of 'their country, and worshipped God in their hearts, why should 'not I do the same?' He plunged into the thick of infidel French literature; and the reaction from the restraints of the Church system threw him into an atheistical intoxication, that drowned his moral sense. The mysterious freemasonry of sympathy introduced him to the same secrets going on in other minds around 'im that were in his own. The excitement of discovery, the closet sclosure of mind to mind, the secret talk and free vent of tellect and passion, which this clique communion supplied, ept up the spirits. There was the charm of a conspiracy, and each kept the other in countenance. An easy thought suggested

that what was going on at Seville was going on elsewhere, and each secret atheist held imaginary society with a secret body of atheism all over, that was undermining the Spanish Church. A miserable state of morals among a large number of the clergy, and especially the more dignified class, the vows of celibacy producing their natural result upon the luxurious and undisciplined, and the systematic alternation of crime and confession, completed their justification, and seemed to show the whole Spanish Church sunk in that state of far-gone rottenness which naturalized almost any infidel or immoral position in it.

Upon this antagonism between Blanco White and the Spanish Church, one or two questions occur. In considering the great influence which the Inquisition had in making Blanco White an infidel, it must not be forgotten that simple Christian dogmatic truth, standing by itself, has a tendency to produce that effect upon many minds. It is a melancholy fact, that persons have been often driven, by the mere presence of the Church's teaching, into a worse infidelity than they would have had without it. The Church is not, of course, responsible for such an effect; but she is responsible for any tendencies in this direction, arising from unnecessary and narrow-minded intolerance. We do not acquit the Spanish Church of this charge upon her. She is chargeable with the offence and the folly of keeping up an obsolete theory of persecution, when the rest of the world had changed its ground. The Inquisition was instituted, indeed, in an age when all the world persecuted; and, therefore, its institution was no special fault in her: but she is chargeable with its obstinate continuance, amid a wholly different state of things. At the same time, we are aware of the great practical difficulties that always lie on the side of change. It does not appear to be the habit of institutions to dissolve on the principle of accommodation, and yield a voluntary and rational assent to the proofs of incongeniality which the world around them presents to their eyes. They expect their dissolution under another form of approach, and they generally wait for that final evidence, good or bad, of incompatibility, which forcible overthrows supplies. The Inquisition did what all other institutions do: it went on till it was stopped. On the whole, we can only say that the continuance of such a system inflicted, undoubtedly, a harder trial upon Blanco White, than a milder tone of Church government would have done; though in what proportions his career of infidelity was owing to the simple presence of dogmatic truth, and to the local inquisitiorial appendages of that truth respectively, may be difficult to determine, and must be left for a general survey of his life to declare.

How far, again, are we exactly to trust Blanco White's

account of the immoralities of the Spanish clergy? It is of course the tendency of a person in his situation to exaggerate, and make out every body, if he can, to be in the same condition with himself. We cannot trust such a person's general impressions as to what is the case: his general impressions are sure to be somewhat one-sided. At the same time Blanco White mentions individual cases, and those cases are miserably strong ones. They are cases, too, that fall naturally within his knowledge, and which he meets with among his own circle of acquaintance, formed in the ordinary course of things, and previously to his atheistical change: so that we cannot quite say that a particular clique, which his own infidelity introduced him to, supplies the only ground of fact he goes upon. It is impossible, on the whole, we think, not to believe that a vast amount of the worst corruption and immorality existed among the Spanish clergy. Only the point should be remembered—and it is too often forgotten in such cases—that a great mass of corruption in a body does not at all exclude the existence of a great mass of real and effective good; but may be perfectly coincident with it. Real evil and real good go on together in the Church—in particular Churches—all the world over. The evil is not nullified by the good, nor is the good nullified by the evil; but both co-exist. It often happens that each intensifies the other, and that the more active the bad principle is, the more active the good one is too. In the present instance the phenomena which present themselves, are deep pollution in one part of the Church, deep fervour in another; here an infidel spirit, there an apostolic; the poison of French atheism working, and the Gospel working and converting too.

A new opening, and an escape from his wearisome position, offered itself in course of time to Blanco White. In 1808 the French entered Spain; and the general confusion and dismay allowed him to look out for himself, and decide on his future prospects. He resolved to quit Spain for ever. He was in Madrid, when 'the Spanish government, no longer able to conceal 'that the French troops were advancing towards Seville, had con-'sulted their own safety by flight. The consternation reduced 'the mass of the inhabitants to that state of mental torpor, that 'absence of all definite will, which leaves the few who can 'exert their own, at full liberty to act as they please. But I 'knew that the inaction produced by terror could not be of 'long continuance: I was persuaded that the Mob would 'awake from its slumber with a determination to compel the 'upper classes to await the common fate of the city. Within 'the three days of stillness which preceded the popular storm 'I formed and executed my determination to quit Spain. The

'desire to leave that country had, for many years, been working 'in my inmost soul, and so identified had it become with my 'whole being that there hardly was a thought, a feeling, into 'which the wish of expatriation had not insinuated itself: but 'before this moment, it acted in the character of despondency, 'and like a poisonous root, its multiplied fibres conveyed a 'sickening breath to every perception and thought. Not so 'the moment that the light of hope shone upon it, in one full 'burst of immediate expectation.'

He did not leave Spain, however, without one short but much relished triumph over his mortal foe. The disorder, which for some time preceded the French invasion, had opened a variety of new political prospects to the country, and caused the appointment of new commissions to prepare for the changes. Blanco White had signalized himself by a journal, the '*Semanario*,' which he and his friend Quintana conducted. Jovellanos issued circulars to the Universities, desiring their opinion as to the future constitution of the *Cortes*, and Blanco White was one of the commission of two appointed at Seville for this purpose. 'I went about 'my task without delay: but before I began I agreed with my 'Colleague in forcing the Inquisition to let us have some of the 'prohibited books which at different times they had seized and 'thrown together, to be destroyed by the worms in one of the 'halls of their odious palace. I suggested that in the present 'state of things public opinion would not tolerate any denial on 'the part of the Inquisitors. It is true that we had very little 'occasion for such books as we were likely to take out of their 'possession; but there was a kind of triumph in this recovery 'of books that were completely lost to the world. They indeed 'belonged to nobody. In a word, my scheme was hailed with 'applause by all my friends, and the success with which it was 'attended produced a rejoicing among us which no Englishman 'can conceive. My Colleague and myself addressed a petition 'to the Inquisitors expressing our desire to have some foreign 'books, and requesting to have them from their stores. The '*Holy Tribunal* authorized me to enter the place where the 'confiscated books had been thrown together, and take out 'whatever I pleased. It is quite impossible to describe the 'state of the room into which I was admitted. The floor was 'covered with large heaps of books in perfect confusion: the 'dust, which in the burning summers of Andalusia penetrates 'to the inmost recesses, had settled upon every thing to the 'depth of more than a quarter of an inch. On moving the 'confused volumes for the sake of completing a few valuable 'works, the Secretary and myself were involved in a cloud. I 'succeeded in obtaining two copies, nearly complete, of the

'French Encyclopædia. That work must have been frequently 'seized by the Tribunal: the floor was covered with volumes 'of its various dictionaries tumbled in distracting confusion. I 'now forget what other works I was able to save from the 'worms, which, with a devouring power, of which people who 'have not seen their ravages in hot climates can form no con-'ception, had reduced a great number of volumes to fragments. 'The liberated captives were shared equally between my Col-'league and myself.

'I cannot well express,' he says, 'the exultation I felt upon 'seeing the Union Jack hoisted as we set sail for Cadiz. My 'joy would have been complete if our course had been at once to 'England. Still there was a pleasure of anticipation which I 'would not have exchanged for the best bishoprick in Spain. . . . . 'The idea that I was going to be free was more than a 'compensation for all my troubles. I was under the British 'flag in the open sea, as the sun rose above the horizon. The 'beautiful town of Cadiz was sinking gradually behind the 'waters. A shade of melancholy passed over my mind, when 'I thought that I should never see those buildings again; and 'then I gave myself up to the sublime enjoyment of the 'solitary expanse before me. . . . . It was about eleven 'o'clock on the 3d of March, 1810, when we anchored in 'Falmouth harbour. Until this moment I had felt no anxiety 'whatever. But eleven days at sea, in very uncomfortable 'circumstances, had produced a bodily indisposition, which 'could not fail to have a certain influence on my spirits. 'I had not thought of providing myself with clothing suited to 'the English climate. A chill, such as I had never expe-'rienced, seized my whole frame. I thought I was breathing 'in death with the fog. Thus I stood on deck in the midst of 'the confusion which attends all landings, especially where 'there is a crowd of passengers, all anxious to get on shore, all 'regardless of every body else, all wound up to the highest 'pitch of peevish selfishness. Unacquainted with every thing 'about me, and fearful to an absurd excess of that kind of 'ridicule and disrespect which a foreigner, especially a Spaniard, 'apprehends in England, I stood motionless, waiting for the 'last turn, and perfectly indifferent whether I passed the 'remaining part of the day and the ensuing night in the packet. 'A strong persuasion that the climate would kill me in a short 'time, took possession of my mind; and I felt as if I were 'going to land into the grave.'

The first five years of his English life passed in literary political occupations. Blanco White had grown a politician in Spain. His politics took a strong democratical direction. The monarchy in

Spain was in close alliance with the Church, and a fast friend of the Inquisition; and when he turned infidel, he turned republican too. 'My Colleague,' he says (speaking of the Seville University Commission), 'in this Commission was a 'Doctor of Laws named Seoanes, an Advocate of great reputa-'tion: but he devolved on me the whole business, after having 'agreed on the principles which were to be recommended. A 'disregard of ancient forms and privileges; a mere *toleration* of 'the *Grandees;* and one Chamber—such were our democratical 'views and wishes.' 'I had for many years,' he adds, 'lived in 'an habitual detestation of political despotism, and of its main 'prop, the Church. During my residence at Madrid, the most 'pointed invectives against these two sources of our national 'degradation had given zest and interest to my daily inter-'course with the *patriots* to whom the rising of the country 'against Napoleon gave a prominent influence. My desire 'that mental freedom should spread over the world was neither 'limited nor qualified by political considerations.' He wanted something to employ and support him when he came to England; and, at Mr. Richard Wellesley's advice, he set up the 'Español,' a Spanish journal. Working for a livelihood was a serious change for him. 'My life had been one of ease 'bordering upon idleness. Reading and writing had been 'always my amusement, never my regular occupation. Sud-'denly however the necessity of working many hours in the 'day came upon me, in a foreign country, without the least 'assistance, and under a vague and magnified impression of 'responsibility. But there was no time for reflection. I took 'a wretched lodging, in Duke Street, Westminster, one of 'those shabby places in the neighbourhood of Downing Street 'which have entirely disappeared; and began to prepare the 'first number of the Español, of which I immediately published 'a prospectus. My plan was to give, at least, a sheet and a 'half of original matter, and to fill up the rest with translations 'of public documents, parliamentary debates, and military 'despatches.'

Only two numbers were published, when the news of the first revolution in Spanish-America arrived in England. 'The honest joy which this event raised in me, was greater 'than my readers can imagine. I knew that the Spanish 'Colonies had been cruelly wronged by the mother country, 'and ardently wished to see them legislating for themselves. 'Not a doubt occurred to me in regard to the feelings and 'views of the *philosophical* party with whom I had been con-'nected. I flattered myself, on the contrary, that the article 'in which I hailed the dawn of liberty on our transatlantic

'brethren, would meet with applause among the panegyrists of 'philanthropy, whose speeches upon that subject had often filled 'me with enthusiasm.'

He was egregiously disappointed. The Spanish press was upon him immediately, and with the greatest ferocity. He describes, with genuine pathos, his first introduction to the class of feelings which a regularly-peppered politician has. It was altogether a new experience; Spain had had her Inquisition, but not her press before. 'To those who have grown up in 'a country where no public man escapes abuse, the feelings of 'an *unrevolutionized* Spaniard on the subject of honour must 'appear childish and absurd. Let my readers, however, endea-'vour to imagine a man educated in a town, where the life of 'the better classes was regulated in most things by a kind 'of Chinese ceremonial, and imagine the writer of these 'memoirs as one full of these notions in an excessive degree; 'and they will understand how deep must have been the wound 'inflicted by the first violent attacks of the Spanish press. . . . . 'One evening, as I was preparing to go early to bed, a parcel 'was brought to me from Lord Holland. It contained a file of 'the diminutive Spanish Journals which had begun to venture 'into light, and which, in spite of the censorship, availed them-'selves of the excitement of the country more for the purpose of 'venting the private jealousies and malice of the writers, than 'to speak boldly and honestly in favour of reform. Lord Holland, 'being well acquainted with the Spanish notions, had the kind-'ness to accompany the Journals with a note, by which he 'endeavoured to break the shock which he well knew they 'would give me. The note alarmed me, and I took up the 'papers in great agitation. I knew the editors of one or two, 'and had believed them my friends: the unjust and insolent 'manner, therefore, in which I saw myself treated by them was 'doubly painful, because they were the men whom I believed 'ready to stand at all times in my defence. I continued for 'some time in a state of wretchedness of which I had no idea.' The change from 'the Chinese ceremonial' of Hidalgo society in Spain to the buffetings of the press, is no small one certainly.

Blanco White was, moreover, unfortunate in the line he took; it was a line of his own, and pleased no side. The Spanish *patriotic* party were French in their tastes, Castilians in their nationalism; they felt like republicans, but like Spaniards too. In patronizing the revolt of the Hispano-Americans, Blanco White inflicted a severe wound on Spanish pride, and they retorted with all the spleen they could muster: he even tells us they seriously thought of getting him assassinated. And while he offended Spaniards, he got no thanks from the Hispano-Ameri-

cans. The very party whom he had been patronizing cruelly hoaxed him. 'One of the South American Deputies, with the 'knowledge of all the rest, forged a letter, in the name of Perez, 'as chairman of an imaginary committee of the Transatlantic De- 'putation. The forgery contained the warmest thanks for the 'liberal manner in which I was defending the cause of the Co- 'lonies; complained of the unfairness with which their claims 'were treated, and left me at liberty to publish the letter. To 'remove all possible suspicion, the authors of the hoax applied 'to the Count Palmela, then Portuguese Ambassador in Spain, 'requesting him to forward the letter to the Portuguese Ambas- 'sador in London. Under all these circumstances I thought it 'proper to acknowledge the letter, and I published it in my fol- 'lowing Number.' The bait had taken, and the American Deputies enjoyed themselves at his expense. 'Perez mounted 'the Tribune in a furious mood. He charged me by name with 'the forgery; while a titter went round, and the words, *the* '*Mitre is gone*, were repeatedly whispered.' The injured journalist appealed to the Spanish Cortes; the Cortes laughed at him; and the paper war was carried on by Blanco White singly on one side, against all Spain and Spanish-America on the other. In this perpetual hot water one advantage, nevertheless, accrued to him from his Journal. The Español faithfully supported the English interests in Spain, and Blanco White was rewarded with a pension of 250*l.* a year. 'The publication of the Español 'continued till the total expulsion of the French troops from the 'Peninsula and the return of Ferdinand VII. It is impossible,' he says, 'for me to express the fatigue I underwent for nearly 'five years. My health was ruined to such a degree that life 'has ever since to me been a source of nearly unmixed suf- 'fering.'

His party-position in England partook of this ambiguous and fretting character. His whole personal history took him among the Liberal party; but his detestation of Rome was too genuine and furious for an English Liberal. Here was a collision. Blanco White could not forget his old scent; and the subject of popery threw him into anti-Roman vehemence and earnestness far too theological and outré for the parliamentary standard. He was a furious dogmatist on this subject, and could not be silenced; and the English Liberal, quite ready to patronize him in his negative character, did not care to hear him preach. Sir James Mackintosh thinks he wants candour. 'The candour 'of Blanco White is remarkable, but his indignation at the 'necessity to dissemble, long imposed upon him, makes him not 'so fair as Grotius, in his account of the opinions of his former 'fellow-religionists.' He is thought too violent against priest-

hoods; and even his friend, Archbishop Whately, would caution him 'against reviving early prejudices,' and continuing his youthful 'horror of bishops and priests.'

His Oxford diploma was an unfortunate sufferer from this jar: its spotlessness was marred by an awkward little incident. We are giving the Oxford gossip of twenty years back, but we believe we can pledge ourselves for its truth in the main. Blanco White's diploma ought to have been a unanimous one; it was intended to be so. The panic in 1825 about the Roman Catholic Relief Bill had brought his book into favourable notice. The benevolence of the Oxford Tory party was secured by it; the Whigs were his natural friends, and Blanco White walked over the course. The diploma was prepared accordingly. Unluckily the then Vice-Chancellor, with that well-known briskness and zeal which has so distinguished his University course, but which operated unfavourably in this particular instance, inserted the anti-relief-bill services of Blanco White in the document, which alluded expressly to a certain 'well-timed defence of the English Church,' that had come from his pen. The Whiggery of a particular College took fire, and two Radical M. A.'s appeared in Convocation and opposed the honour. The consequence was, that the word 'unanimously' had to be struck out of the diploma, and a sad hiatus was left. If we are not mistaken, it was sent back to the Provost of Oriel, Dr. Hawkins, by Blanco White, on his becoming Unitarian, in whose possession we presume it is now.

The Roman Catholic Relief Bill pursues him again. The first occasion on which he had to exercise his vote was the Oxford election in 1829. As a strong denouncer of popery in his writings he was expected, of course, by the anti-emancipationists to support them on that occasion; but he came into the Convocation-house, and gave his vote for Peel. Still ardent in his conviction of the extreme danger of entrusting the Roman Catholics with legislative powers, he escaped the natural inference from it by a sudden act of strong faith in Sir R. Peel's declaration, that a civil war was unavoidable without the measure. 'On this (which is a matter 'to be settled by correct information as to the real state of 'Ireland) I have no reason to mistrust the opinion of the govern-'ment. I know,' he continues, 'that I shall be abused by 'those who have hitherto praised me. Let it be so. The laws 'of this country make me a British subject in the most ample 'and unqualified manner. The University of Oxford has given 'me a vote in Convocation. To shrink from the exercise of these privileges would be cowardice. In the name of God, therefore, I will do my duty.' A somewhat magniloquent soliloquy on such a subject. Blanco White, on this and other

occasions, is far from altogether disliking the horrors which he conjures up, and takes pleasure in his own flutter. All first votes are apt to be ponderous, to exult in awful responsibility, and defy indefinite consequences. We have heard of a precociously deep view in the mind of a young philosopher, who converted the fact of his becoming a ten-pound householder and voter for the borough into a sort of moral metempsychosis. Blanco White registers the step duly: 'I succeeded,' he says, 'after a great many and unavailing efforts, to get through the 'crowd, in giving my vote for Peel. The Vice-Chancellor '(Dr. Jones), in consideration of my ill-health, allowed me to 'enter through the Divinity School. I was treated with the 'most perfect civility.' A few days afterward he meets a gentleman at the Athenæum, whose mode of address to him on this subject, to the effect that he (Blanco White) should not have meddled with English politics, creates a storm of feelings that he can hardly keep in; and an imaginary letter 'to the Rev. Mr. B.——,' in his diary, vents 'his full heart.'

His situation as a stranger brought its own class of distresses. A foreigner, thrown all at once into the thick of English society, he was nervous and suspicious to the last degree. His foreign accent, and want of knowledge of the language, haunted him, and he was perpetually 'apprehensive of awkwardnesses and gaucheries.' 'The retired manner in which I was brought up 'had made me extremely sensitive to every apprehension of the 'ridiculous. Finding myself in perpetual danger of raising a 'laugh, I soon fell into the habit of being silent. But as while 'others were talking my mind was active on the subject of the 'conversation, the pain of suppressing my thoughts prevented 'my taking an interest in these frequent social meetings. Per-'haps without this keen spur perpetually at my side I should 'not have devoted myself as fully as I did to the study of 'English.' A particular metaphysical constitution of mind increased this tendency. 'I believe,' he continues, 'that I never 'was a fluent speaker in my own language. The reason seems 'to be that even upon the subjects most familiar to my mind, I 'must repeat the original process of analysis through which I be-'came originally acquainted with them, every time that I have to 'speak or write upon them. Kant says, that eloquence consists 'in making the work of the understanding one of imagination. 'That transfer from the one faculty to the other, seldom or 'never takes place in my mind; or if it does, it is performed 'simultaneously with the act of thinking. Hence my delivery 'has at all times been laborious; and conversation seldom fails 'to exhaust me . . . . Among the instances of surprising know-'ledge of the human mind and heart in which Shakspeare's

'works abound, few, if any, have struck me so much as that 'contained in a passage (probably little noticed by readers not 'in my circumstances) in which he describes the magnitude of 'the loss which a man banished from his country has to endure 'by living among those who do not understand his native 'language. Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, in RICHARD II. (Act. I. 'Scene III.) on hearing the sentence of banishment pronounced 'against him by the King, is made to say:—

> 'A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
> And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth:
> A dearer merit, not so deep a maim,
> As to be cast forth in the common air,
> Have I deserved at your highness' hands.
> The language I have learn'd these forty years,
> My native English, now I must forego:
> And now my tongue's use is to me no more
> Than an unstringed viol, or a harp;
> Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
> Or, being open, put into his hands
> That knows no touch to tune the harmony.'

There is an amiableness, mixed with weakness, in the excessive tendency of a mind to these sorts of fancies: we mean, when a person is always thinking himself doing things ill, and making mistakes, and fancying others are laughing at him. He naturally has our sympathies much more than the bolder and coarser character,—the one quite at ease, cool, self-complacent, and self-confident. A sense of weakness in a mind is a great charm, where it is genuine. It is just that sort of charm, for example, which Dr. Arnold's character wants. Arnold is always gushing with a rude health and strength, inclining to the nature of what the Greeks call ὑβρις, and leaving no room for sympathy; and Blanco White's mind contrasts favourably with his in this respect. Its amiable sensitiveness, and perpetual tendency to view itself, as in some unfavourable, some depressing relation with respect to others, some relation in which others have the advantage of it,—he, in imagination, in the dirt, and others walking over him,—even his disgusts, as he corrects his proof-sheets, tell for him. We have heard his intimate friends talk of him, and are sure that nobody could know him without feeling his attractions. His morbid, querulous temperament has a refinement of its own. We do not mean to say that Blanco White had thorough genuine humility; he had not. But there is a lighter phase of this character—nature has the good taste to imitate grace. Nature, though she is not grace, often catches some of the air and manner, the look and step of her spiritual counterpart; and the imitation, though it does not, and cannot, go deep enough, has its own charms.

Part of his irritableness was of course constitutional: he felt it, and could not help it. 'It was almost unmanageable.' He says, 'I remember the desperate effort which I was obliged to make 'before I ventured to knock at the door, and inquire whether 'the person I wanted to see was at home. Any sudden ques- 'tion upon the most simple and indifferent matter used to startle 'me, and put me into a state of trepidation which deprived me 'for some time of all knowledge I might possess upon the 'subject. I remember instances of this at Oriel Common 'Room. I do not know whether from modesty or pride, when- 'ever I found myself in that situation I never made any at- 'tempt to correct the blunder, or to explain the cause of it.' He is positively and purely ridiculous, however, at times. The 'hetairocracy' of Oriel Common Room stuck in his mind. 'I 'had no knowledge,' he says, 'for some time of the spirit which 'is not unfrequently found among fellows of colleges, who con- 'stitute a kind of aristocracy among the masters.' 'In the Oriel 'Common Room I met with great kindness. I now imagined I 'had found a home, but this was a delusion, which vanished as 'soon as I understood the constitution of the CLUB (for the 'Common Room is nothing else) to which I had been admitted. 'I imagined that this admission had placed me upon an equality 'with the other Members; but it was not so. I found that even 'a probationary Fellow took precedence of me, whatever might 'be my seniority as a member of the Common Room. I was, 'in fact, only to be tolerated.' He acknowledges that he never saw the smallest symptom of assumption on the part of any single individual fellow; but the *system* he objects to. 'I was 'in *a false position:* individual good nature could only relieve, 'but not remove my uneasiness.' Really this is the greatest non- sense that was ever seriously written. An ordinary master, we can state from our own experience of that Common Room, is quite on a par with a fellow, as far as all social purposes go. He goes into the Common Room, reads the papers, talks, and drinks his wine after dinner, without the smallest suspicion of his own inferiority. Nobody tells him of his mistake, if it is one; and there is no possibility of his ever practically disco- vering it.

A number of little tastes, predilections, refinements, fastidious- nesses, nervousnesses, suspicions, jealousies, imaginations, fears, and disquietudes of his own suggestion, are the complement and circumstance of one particular predominant element in Blanco White. Intellect and taste are sure to develop a morbid element in a character, where it exists; and one specimen of the literary man is always fancying people are laughing at him, and watching

him; is sensitive to criticism in the last degree, and attributes a barbarism and atrocity to it when it at all touches him, which is only the creation of his own exceeding tenderness of skin. His mind and his ear keep pace with each other. He was a splendid musician, but his nervous sensitiveness of ear made music a source of recurring irritation. All fiddles were a jar to him, and a note out of tune scratched him like a pin. A very tolerably good undergraduate fiddle playing in a corner of Oriel Quadrangle, as he was walking through with a friend of our own, gave him, he declared, real solid physical torture. A quartett party, exactly to his taste, did not exhibit the liberal communicative side of music:—'We allowed no audience, be-'cause we could not even bear a whisper. The initiated in 'the mysteries of music can alone conceive the luxuries of 'such an entertainment.' A peculiar appreciation of a particular class of personal comforts—good lodgings, good waiting and attention, all harmonizes significantly with these traits. Without wishing to grudge an elderly person his conveniences and solaces, we can hardly avoid a smile when he alludes so feelingly to a fact of this class—'Through the bounty of the 'Archbishop do I owe the advantage of keeping an excellent 'valet, whom I was going to discharge before I quitted Dublin, 'and who, from his good qualities and respectful attention to my 'comfort, has become almost indispensable to me.'—'I have not 'enjoyed,' he says, in one of his letters from Liverpool, 'a more 'quiet period in England than that of the last six months. I 'have had some little trouble with servants, but by the kindness 'of some Liverpool ladies I am now very comfortable, even in 'that respect. When I return from my daily walk to the 'Athenæum, and find every thing quiet, the house perfectly 'clean, my plain furniture in the best order, and my books ready 'to whisper wisdom and peace to my mind, my heart expands 'with thankfulness, and I almost forget that I have ever been in 'trouble.'

We must go back to more serious subjects. We have passed through one stage of Blanco White's religious life: another and a more trying one begins. The infidelity of his Spanish life was gained at a bound; it was now to be acted over again by slow lingering steps, and the summary death which he passed through once to be repeated in a process which, attacking him limb by limb, at last reached the vital parts, and left his Christianity once more and irrevocably dead. The web was respun, that it might be unspun again. A new scene, a fresh air, imparted a hollow artificial reaction that just gave faith strength enough to sink again. Once in England, and with Spain and

its Church bidden farewell to, he thought he had no more to go through; that his mind was set, and, like a rock, had done with religion for ever; that he knew what it was, saw through it, had got to the other side of it, was in the region of certainty and absolute fact—cold and barren, but still as solid as the ground. He had been a Roman Catholic, and he *was* an Atheist; that expressed the whole. It was not so. His change had been too summary to be complete, and was superficial compared with what it was to be. A mind cannot unchristianize itself in a moment; and infidel Rome is not built in a day. A closer struggle now commenced, and unbelief started on a fresh span of life.

The change from the old scene of irritation, the welcome which attended him, and the whole social atmosphere he found himself in in England, had the effect at first of thawing his Spanish infidelity. Blanco White speaks correctly of himself when he says that he is much influenced by sympathy: he is so in one sense; he feels the charms of a social circle warmly, he does not like shocking friends whom he loves; and estrangement is great pain to him. His sympathies are of the social, not of the deep or internal kind; but these social sympathies he has strongly. They operated upon him very naturally now. He liked the persons he was thrown amongst; he found himself agreeing in intellectual tastes with them; he was fond of conversation, and enjoyed all the flow of spirits, the humour, badinage and vivacity of choice society. He had a circle of friends, too, of a more intimate and endearing cast than the general acquaintance at Holland House, or the Athenæum. The Christies in London, Mr. W. Bishop, Dr. Whately, and one or two more at Oxford, formed a sphere of friendship for him, in which he was more than at home. Oxford particularly suited him in this respect. Its quiet mornings, social evenings; rest when he liked, conversation when he liked, calmed, soothed, and cheered. Spain had only formed his first case of infidelity; and it gave way to these genial influences. He had not solid reasons enough for disagreement, and his feelings preferred agreement.

In 1814, having given up the Español, and having been a lay attendant at the communion for some time, he signed the Thirty-nine Articles, and was admitted as a clergyman in the Establishment. 'He now,' he says, 'gave full scope to his social feeling in regard to the English clergy. My desire to identify myself with the body was vehement.' The first time he read the Church service —in St. Mary's Church—was an epoch, and his nerves were perfectly unstrung by the act. It was on a week day, and only six or seven persons were in church. 'My dear friend Bishop, 'who attended me to the Church, seeing me so deeply agitated, 'offered to relieve me: but I would not give way. My voice

'must have been nearly inaudible. When I returned to my 'lodgings my mind, free from the agitation which had kept it 'so long on the stretch, took a direction entirely devotional; 'but the feelings with which my heart was bursting were of 'that kind which, had they continued so as to become rooted, 'would have made me a confirmed enthusiast. Wanting to 'unburden my heart, I wrote immediately a letter to Mr. James 'Christie, of London, who among my friends would most sym- 'pathize with my state of mind.' His 'theological' notions now revive: he feels himself beginning to dogmatize, and 'all 'the habits of his mind associated with his early belief in Chris- 'tianity reappear.' He 'relapses into orthodoxy;' he gives a '*provisional* assent to the doctrines on which the generality of 'divines are agreed.' It is now my 'spirit of revived subor- 'dination;' 'my ascetic submission;' 'my forced mysticism.' He slides, unconsciously, in his diary, 'into the censorious de- 'clamatory style of professed theological writers.' The 'spirit 'of the pulpit' comes suddenly upon him. In the 'contro- 'versy about the Lancastrian and Bell schools, he finds his 'clerical spirit revive,' and is on the point of joining 'the 'ranks of the most violent High-churchmen.' His feelings so far veer round, that a fear of being ashamed of his religion amid the society of Holland House begins to trouble his conscience. He adopts even an 'evangelical' style in his diary, and reproaches himself for talking on common subjects, and not the Gospel, in society. The sincerity of his feelings now, viewed as mere feelings, is very evident. He lays down religious rules for himself, and even attends to the formalism of definite times and hours. He makes resolutions. He spends a particular day in particular meditations. He is afraid of his zeal for Hebrew occupying his mind too much, and he resolves to spend an hour every day in reading the Greek Testament, and praying over what he reads. He even wants to devote his life to missionary labours, and he solicits, at the sacrifice of all his intellectual tastes and English prospects, the creation of a new Spanish Protestant chaplaincy at Trinidad, for himself to fill: he is ready to retire from the world, and consecrate himself to religion.

Alas, underneath these religious emotions and sensibilities, a canker was at work! He felt its progress. At the very time that he was fostering these genial sensations of belief on the surface, doubt was eating its way within. He grew alarmed, and settled it for a time; but it rose again, and only sank to reappear. At the very time that he was 'trying to make himself an Evangelical and Pietist,' and growing warm and enthusiastic, he had asked himself the fatal question—How is the Bible inspired? The

crux fastened malignantly upon him, and kept its hold to the last. It was immediately after his admission as a clergyman, when he was most enthusiastic, and when a whole career of religious feeling, usefulness, and intercourse lay before him, that the thought struck upon him with overpowering clearness. 'I re-'member,' he says, writing years after, 'with the greatest vivid-'ness, the dismay which I experienced when, having attentively 'studied all that could be said to establish this preliminary point, 'I perceived the weakness of the arguments on which such a 'mighty theory as that which makes the Bible *infallible* is made 'to rest.'

And if the letter of the Bible was being undermined, *a fortiori* was its creed. A miserable argument against the doctrine of the Trinity appears, and goes on in his diary at this time; and while he was sincerely waiting to be an evangelical missionary, he was sincerely writing down Unitarianism in his commonplace book. He could, while a Pietist in feeling, actually write —'Person, if it conveys any distinct idea, means an *individual:* 'if, therefore, there are three individuals, every one of whom is 'God, the language of these divines says,—"There are *three Gods.*" 'If their words do not mean this, they mean nothing. But I am 'sure,' he adds, 'that I should be set down as a Unitarian and 'disguised deist, if they were acquainted with these observations.' He thinks the 'difference about the word ὁμοούσιος a verbal one.' The germ of the whole reasoning in the 'heterodoxy and orthodoxy' now appears; and separating the words of the Bible from their sense, he rejects the very idea of one creed.

After three years of this mental progress, he becomes seriously alarmed; and says—'I hope there is no lurking self-confidence in my heart. My doubts seem to increase every day.' He wants to stop, and he looks out for a position, and for rest. 'I 'feel tired and bewildered,' he writes: 'I did not intend to write 'controversy; I wished only to collect my ideas concerning my 'own circumstances, which I perceive to be very awkward and 'difficult.' He still 'adores the mystery of the Trinity in the '*language of the Bible.*' He prays to 'be defended from the 'spirit of unbelief.' 'But what am I to do—am I to shut my 'eyes, and abstain from further inquiry?' Thus agitated and alternating, towards the end of 1818, he puts down, on paper, a formal description of his faith—what he believed, and what he did not. He does it to have a safeguard for himself, a barrier against further assaults, and a *locus standi.* What is it? He commences—'I firmly believe in one God, the Creator of the 'Universe, &c. I believe that He has, at different times, made 'extraordinary communications concerning His own nature.' He then proceeds—'I believe that the Old and New Testament

'contain the sense and substance of these communications; but 'I must confess that I cannot persuade myself that there is 'nothing in the Bible but what God has been pleased to reveal 'to mankind. I suspect that, together with *revealed truths*, there 'is in it a considerable portion of human error.' He proceeds to another point—'I believe that Jesus of Nazareth is the Son of 'God *in the sense in which He claimed that title*; but I cannot say 'that Christ is *God* and *Man*, without a consciousness of a con-'tradiction in terms.'

From this state of mind he appears never to have receded. He never appears to have gone further in orthodoxy than this secret manifesto marks. It was a state of belief compared with the past and the future; compared with Spanish infidelity on the one hand, and with Liverpool one on the other: it was a stop short of a lower state on which he felt himself verging. An ordinary eye would look on it as infidelity; with him it is that form of Christianity which saves him *from* infidelity. He does not consider himself an Unitarian; on the contrary, he congratulates himself that he did not *turn* Unitarian at this time, because he would have been a superficial one had he done so, a dogmatic, popish Unitarian. For some time, indeed, touched with a sense of his disagreement with the Church's theology, he abstains from the communion upon 'a popish scruple' that had not left him, 'as to the communion demanding unity of faith in its participators.' But the feeling that he is 'a practical disciple' gradually overcomes this scruple; and he goes on speculating as he likes in his inner mind; his outer mingling with the ordinary lax religious stream of sentiment in the English Church. He takes duty, he preaches occasionally. His sermons before the University attract great attention. He attends once or twice the meetings of the Bible Society. An interest attaches to his situation, and he is made a lion of. He comes out as an author; and his 'Evidence against Catholicism,' 'Poor Man's Preservative against Popery,' 'Doblado's Letters from Spain,' tell on the public mind, and give him a regular position in the literary and religious world.

It is a melancholy reflection that, in this state of lax belief, he found himself practically agreeing with and supported by a religious circle of considerable weight and eminence at that time at Oxford. We have had occasion, more than once lately, to introduce the names of Dr. Whately, Dr. Copleston, and Dr. Hawkins into these pages: when we add Mr. Baden Powell's, and Mr. Professor Senior's, both the Oxford and the general reader will be able to understand what school we mean. The society of Oriel Common Room gave Blanco White some friendships, which he valued deeply on the simply personal ground; the

theological difference being understood. But the circle just mentioned claimed and possessed him as a school. Admired for his literary talents and tastes, Blanco White never carried away Churchmen. He was quite understood. He was regarded as what he was, a clever and interesting latitudinarian; and, as a regular member of that school, he held an understood party position in religion. The tone of his books, and we must add of his conversation occasionally, was offensive to many; and that license of profane sarcasm, which sceptical literary men have such a tendency to, stamped him in many eyes. Mr. Keble was a member of the same Common Room with Blanco White, but avoided all closeness of acquaintance with him.

We take a leap over fifteen years of this course of life and opinion, and find Blanco White in Ireland, domiciled in the house of his friend Dr. Whately, now Archbishop of Dublin. On going to his See, the Archbishop persuaded him to accompany him, and the two left Oxford together. Time, that changes a man's social position everywhere, does so especially in a University: seniors retire, juniors come in their place. The loss of such an intimacy as Dr. Whately, would have left Oxford a somewhat barren scene to Blanco White. The Archbishop's kindness prevented this trial.

It was in the palace at Dublin, in 1834, that a mind, for many years kept superficially within the orthodox pale, and struggling with deep-rooted doubts, fairly broke loose, and made the avowal. The event was heralded. The answer to Moore's 'Irish Gentleman in search of his Religion,' alarmed Blanco White's friends. A translation of Neander's Pamphlet on 'Free Teaching,' produced a scene. 'When the Archbishop came in, I expressed my 'sincere regret that, owing to the desire of putting it in his 'power, when I publish anything, to say that he had not read it, 'and consequently is not answerable for any opinions expressed 'by me, I could not avail myself of his judgment, as I used to 'do formerly. He answered, "that there was no reason why 'I should keep my MSS. from him, for he had always maintained 'that the person who consults is not bound to follow the advice 'given to him." And then he added, "But, of course, I should 'not like you to publish anything too *radical*."' The chord struck upon his ear, 'a dream had suddenly become a reality. 'Must I then reduce myself to publish only what may be 'allowed (with the utmost latitude of *clerical* liberality) to come 'out of an Archbishop's Palace? This is my present condition. 'My friend's liberality of principle exceeds very much the limits 'which his brother bishops can possibly allow. But must 'I spend the last days of a life devoted to mental independence, 'under any such restraint? Am I doing my duty?' The

determination was made. A note soon informed the Archbishop that the change had come; that he had embraced Unitarianism. He was told to wait, but wait any longer he would not. '"Wait!" said Dr. D——: "Wait!"—Where? 'Upon what ground? Upon yours? Or upon the Calvinist's, 'or upon the Roman Catholic's?—To which of these shall 'I give the advantage of my waiting?—Have I not waited 'long, upon your catechism, which was forced word for word 'upon my infant mind? Have I not waited long during my 'nursery instruction? Have I not waited several hours, every 'Sunday, at church, hearing the Church Prayer Book, and your 'long, long sermons?—Am I to wait till I die?' He made the sacrifice. He left the Archbishop's house, and removed to Liverpool. 'January 9th: Waiting in anguish for the hour of 'departure.'—'January 10th, Liverpool, 1835. My whole life 'has not moments so bitter as those which I have experienced 'within the last half hour. I awoke in a distracted state. . . .' A deep form of mental pain shoots up in him now. Intellectual minds twist their feelings into refined torture, and breed curious scorpion subtleties. 'The whole of what had passed through 'my mind with such irresistible power, respecting my duty, 'appeared like a delusion—a dream—with my present misery 'for all its reality. Has not some martyr, when already bound 'to the stake, been tried by the awful impression that he had 'been brought there by a delusion?'

Now follow the usual pains that attend upon persons in such situations; remarks, reflections, remonstrances of friends; and he gives them the peculiar irritating twist which is so strong in him. 'Kind and excellent friends seem to take a delight in 'saying to me, that *I have given a mortal stab to my usefulness.* 'Secret feeling does not allow them to perceive that what leads 'them to say so, is *the desire of giving me a stab:* for I have 'already taken a decided step, and that observation can 'have no effect but that of adding to my sufferings.' At any rate, '*delay* your *publication*,' the disclosure of your state of mind, it is urged on him—consult the Archbishop's feelings. All in vain. He will not give delay, and complains of their asking it, and retorts querulously, but feelingly. 'A 'breach between the Archbishop and myself would be worse 'than death to me. But unless he can see my circumstances in 'somewhat like the light in which I see them, I must submit to 'the worst. What a thing this kind of orthodox good fame 'must be, when a breath may tarnish it, like the honour of a 'maiden! I believe that if I were in the place of the Archbishop, I should content myself with my own consciousness of 'rectitude, and expose myself to such ungrounded rumours for

'the sake of a friend, who, old, weak, and in constant suffering, 'cannot bear an additional weight, besides that which almost 'crushes him.'

The parting of two minds that had gone on so long together as Dr. Whately's and Blanco White's, gives rise to a painful question. 'I am convinced,' says the latter, on retiring, 'of the 'flimsiness of the Sabellian and indwelling Systems, shape them 'and modify them as you will.' This is an allusion to Dr. Whately. Dr. Whately holds a prominent place in these volumes: he and Blanco White appear as congenial theologians and fellow-speculators up to a certain point; then they part. It is natural to ask in what they differ when they part. Whether or not the Archbishop has not an answer to this question, it is certainly a natural one to ask, and must occur spontaneously to any reader of this book. Persons may partly agree, and partly differ, we know,—may go a certain way, and then come to a real point of difference, which fully accounts for their parting. Only this point of difference should be capable of being specified. An Anglican and a Roman Catholic have a whole *confessed* ground of Christian agreement and sympathy, which they run over together. The two agree, our Church allows, in fundamentals: they then come to some non-fundamental point, in which they differ. There are many kinds of difference. There is such a thing as agreeing in principle, and differing on a fact; as having a common basis—differing as to the development of it. None of these explanations of difference apply to the difference between an orthodox believer and an Unitarian. These two part at the very fountain-head, and can have no Christian theology whatever in common. No orthodox person, in guarding himself from Unitarianism, can defend himself by pointing to some non-fundamental difference with it, while he holds the same basis: he must show an absolute disagreement with it as to the very Christian basis itself, an essential difference on the subject of the divinity of Christ.

We will do Dr. Whately the justice to say, that he does sometimes hold orthodox language on the subject of Christ's Divinity; that he says at one time what appears simply inconsistent with what he says at another. It is a real pleasure to see this inconsistency. At the same time, we must say, what gives us the deepest pain to say, that the theory which dominates in him, and which obviously has possession of his mind, does not, in principle, differ from the Socinian one. Dr. Whately asserts positively and literally that the worship of Christ is idolatry. He declares that the worship which is paid to Christ is the same worship which an idolater and a pagan pays to his idol, and that the only difference in the two cases is, that in the

one the idolatry is authorized, in the other it is not. 'If any 'one,' he says, 'will, instead of looking to the common usage, 'turn to the strict etymological sense of the word "idolater," 'and ask whether we are not worshippers of an image, we ought, 'without hesitation, to say that we are.' But he adds, 'We 'differ from the worshippers of any mere man, whether an im- 'postor, as Mahomet, for instance, or a saint, as Moses or Peter; 'or of a graven image, or of a fire, or of anything else that men 'have set up for themselves; we differ from them, I say, in this 'the essential circumstance, that their worship is unauthorized, 'presumptuous, and vain, while ours is divinely appointed.' Now, this passage either means nothing at all, or it means that the Person Himself, Jesus Christ, is not an ultimate object of worship; that He is to be worshipped only as being an image of, as distinguished from really being God; and that the act of worship only makes use of Him as a medium towards another Object beyond Him. Dr. Whately thus agrees with the Unitarians in their essential doctrine, that Christ is not God: he differs from them as to a particular medium of worshipping God,—as to the lawfulness, in one instance, of the image medium for that purpose. He maintains Christ to be a legitimate idol; ordinary Unitarians do not. He and they agree that Christ Himself is not worshipped, and differ as to the use to be made of him *for* worship.

We have a respect for the Archbishop of Dublin as an upright, honourable, and public-minded man. Should his eye ever accidentally rest on these pages, we can assure him that no personal feeling has dictated our remarks. We have taken his words in the simple common-sense meaning which they seemed to bear. If we are wrong, will he tell us where? We shall be glad to be corrected. The Archbishop of Dublin must be aware that such manifestoes of doctrine from him, as we have given, make him occupy an ambiguous position in the English Church. He must, at any rate, know that he says things *prima facie* differing from what popular opinion considers to be the doctrine of the Church. He is much thought of now, much talked of: many eyes have perused his pages. Persons really look at what he says, and cannot make out that he differs in principle from a Unitarian. If he does not know how very generally, soberly, seriously this impression about him prevails, will he allow us to inform him of the fact? We do not distort or exaggerate: such is really the case. Dr. Whately is responsible not only for his real meaning, but for the natural impression which his books convey to those who read them. If he has created the general impression we allude to,—and it is a simple fact that he has,—he certainly ought to take the pains to undo it, if it is not true. Let

Dr. Whately understand that an explanation is due from him; that he is in a theological position in which such a step is expected, and that he is considered essentially a Unitarian until it takes place.

To return: Blanco White now, for the first time, in the Unitarian congregation at Liverpool, seems to himself to breathe a pure air, and to have a worship to his mind. He 'attends the commemoration of the Lord's Supper at the Uni-'tarian Chapel,' and is full of 'lofty satisfaction and internal 'peace.' 'A rational, a sublime ceremony!' he says. 'Its per-'fect simplicity is preserved, and every particle of the enthu-'siastic excitement, charm-like mysteriousness, which the Church 'of England still encourages, is removed.' Sunday after Sunday 'he enjoys the most sublime moral and intellectual treat which 'the purified religious principle can offer to man. I draw near 'to the presence of the living God, and I know that His near-'ness is not visionary. I am convinced that it is real, and that 'it takes place in the only sanctuary which exists among men— 'in the temple of the Holy Spirit, our MIND, our reasonable 'mind, the seat of the Divine Oracle for men. My faith 'increases, aided by an undisturbed development of the reason-'ableness of the great truths of religion. It grows without 'effort, and just as I believe in any other truth of reality, by a 'conviction with which the will has nothing to do, except obey-'ing it. I thank my God for this faith. I pray for its increase.' 'At no period of my life have I enjoyed moments of purer hap-'piness than during the present.' Such is his religion, in the first exultation of its freedom from Church bondage and mystery. Disease and imagination are over; health and reason are begun. 'I *was*, indeed, acquainted with a religious excitement, very 'like intoxication; an excitement which, similar to that pro-'duced by stimulants, brings with it a deep-seated consciousness 'that it cannot last—that it will gradually disappear, leaving us 'exhausted and low. *Now* I have reality.' Nervous excite-ment, enthusiasm, fear, delusive poetry, and churchyard gloom, the religion of sensations, and the mind's slavery and prostra-tion, are passed away. 'Reason alone is followed—God's is a reasonable service.' The constitution of nature, the proofs of the Divine Wisdom and Power in the construction of the mate-rial world, 'invariable order' and physical law, supersede the world of spiritual phantasmagoria, and invisible charms and ter-rors. A calm contemplative worship is produced, as superior to the irregular movements of a religion of the affections, as order is above disorder, cultivation above nature, and pure elemental reason above the passions.

We have observed already, at an early period in Blanco

White's life, a union in him of dry spiritual, and soft human affection: nature tender, and devotion cold. This temper is now systematized, and brought under a theory; and an anti-devotional philosophy is constructed. Deeper and deeper, more solid and subterranean, becomes his basis: the midway peg removed, he falls. There is a peculiar dream, of the nature of a nightmare, which represents sad unutterable descent: we are falling, falling down some cavernous hole, which seems to be taking us to the earth's centre; treacherous ledges just keep us suspended for a moment, and then let us fall and fall again down the dismal geological fissure, and we seem to have parted company with the earth's surface for ever. Blanco White is dragged along now by his own intellect through one form of scepticism after another, till, like some metempsychosis going on, embodying and disembodying in turns the poor tortured soul, and sporting with its victim, the process at last dissolves him. Form gives way to form more shadowy, till body becomes nebula, and seems to mix with rolling cloud and thickening air. All is dissolution; the mind's stays giving way, and scattering the loose particles; the fabric breaking up, the chain unwinding to its last link. An emptying, exhausting operation draws out the mind's last drop. All is in motion of irresistible descent, and, like some machine which, when once set going, wont stop itself, intellectual unbelief, with a miserable pertinacity, works itself out, undoing as it goes. Unhinged, unstrung, disorganized, he follows his mind into the extremest developments of rationalistic purism, where, in the regions of rarefaction and space, a Siberian exile from the world of passion, the pure intellect looks around, and worships the First Cause, the Origin of motion and Soul of the Universe.

There is a doctrine of Christianity, upon which ultimately hangs the whole of that awful and insurmountable difference which separates the two great *genera* of religions that we see in the world—the two that Blanco White denominates respectively, philosophical worship, and devotion—from each other. One doctrine there is which gives devotion its proper and irresistible basis against the religion of pure reason. It was one which Blanco White never entered into, felt, or, apparently, really believed. It now rises up with terrible energy against him, and, with an awful retaliation, consolidates and systematizes his unbelief. His born dislike of Catholic devotion, and the sense of hollowness and delusion with which it always inspired him, making his devotions mere superficialities and conscious outsides—carried in them the latent and embryo denial of this one doctrine. The doctrine we mean is that of the Incarnation.

Two great mediums present themselves, from which we form

our ideas of God: viz. Nature and Man. Nature, or the material world, contains evidences of design and intelligence in the creation of it. Its order, harmonious and complex machinery, vastness, systems, worlds, motions in earth and heaven, production, growth, nurture, bodies of men and animals—all present one with the irresistible idea of some first great Central Cause working in the wide realms of matter, arranging, adjusting, and producing these manifestations we see. Borrowing one idea from another department, and going upon a mixed ground,—we call these proofs of the benevolence of the Deity. Strictly speaking, however, this is a borrowed idea: looking purely and singly to the department of nature itself, and to no other, all the idea we get of Deity is that of centrality, origination, power: he is the spring of a great machinery, the centre of a world of physical movements and harmonies. His dignity here varies from the very lowest and most material idea that philosophy can entertain of a Cause, from being hardly higher than mere matter itself, up to positive intelligence, and mind. But higher than this latter point physical science, in its reasonings about the Deity, does not take us. A *moral* Being is not proved by these manifestations; that idea does not reside within the limits of this science: so far as we have gone as yet, we are not beyond that idea of a Deity, which the *anima mundi* philosophy puts forth. The bee constructs its hive; the bird its nest; the ant its hill. From the material world we gain an idea of contrivance and design—of some intelligence or instinct, by whatever name we may call it, residing at the centre of the Universal Machine. We do not gain a higher idea than this. Mind, we are not speaking of the idea which, with the teaching of our natural feelings, we extract from the view of the physical world, but only of the idea which pure physical science imposes. That science does not draw any other necessary conclusion about its Deity than this one; it does not present us with an object of love and worship; it does not disclose to us a moral Deity.

All that view of the Deity and religious contemplativeness that takes its rise from this quarter betrays this great hiatus. The religious feeling, that surveys nature simply, is weak. It does not give God a character. The sky is large, the sun is warm, the earth is green: the eye looks over the material expanse; a notion of a benevolent Deity arises; but the benevolence is the impersonation of the material expanse itself, rather than any really moral idea in us. It is too superficial a thing to constitute what we mean by character. A characterless Deity spreads over the scene, an hypostasis of atmosphere, light, and warmth, nourishment, fertility, resources. How wonderful, harmonious, large, and pleasurable!—the round arch, the horizontal plain,

the solar system and its orbits, the earth revolving on its axis; space, magnitude, motion!—this is the character of the Deity of pure philosophy. He takes his colour from the scene that represents him. The mind expands, and has an idea of a large pervading Being: but this Being has not a character.

But through the medium of man God appears as a very different Being. Nature is not a moral medium—man is. Man has an image of a character within him; he ascends through that to God, and clothes the Divine Being with those moral attributes that he finds belonging to himself. Those intense affections, those greatnesses, those admirations, that moral love and hatred, that he finds within himself, he transfers to God; he transfers them, not, of course, in their literal matter-of-fact form, as he himself has them, but in a transcendental supernatural and incomprehensible one. Still he makes God the perfection of that goodness that he sees within himself, and assigns to Him his own character. Through the *medium* of man, God is not an animation and a principle only, but a Personal Being, as much as a man is, and with a character like man's. There is an awe attaching to man. We see it in the way in which deep minds look into themselves to find out what they are; in the trembling sensitiveness with which any new discoveries in themselves or others are hailed; the acuteness to traits, symptoms, intimations; the interest with which they push into the *terra incognita* of their nature. Hence the admiration and curiosity with which we dive into the history of great men, and trace their thought and feeling, sensibility and emotion. Every trait is caught that comes up from the bottom, and shows what man is. A vast idea of some richness rolling at the bottom of human nature, some well of character indefinitely far down and deep, takes us with interest in the direction of any communications that speak to us of man. They are like oracles, like revelations. Man is the great object of curiosity. What he says and does, and how he feels, his secret impulses and movements within, chain the attention like a spell. The region of character has a mystery more overpowering than that of nature. What does the drama do but picture man? What is the interest we take in the representations, greatness, and height, that we meet with there, but a symptom of that inborn reverence for man which, even in his fall, is ever directing us to him? We want him to be unfolded to us; we want to get near him. The arcana of the substance and the viscera of a great nature draw us on, and go through dark avenue and winding cavern. It is like owing an awful rite and ceremonial; the drama is an Eleusi- mystery, and courts us with the charms of initiation and et knowledge and enjoyment. It promises disclosure; it

hints, it alludes, it throws spells into the air; it is usher and conductor to the unknown; it goes with pomp and procession, and solemn march and dirge, to the secret shrine; it elevates and stimulates us with hopes, and whispers, and sensations that go and return, and half-sights, and approaches. What is all this about but man? Man is the hero of the tale, the centre of the plot. How great he is! is the music which murmurs in the ear along the way. And man is the image of God: that truth is seen in the distance all along; thither unconsciously tend the avenues of thought; and all we see is deepened by it. Every new revelation of man's goodness throws light on the Divine. We see God through it. His omnipotence, omnipresence, immateriality, and freedom from passion, cause Him to have this human character, in that incomprehensible and infinite way in which a Divine Being must; but thus translated and spiritualized, it is His.

It may be said that human *character* is too solid, too human, too earthly-poetical, too dramatic a medium to the Deity; that we rather take only certain primary *ideas* of goodness with which our moral nature presents us, which primary ideas we then pursue, not in connexion with their human manifestation, but upon their own abstract ground; and that a purely ideal path conducts us to the knowledge of the Divine character. But this is not true. We do not part company with human nature so early in this process; we never part company with it. It is human *character*, or developed humanity, as distinguished from the mere elementary moral ideas which our nature acquaints us with, that conducts us to our notion of the Character Divine. We do not know what those ideas really are till we see them worked out and developed in actual states of mind and individual life. It is their dramatic issue, their ultimate appearance in the shape of character, that manifests what they are. The ideas are little more than superficies to our mind at first; it is this process which cubes them, deepens them into substance. To reason simply on the superficies is a Barmecidal proceeding. Take the idea of the moral element—love, and pursue it on the naked elementary ground; it appears to issue in that weak purism, the contradictory of justice, which some schools of philosophy have made their basis. But see it brought out in the shape of actual character, and you see it a rich, solid, complex quality, doing things which appear beforehand contradictory; tender, indignant, pitiful, severe. The truth is, it was a superficies before; it is a solid thing now. The life actual consolidates the elementary idea, and puts it in its true and real meaning before us. Food must be eaten, air must be breathed, the moral idea must come into the experimental world to be

understood. In the shape of high human character it does so. It becomes a reality then, a substance, and the mind embraces it. In morals we cannot develop mathematically, because we have not a stationary basis to proceed on; our moral perceptions themselves advance and change as we go along. Here we take hold of a hand; we look every moment to a model. That model is man himself. High humanity we cannot part a moment from in representing to ourselves the character Divine; and, in proportion as the mysteries of man's goodness unfold themselves to us, in that proportion do we obtain an insight into God's.

The Bible uses this medium. The Bible reveals to us, from first to last, the Divine character through the human. It throws itself (we say it reverentially) with the most unreserved freedom into this accommodation, and describes, with the boldness of inspiration, a transcendental human character in the incomprehensible Nature. It portrays a God, with human feelings, in their utmost intensity, of love, pity, anger, jealousy; it describes those feelings as working with all that noble excess, to use the common term, that we encounter in them in high human characters. There are the same apparent contradictions, the same inexplicableness, mysteries, obscurities, the same flights, and what seem wildnesses and extravagances; the same unutterable piercing movements in the Divine character, that the human in high dramatic development assumes. A history is thus gone through; scenes pass before us, a plot unrolls; the Bible unfolds, like some awful drama, a Character—the Character of God. Throughout the great succession of movements which take place in it, from the world's fall to its restoration, one Chief Person comes out, and comes out Personally. Not a principle—a cause—an essence, but a Being Personal, with a character of His own as much as one of ourselves, and inspiring a love and fear analogous to that which human character does, is the Deity of the Bible. 'There is wrath gone out from the Lord; the plague is begun.' 'The Lord is a man of war, the Lord is His name.' He kindles with jealousy; He deeply feels ingratitude. One awful sentence discloses to us what He felt when His creation forgot Him. 'And it repented the Lord that He had made man, and it 'grieved Him at His heart.' 'The Lord long-suffering and of 'great mercy, forgiving iniquity and transgression, and by no 'means clearing the guilty, visiting the iniquity of the fathers 'upon the children unto the third and fourth generation'—such is the God of 'Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob,' the 'God of Israel,' the 'God of their fathers,'—'who had done so great things in 'Egypt, wondrous works in the land of Ham, and fearful things 'by the Red Sea.' A holy pride and boasting fills His people's hearts as they think of their God, and compare Him with the

gods of the nations, the impersonations of nature, and the elements that formed the divinities of the pagan world. An exultation, a disdain, an inexpressible scorn scatters such deities to the winds. 'Miserable blinded people, whose gods are no gods.' Let them bow down to stocks and stones, and 'worship idols and phantoms. These are your deities,' they tell the heathen. 'They have mouths, and speak not; eyes 'have they, but they see not. They have ears, and yet they 'hear not; neither is there any breath in their mouths. They 'that make them are like unto them, and so are all they that put 'their trust in them.' But, 'Praise the Lord, ye house of 'Israel; praise the Lord, ye house of Aaron; praise the Lord, ye 'house of Levi; ye that fear the Lord, praise the Lord.' Not a law, not a delusion, not an impersonation is He, but a real and true God, whom we are not ashamed of; the natural Sovereign Lord of human hearts. He is not nature, but the Lord of nature; wielding her like an instrument, and making the whole world the mere dumb material engine of His own personal absolute will. All the motions in the firmament, all the wonders of the deep, sun moon and stars, the heavens and the waters beneath the heavens, animal life in earth, and air, and sea; the very depths and occult unfathomable realms of nature, where she is most powerful, most mysterious, most originative,—not even is all this God; infinitely below all, and deeper than the very foundation, is the invisible absolute Being whose empire this is. 'Praise the Lord upon earth, ye dragons, and all deeps, fire and 'hail, snow and vapour, wind and storm fulfilling his word. 'Mountains and all hills, fruitful trees and all cedars, beasts and 'all cattle, worms and feathered fowls; kings of the earth and 'all people, princes and all judges of the world; young men 'and maidens, old men and children, praise the name of the 'Lord; for His name only is excellent, and His praise above 'heaven and earth.'

Now pass away the types and adumbrations of the old Law; a deeper mystery arrives: God has hitherto only exhibited Himself under the human character; but now He takes upon Himself human nature. God the Son is born, lives, and dies upon earth. He takes our own whole and perfect nature upon Him, and reveals His character, not through a metaphorical, but through an actual manhood. The human medium is now a mysterious reality, instead of a symbolical expression; and humanity has an absolute basis in theology which it had not before. All the condescensions of the Old Testament are completed and consummated in the New; and the Incarnation substantiates all that human medium through which God was represented before. God is man: God's character is literally

man's. Through all the compartments of a perfect humanity, has God made human nature His own. Our humanity is now in a special way, in which it was not before, God's image and manifestation. All its high tendencies, aspirations, affections, now speak to us more than ever of Him; we see Him in them all: those nameless graces, depths, refinements; those ideas not caught; those hints that just come like far off scents, and are lost again,—all take us to God. *Mite et cognatum est homini Deus:* God is, in a sense, transcendental, incomprehensible, and divine, all that man is.

To the original idea of God as a moral Being are we referred throughout this whole view of Him. The question is, whether we are to regard Him as a moral Being or not? If we take the moral view of Him, we are thrown at once into the whole human development of goodness as our exemplar. Not an elementary superficies of moral ideas, but high humanity itself, worked out and consolidated, is our guide. Of the two great divisions of philosophy, the physical view reduces God to a mechanical principle: the moral raises Him into a Person and Character.

Two different modes of worship are suggested by these two views of the Deity; and the mediums of nature and man have their respective systems. The worship termed 'rational,' consisting in a calm consideration of the effects which have proceeded and proceed from the first great Cause, in a contemplation of the beauty and harmony of the universe, and in various intellectual and benevolent regards, form the worship of the physical deity. He does not require any other, and it would be an absurdity to give it him. A simply intellectual homage suits him; and in proportion to the extent to which such a view obtains, worship must become necessarily unimpassionate and unadoring. The medium of man, on the other hand, establishes a God adorable. His character, through this medium, is awing, prostrating, and jealous of His creature's devotion; it demands, and is the legitimate object of the genuine affections of our nature. The symbolisms of earthly Headship, and the expressions of human love: the folded hand, the bended knee, sighs, tears, and groans, mingle with His worship; and man's whole nature energizes in the act of adoration.

It is the diametrical contradictory to this latter view of a worship of God, that Blanco White brings accurately out and systematizes. He utterly banishes the human from God and His worship. This particular insinuation of the element of human feeling into the worship of the Diety, is what he puts his absolute veto on. He pursues it into its most refined and spiritual ts, uncovers its most intellectual guises, and ejects it. He cts its real 'grossness' and materiality, in spite of its illu-

sions, and will not allow the adulteration of a purely mental worship. His technical term for it is the ψυχικὸν, the 'sensuous.' 'External religion addressed to the senses, and using 'the body as an instrument of devotion,' he says, is 'what St. 'Paul calls carnal—*i. e.* confined chiefly to the flesh, the body, or 'animal part of man, and to the ψυχὴ, the seat of sentiment or 'feeling.' All 'flattering devotion,' as he calls it, 'all that 'method of praying and addressing the Deity which supposes 'Him to have all the habits and feelings of an Oriental despot, 'who likes to hear the people approaching Him call themselves 'Dogs, dead Dogs;' all impassioned religion, whether of fear or love, he puts under the head of ψυχικὸν, or 'sensuous.' The 'Imagination,' as the great fautor of this spurious worship he rigorously excludes. 'Is Imagination,' he asks, 'to be banished 'from practical religion?' and he answers—'It is my conviction 'that the *spirituality* of our Religion depends on that exclusion. 'Are we to banish *feeling?* All feeling arising from imagina-'tion should also be excluded. I am not an enemy to the su-'blime emotions which arise in our bosom at the contemplation 'of ourselves and this wonderful universe, with reference to 'God. They constitute the most blessed moments of a rational 'existence. But I consider the Imaginative Faculty—that 'faculty which clothes every idea in matter—as the arch-enemy 'of those truly spiritual enjoyments. Cleanse the internal sanc-'tuary from idols, if the Deity is to take his seat within it.' The whole system of external worship that results from this 'sen-'suous element,' is termed θρησκεία, 'service,' and is altogether put aside, and Christianity is pronounced to be neither a 'science' nor an 'occupation.'

The reason he states plainly, in his own fashion. The 'sensuous' worship, or '*service*,' he says, implies a Deity with something human about Him—a Deity in some way 'embodied,' 'localized, circumscribed,' to the mind. All this 'refined idolatry,' this 'devotional restlessness' that he so much objects to, supposes, he says, such an object. 'The idea of service to a master *represented as a* '*human being*, *must* give real uneasiness to the sensitive mind;' and of this uneasiness 'a real θρησκεία, (service,) in which the zealous servant must always be in doubt whether he has done enough,' is the natural result. But the original hypothesis overthrown, the result is overthrown too; and therefore this service he altogether repudiates, as inappropriate, and meant for a wholly different Being from what God really is. 'Service,' 'Religion,' 'Devotion,'—he pronounces a clear and dogmatic condemnation upon them all. 'Is Christianity properly called 'the Christian RELIGION?—Is the Gospel a RELIGION?—We 'do not find any word equivalent to *Religion* applied to the

'Gospel in the New Testament. Appellations of that kind 'originated with the Christian writers, as soon as the true cha- 'racter of Christianity began to be obscured in the minds of 'those who professed it. Εὐσεβεία, θρησκεία, would be ill adapted 'to a revelation the very object of which is, to remove all notions 'of means by which men may *worship well and properly*, or be- 'come θρῆσκαι, according to a regular method. The Christian 'θρησκεία is benevolence and purity, according to the Apostle 'James; and true worshippers, according to Christ, are those 'who worship *in spirit—i. e.* mentally, not according to *worldly* 'or fleshly elements, (directions, instructions), and *in truth—i. e.* 'without symbols and emblems. In my opinion, Christ came 'to liberate mankind from *all religion*, that great source of the 'worst human evils;

'"Tantum Religio potuit suadere malorum!"

'All men devoted to *a religion* are slaves, servants, θρῆσκαι. 'Christ came to make us *free*.'

We thus come round to the human medium—to the Bible-revelation of God, as the one great source of the Christian world's superstition; and the argument of Blanco White rolls back its deadening weight on the doctrine of the Incarnation. Upon human nature, quite independent of any sculptured representation of the human form; upon human nature—as simply conjoined with God, and believed by the worshipper;—upon human nature itself, singly and alone, he fixes, as that circumscribing, discolouring medium of the Deity, which constitutes essentially the Christian idolatry.—'A religion 'which presents an *incarnate* God as the supreme object of 'worship, is essentially idolatrous. Idolatry does not consist 'in worshipping *material figures;* but in reducing the Deity 'to an object of the *imagination*. If God is made Man, it 'signifies little whether you worship the *image* within you, or 'whether you represent that image in wood or stone, according 'to the Roman Catholic practice. It is childish to make the 'evil of idolatry consist in the materiality of the idol: that evil 'arises from the inevitable degradation of the Deity, when con- 'ceived as *a Man*. All spirituality disappears in that case; and, 'whatever you do, the association of human passions and feelings 'with the idea of God (an association to which we have a most 'decided natural tendency) will take place in a higher or lower 'degree, according to the power or weakness of every individual 'mind.' 'The Deity conceived as *a man*,' and worshipped, not in a dead image, His likeness, but in a living soul and body, His assumed nature, is an energetic living idolatry to him, and the most pernicious one of the two. A mere image does not do what the Incarnation does. It may allow the mind to throw it

aside, and wander from it into the world of pure intelligence and formlessness: the Incarnation never can.

Effacing real character from the Deity, however, and sentiment and feeling from worship, Blanco White's system is not atheism, his deity not simply mechanical. His is a formless *anima mundi* theo-philanthropism. Between the medium of nature on the one hand, and of man on the other, a diluted physical ground exists, which borrows from the moral world an elementary benevolence, and colours the mechanical principle with it. A characterless benevolence just preserves the airy universal soul from being a mere physical influence. His effusions to this deity have feeling and power, warmth and beauty in them: sometimes a small catholic surviving element seems to be melting in the wide vacuity; and Deism has in him an eloquent mouth-piece, that expresses all the sentiment and idealism of old philosophy. 'I had opened my 'window,' he says, 'and seated myself in view of the Heavens, to 'collect my mind for the daily tribute of adoration to my Maker. 'The mere act of directing my mind to Him, in the presence of 'His glorious works, filled me with an inexpressible, though 'tranquil and rational delight. I said to myself, What a glo-'rious gift conscious existence is in itself! Heaven must essen-'tially consist in the absence of whatever disturbs the quiet 'enjoyment of that consciousness—in the intimate conviction 'of the *presence of God.* ..... Oh thou great Being, who 'from the dawn of my reason, didst reveal Thyself within 'my heart, to Thee I may venture to speak humbly but freely, 'in the sanctuary of my soul. It is *there* that I obtain the 'nearest approach to Thee: there alone I know Thee face to 'face, not in the figure of a man—not in the coloured shadows 'of Imagination,—but in the truly spiritual character of Know-'ledge, Power, Will, Consciousness.' But a grotesque jar goes on even here. Every other sentence in his prayers is a protest against the last being supposed to be meant in an orthodox sense. He walks with one foot up in the air, the other in fetters below. He is afraid even of philosophy. He tells his deity, that he is not to suppose himself worshipped in the strict sense of the word, and that he abstains 'from addressing him in com-plimentary language.' He is perpetually lecturing him on the subject of orthodoxy, creeds, and established churches. He tells him, at least once in every prayer, how exceedingly little he believes about him. 'It is long since I have renounced the '(to me) superstitious practice of falling on my knees, and for-'mally addressing to Thee either praises or petitions. I am, however, uninterruptedly in a praying state.'

Nature, however, from her capricious wayward depths, seems sometimes to utter oracles which she cannot help; and a sort of wild

Christianity, the conception of a mind that seems to be working upwards from infidelity, meets us. Are such gleams the forced expressions of a rebellious nature, and torn out of a man in spite of himself, or do they show religion still surviving? Even Saul prophesied, and was seized with a spirit that he could not resist. What is Blanco White's view, when he says, 'If abstract argument could so bewilder me as to lead my understanding to 'deny a Creator, I should still kneel before Christ, as the true 'God of the moral world?' He seems to be longing for the doctrine of the Incarnation sometimes. One wonders he does not see it: he gropes like a blind man, and seems just on its edge. 'I want to feel *sympathy*,' he says, 'with God,' and adds, 'How blasphemous this will sound to some! how they will start!' Then he is off again, and makes the language which might be truly noble, pantheistic. His mind has vivid breaks of truth upon it, like gleams from a dark-lantern, or phosphoric lights; but its solid course goes on, and makes illusions of them.

This course of speculation inevitably led to another; the question, how he was to deal with the Bible, came on. What was he to do with it? From first to last it stood in his way. It put forth one view of God, he another: it had one system of worship, and he another. As it stood, it was a vast erection exactly antagonistic to his own. How were the two to be brought into harmony? Two courses are open in such a case. The more natural one is, that of giving up the Bible altogether, and leaving the philosophical area free. This is the summary method that a Hume and a Voltaire would take, and it is less revolting than the one Blanco White takes: he undertakes the task of remodelling the Bible. The process is a miserable one indeed. A summary effacement does the act in an instant; this prolongs it, and destroys piecemeal. Blanco White haggles at the Bible; tears, mangles, and dissects, with a minute and torturing impiety, the holy victim. He puts himself into the body, and cuts out bit by bit, till he leaves nothing but a case; and only does the same that other infidels have done in a more shocking way. Even the very notice of such contact with Holy Writ seems to carry a contagion of profaneness, and it is painful to be forced upon it.

First in order, in such a speculation as this, stands, of course, the fundamental question of the Infallibility of Scripture. It is one on which Blanco White has long ago made up his mind. Even the days of his orthodoxy decided that 'the mighty theory which makes the Bible infallible' was simply a phantom, an unreality. The Bible is not an oracle, is his dictum. 'God never intended to dwell miraculously among men as in a Book, as in an oracle, from which we might obtain infallible

'answers. . . . .' Such an oracular infallibility must have an infallible medium through which it came. If the medium is uncertain, then that of which it is the medium is uncertain too. Of the communications which are made in the Bible, *language* is the medium—a necessarily fallible one: it follows that the issue cannot be infallibility. 'If the language which conveys inspired thoughts is human, infallibility is at an end.'

This argument may be valid, taking the Bible to stand entirely by itself. Of course the answer to it is, that the Bible does not stand by itself; that a general current tradition, going up to the times of the Apostles, asserts that, as a matter of fact, the Christian doctrine, as they delivered it,—the real sense of Scripture—was such and such. The fact of that doctrine rests upon historical grounds of exactly the same certainty that other acknowledged facts in history do. One general tradition over the world speaks historically to it: the historian looks in vain for any similar tradition the other way. In the year 325, out of a general council of all the Bishops of the Catholic Church, all except thirteen declared for a particular interpretation of Scripture, as having been, as a matter of fact, always held in their churches; the remaining thirteen, for the most part, not meeting that fact by a counter one, but only arguing against it on grounds of logic. A fact, supported by one general line of testimony, and not contradicted by another, is what is called historically certain.

Exposed and unguarded, however, in Blanco White's system, the Bible now yields, step by step, to the intellect's inroad. A human medium of revelation is discovered to be subject, not only to uncertainty, but to corruption. The stream of truth is discoloured in its passage from the fountain-head, and gathers all kinds of turbid and base matter. What has to pass through the distorting human mind, with all its feelings and passions, cannot be taken for granted as that pure effluence from the Divine Mind that persons think it to be. It mingles instantly with a whole mass of popular ideas and prejudices of the day; and the Bible becomes a confused heap, to Blanco White's eye, of good, bad, and indifferent; a small element of Divine truth every now and then just appearing occasionally amid a world of legendary matter and supernaturalism. 'The massacre of the Priests 'of Baal, the horrible destruction of the last remnant of the 'family of Saul, never failed to fill him with horror.' The miracles of Elisha revolted him; the 'history of Samson exhausted his patience,' and that of 'Balaam appeared to him a mockery of the Deity.' The one cemented whole now exists no longer: whole masses of literal interpolation appear; genuineness gives way; and the composition of the Bible breaks up, and crumbles into pieces.

At one speculative touch, thus fell the whole system of biblical religion. It had no basis. The 'mighty theory' was gone. This is a tender and an awful subject to us at this day. It suggests wide consequences and connexions. On what does the popular religion of the present day rest? On the Bible, and the Bible alone, we are instantly answered: the Bible, without note or comment; without tradition or the Church. But on what does the authority of the Bible itself rest? is then asked; and no answer is given. There the matter stops. A dead stagnation locks up every avenue of rational thought. Persons have no answer, and do not see that one is wanted;—they see a printed book: that book is the Bible. That volume is inspired, is infallible. Did the Church tell you that? No; I never asked her. Then who told you it? No one. Then why do you believe it? There is no answer. We should be the very last to insist on any formal logical reason for a belief where there was any latent unconscious ground upon which the mind could be supposed to go. We have no doubt many and many minds among us have this ground here. But on what ground those who make the denial of Church authority the very distinctive principle of their religion, and whose distinctive principle thus destroys the only channel of evidence that exists for the canon of Scripture,—on what ground they receive and implicitly adopt that canon, we do not understand.

The truth must be stated: there is a belief in the Bible which is a 'Bibliolatry,' and of which nothing can be said, but that it rests deadly in a mere book, which it has no reason (for its own part) to think, comes from God. It is an artificial, material, fixed and set, negative belief without life in it. It is not belief, it is unbelief. It stands like a wooden thing, without nerve or sinew, or pulse, to support it, by its mere weight. It does not bend, or open out, or mingle with the Bible: it looks *at* it; it sees a book simply; it stands on the outside. It exists by inertia, by indifference, by negation; action is madness to it; motion is death. Would that it were a solid hearty belief, however illogical. But what does it do? Instead of imbibing the supernatural from the Bible, it uses it for the very reverse purpose, for locking up the supernatural in it. The Bible becomes not so much a revelation of the world invisible, as its prison. Within a close wall of circumvallation the miraculous influences work; there they are kept, and not allowed for an instant to come outside: at the first symptom of egress a jealous eye drives them in again, and fixes them in their inclosure. There
' supernatural is safe; there it does no harm; it interferes
nobody. The past is over and gone; we do not see it,
t, hear it: it does not disturb us; it did exist once, but it

does not exist now; *we* exist now: there is no interference; a past miraculous can be admitted. Is it felt as a difficulty, that if mysterious supernatural agencies went on once, they may do so again,—a convenient wall of distinction is at hand in the Bible to meet it. That inclosure receives all the supernatural that ever was, or is, will, or can be: all is disposed of, shut up, got out of the way. It is the one receptacle of all that need trouble and annoy the human mind; and relieved from the fear of living antagonists, the intellect is comfortable. How little does it signify, that something once took place. How little do we feel the past. On flows Time, the great unrealizer, and we are in his stream. The world has floated down and down, lower and lower, and left the supernatural behind it; Eden, Babel, Egypt, Sodom and Gomorrha, Goshen Canaan, Jerusalem Babylon, the Wilderness, Nazareth, Capernaum, the localities of the miraculous, it has long passed by; the age presents an order of nature, a system of policy, a machinery of its own to our eye; and this is our truth; and we say, since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning. We pass by the burning bush and see it not. The mysteries, miracles, lives of prophets and saints—how legendary would they be to many, if they but one single moment realized what they are. But all simply passes by them. They do not enter into the contents of the book *positively*. The Bible stands for the negation of the Church rather than for what it is itself, and has an empty contrasted, and not a *per se* existence. They do enter into it sufficiently to reject it. The blood does not come from a dead belief. Numbness is calm. Yet what an edge does such a faith rest on! The state of mind of a large number in this country, the dead lock of mute acquiescence, which keeps a mass of energetic antagonism to the supernatural, adhering to the Bible, is an extraordinary phenomenon in religion, equal to any which any age has produced.

One thought on this subject. This Bible is read every day, Old Testament and New, morning and evening, in our churches. The Church receives with humble faith all these, that the froward reason calls, legends; and recites them in regular liturgical order, to her children, as the simple truth, the history of what has been upon this earth. Blessed privilege to hear them! Amidst a jarring world those disclosures of the supernatural strike deep into the heart that wants to realise God's presence. There He is: He lives and moves, as a real God; He loves and concerns Himself for His creatures; He breaks forth from the veil of nature, and uncovers Himself to us. Every day we hear those Gospels which tell us what He did, when He lived upon this earth; His compassions, divine sweetness, His humility and

majesty supreme in mortal shape. What untold depths lie in those simple accounts which the Evangelists have written, and in those acts of pity to the blind, the lame, the deaf, the dumb, the sick, the dying, and the dead. What an image do they raise in our mind of our Blessed Lord in his earthly form! Great privilege, indeed, to hear these holy narratives read! May they go on, forming and deepening an image of Him, which will stay in us and never go away. That sword of the Spirit, may it drive away the rationalistic shapes that throng and threaten at the Church's door, and mock her worship as it goes on! Would our popular religion, of itself, take up those parts of Scripture, that the Church obliges it to use? It would not. It does not. It picks its favourite epistle, and explains and spiritualises upon it; but in the oblique process, the Bible field, as a whole, is forgot; and human inference and feeling take their one-sided course, and spin their own webs far away from Holy ground.

To this mixed confused mass, in his opinion, of truth and falsehood, fact and fable, Blanco White applies his canon of restoration. He talks of the plan just as he would of restoring the Hesiodic or Orphean fragments. 'The original picture must be 'restored, as artists of genius restore an ancient statue, by means 'of its incomplete fragments; the work is not difficult, provided 'the love of the miraculous does not disturb the moral sense. 'Would you wish to have a test by which to try the genuineness 'of passages in the New Testament? Observe the consequences 'which they have produced, taken as rules of conduct, especially 'as rules of *perfection*. All those which, in the most direct 'manner, have been the origin of monachism—in a more general 'term, of *Ascetism*—must be excluded.' This is his canon. The rational element, wherever seen is carefully to be separated from the superstitious; and the pure portions, thus cleared, to be collected together and formed into shape. He instances such passages as the one against making vain repetitions; not used by divines, he says, because they are rational; but which are *the* true, genuine, original Bible in his opinion, and which should be extracted by the critical restorer. The New Testament comes quite as much as the Old under this process. You cannot reconcile, he says, the Gospel morality of almsgiving with the discoveries of political economy. Dr. Whately endeavours to do this, but fails. As the Gospel books stand, they teach a completely different duty from what the demonstrations of that science allow; and it is glossing over things to try to reconcile the two. A restored Gospel, on his principle, can alone meet the difficulty. It can alone meet the difficulty again of the doctrine of Counsels of Perfection, which, with all its developments, may be gathered straight from the Gospel as it at present stands. 'The Messianite expectations of a numerous

'Jewish religious party, that seem to have existed since the 'Maccabees,' which have mingled with the simple account of the events of our Lord's life, may be separated from the Gospels; and Stoicism, 'the main source of the Pauline philosophical fragments,' from the Epistles. But we really cannot extract more of these shocking dicta.

Isolated and alone, occupying a ground far in advance even of the sect he has joined, and looking back on Socinianism in the distance as a system faintly struggling, at an immense interval, to follow him; the rest of the world not yet seen even on the verge of his horizon; with wide shoreless space before him, a Deity of air, a worship of reason, a bible in process of discovery, Blanco White can only refresh his philosophical solitude by a hollow prospect of some large illumination yet distant, some indefinite advance of the human intelligence, and disenthralment of the world yet to come. 'When the light of philo-'sophy shall have spread itself sufficiently among those whom 'Providence appoints everywhere to take the *rational* lead— 'when the painful, and it may be horrible, destruction of existing 'obstacles shall have cleared the way for the operations of 'rational influences, then will the change be.' But the prospect is hardly real enough to be consoling; the distant scene is felt, in the very act of reposing on it, to be illusory; and the phantom throws back a sickly pallor on a lone philosophy. He has not real hope. He does not really think the world ever will be right, that religion ever will come round to him; he is a fragment amid overpowering brooding systems that have spread over the earth. Strange and melancholy is the idea that atomizes truth; strange to come to such a pass, as really to think that truth narrows and narrows till it becomes a mere point amid a universe of error; and that the final issue of things is against it. It is an upsetting of the whole moral basis of things; and yet philosophy, in some of its moods, seems able to face the thought that, truth being real *bonâ fide* truth, it is quite compatible with its being so that it should never succeed; that truth may pine and die, and yet be truth; and error flourish in eternal universality, and yet be error. This is the real *feeling* in some infidel minds; they will not acknowledge it; they have a theoretical reign of truth before them, but they do not really expect it. Seeing the whole world in error, according to their view, their religion is defective in the only quality that could bear them up against such strong existing phenomena; they have not faith enough, even in their own system, to weigh any indefinite development of it against the matter of fact present, and the whole counter system of established opinion. Buoyed up by a sanguine temperament in some, infidel philosophy is yet more commonly a hopeless one. It

sees human nature against it; it despairs of the mass. It feels itself an alien in God's world, yet it holds up. An envy, shall we call it, that feels its own hollowness, and sticks to it; a deep, subtle contradiction; an internal mystery of unbelief, that enables them really to disbelieve, and know what they disbelieve to be true, is the slavery of the proud. The antagonistic will sees what is Divine, but hatred repells the contact of belief, and a hopeless struggle against Divine Fate consumes them. An obstinate acquiescence in its own uncatholic nature, is the resignation of their philosophy. Despair is the devotion of unbelief, its ethical state of mind, the counter and rival one of Christian hope.

We do not forget—it would be unfeeling to do so—the real natural causes of dejection which pressed on Blanco White; but can we mistake his tone? 'January 1st, 1838. I have a Hope 'that this will be the last Year of my Life: to wish it otherwise 'would be extreme imbecility. I cannot expect any sound 'Improvement in my Health. The Slow Fever which has 'uninterruptedly been upon me for more than twenty Days, 'must proceed from a total derangement, which, though 'it will not kill me, must increase my general Debility and 'Helplessness. Every Year must deprive me of some rem-'nant of Activity. My Solitude, combined with the Necessity 'of being idle, renders my Life intolerable. All Hopes of Use-'fulness have died in me. Bitter indeed has been the Disap-'pointment which the clear Perception of some men's Minds—'men in whose Love of Truth I trusted, has brought to my Soul. 'All have made their Peace, at least a long Truce, with established 'Error. They are miserably afraid of following it up to its 'Sources. What chance then is left for positive Truth? None 'on the part of Man's honest Exertions. The Course of Things 'will probably shake these monstrous Structures of Superstition 'by indirect means; but till that Crisis arrives, even the most 'clear-sighted men are agreed to let them be undisturbed, except 'when some external Advantage may be snatched out of the 'Hands of those who manage the Interest of the grand Delu-'sion, by Law established.

'Yet, in spite of this Despondency, I do not wish that my 'own course had been different. I have laboured in vain, but 'I have laboured in the Field of Truth: my Wages have been 'Pain and Misery, but I love them infinitely above the Wages 'of Dishonesty. I thank God that I have been able to endure so 'much for that which *is* and *must* be eternally true. Let the 'Grave close over my Sufferings, my Weaknesses, my involun-tary Errors. I feel that Death will give a sort of Consecration to my imperfect Efforts. This is a most consoling Anticipation.'

'I can hardly control my impatience . . . . Sooner or later, 'the end cannot be distant . . . . How can I convey in words 'the utter misery into which I am sinking deeper every day. 'Nothing but a firm persuasion that self-destruction would be 'criminal in me prevents my putting it into execution. But 'my will is fixed: I am determined not to do wrong. In this 'horrible distress I still wish to conform to the will of God; 'but it seems to me impossible to continue much longer in this 'state, preserving my Reason. I have scarcely any power of 'self-government against this despondency.'

Accompanying his intense adherence to his own isolation, we see in the unbeliever a tendency to envy the social belief of the world around him. Abandoning real dignity and self-repose, solitary truth bites venomously at gregarious error. A kind of jealousy arises at the very sight of communion, extension, systems that keep people together; and the stupidity and quiet of the large unconscious masses excites positive spleen; a feeling of which not supposed wrong opinion simply, but that opinion as social and uniting, is the object. 'Every Church Establishment is a mighty Joint-'Stock Company of error and deception, which invites subscrip-'tions to the common fund, from the largest amount of hypocrisy, 'to the lowest penny and farthing contribution of acquiescence 'in what the conscience does not entirely approve. Yet these 'last contributors form the true strength of the Establishment.' The splenetic force of his language is quite miserable. 'There 'is a reality in English bigotry as keen, as cutting, as the north-'east wind, which blasts the young spring at this moment. The '*practical* temper of the nation is seen here most clearly.' 'The 'names of the Corpus Committee at Oxford compound such a 'horrible idea in my mind, that I can hardly endure it; it is 'made up of mental light, rendered, by mixture, so lurid and 'hellish, that it might be conceived to be of the same kind as 'that which some divines think was set as a mark on Cain's 'forehead.' It is remarkable how all company as such, how the Established Church as such, jaundices him. All social established religion is an eyesore; the fact of its existence an insult to him, which he feels as a reproach upon his own tenuity, and retorts upon with sarcasm.

Some sort of union in this way, even division itself, desiderates; the principle feels itself so much at a disadvantage without it. Blanco White, with his peculiar natural love of sympathy and connexion, wants to bring those of his persuasion under some head and name. They should call themselves something. 'I wish that the few Christians who profess the Gospel 'in perfect independence of a human confession of faith or 'creed,—that is, without a fixed standard of scriptural interpre-

'tation, settled at some particular period according to the notions 'of certain individuals,—would agree to call themselves by some 'name unconnected with any disputed point of interpretation. 'I have no other objection to the name *Unitarian*, but that it 'is *dogmatic* . . . . If the scholastic system were better known, 'anti-scholastic Christians might be a very good denomination 'for those who are now called Unitarians and Rationalists. I 'wish some word expressing individual independence from any 'self-constituted interpreter of the Scriptures could be found. 'Perhaps *anti-sectarian*, (understanding the word sect in its 'original meaning, of a philosophical system or school,) or *un-'articled* Christians, would do. The latter has a smack of vul-'garity,—but it would be understood by John Bull.' He is a proselytizer, and one convert is a treasure,—some one to agree with. His solitude makes him even rapacious, and almost persecuting, when a convert is the prey. The letters to a 'Miss L.,' with a prying pertinacity pursue an amiable female mind from the last holds of her old religion. She clings to a shred, and he takes it from her. 'You appear to me to cling too much 'to the acknowledgment of certain usual assertions respecting 'Christ . . . . You are afraid . . . . Give up these old preju-'dices . . . . Follow God into the sanctuary of your heart . . . . 'Be on your guard against the fear of religion being too simple '. . . What I recommend requires a most painful effort.' Make that,—you are yet only half-way. You have vestiges of the 'devotional' spirit about you. Denude yourself; throw off old notions; accept my deity. Half afraid and hesitating, and still looking back with longing, lingering eye on her old religious feeling, he drags her on to take the plunge; and weakness, in search of companionship, is eager, bold, and ravenous.

A latent consciousness of moral inferiority is another stimulant to the sarcasm and bitterness of infidelity. The jealousy of a felt superior appears in the way in which such minds talk of high religious attainments. How the mere fact seems to sting them, that there is such a thing! They want to get rid of it. They will invent any name to fasten on it, and cover it to their own and other eyes. And when they can really pick any hole in such characters, and unsubstantiate them, what a pleasure it is! How will they, on the mere mention of goodness, slip in the insinuation, the inuendo! What cleverness they show in doing this! This is weakness. An animal bites because he is afraid of you, not from too much spirit. Sadly infected with this temper is Blanco White. There is no mistaking the sarcastic pleasure which he feels as he alludes to 'that *extinct* generation of men whom an impending mitre drove with affright into the fastnesses of the desert.' Now, what is it he says here? He

knows there was once this generation of men; that pains him: he sees it almost extinct; that pleases him. He is really pleased, that is, at thinking that men are worse than they were, and that there is not so much good in the world as there was. 'Charity rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth.' This does just the reverse. Throughout Blanco White's writing this tone runs. Such profaneness, blasphemy, bitter scoffs at saintliness, as pervade the 'Evidence against Catholicism,' and other writings, what do they betray but this? He joins the common herd of infidels. Degradation, indeed, of man, grovelling and cleaving to the ground from whence he came! he will not be raised and lifted up, and only sees the held out hand to relapse more proudly into his own fallen nature again. Earth and clay are in love with themselves, persist in being themselves, and nothing more; and rot in their own grave with satisfaction. 'Now we are going,' they say, falling. Slow and sure is the progress of the world downward. Nature is retracing her aspirant steps, and getting wise and material again. Light is fading; virtue is a dream; darkness is growing; elasticity is spent; earth is settling; the Fall is completing; receive us, O lowest residuum of matter, into thy impenetrable hold, where dust has finally parted with spirit, and is solid and eternal. Shut out for evermore the realms of sky and air; they are illusions; we see through them. We have got into our cave; the mouth is stopped, the stone is over us.' An image of the world in their minds, soberly lowering, systematically subsiding into itself, a slow, sure, even fall, which takes all down together, is their miserable solace.

On the subject of the immortality of the soul, it is the same. One might suppose that mere philosophical dignity would make them stand up for their own nature, and save it from being an evanescence. But the horrible disease which preys on them, the unnatural appetite for descent, makes them suicidal. Nature likes destroying herself. A dæmoniacal refinement of philosophy takes them to a more inaccessible theory of annihilation than the ordinary one, and makes them separate the soul's immortality from its identity: live on, it says, but do not be so sure that you will be the *same* soul. As if it were not the bitterest mockery to say that you are immortal—I mean not you, but some other being. The soul clings with inspired strength to the fundamental abyssal rock of its own personality; to its own identity, as the very essence of its immortality; to the one eternal line of self that penetrates the future infinite. Take that away, and you undo her; and life becomes a galvanic action, or meteoric show. Driven to extremities, philosophy becomes treacherous, insidious, and assassin-like. It tampers and plays

with the vitality that it kills. A subtle glassy absorption, under the name of a future life, sucks in evanescences; being is inveigled, and lost in a solution of identities; and an immortal annihilation calls itself immortality. The hollow levity of such views is marvellous. Sir James Mackintosh it is, we believe, who makes immortality lie in succession of beings; as if it were quite an indifferent thing so long as there *was* life, that it should be the same life. Blanco White has passages in much the same spirit. He makes the personality of souls the function of the state they are in. The state goes: the personality goes with it: a succeeding state re-arranges and re-distributes it. 'Were it 'shown,' he says, 'that Personality consists in the Limitation, the 'shaping of the inferior Soul by the circumstances of each per- 'son's condition in this life, I believe that all the difficulties 'against the Immortality of the Soul would vanish. They arise, 'in my opinion, from making the word *Soul* express a multitude 'of things, which cannot be reduced to one predicament. This 'is, however, the effect of the Imagination—that treacherous 'Faculty to which men surrender themselves, in all subjects con- 'nected with religion. P. P., Clerk of the Parish, must be the 'identical Individual throughout Eternity: the same as every 'one of his Neighbour's wishes; against which wishes there are 'difficulties which every reflecting man must find insuperable. '"Alas! You will take away our Personality." And who will 'mourn for the loss? Some distressed *Impersonal!*'—*Nec miserum fieri, qui non est, posse;* it is the argument with which Lucretius tries to persuade men into the idea of the soul's non-existence after death.

Unhappy man! His mental miseries, his doubts, fluctuations, hopelessness, bodily disease, make death at last welcome. He prepares for it with the fortitude of an ancient philosopher. He thinks the position of a human being waiting calmly for his translation into the unknown state, a dignified one. But philosophy cannot regain now the same tranquillising power that once it had. It does not protect the mind that apostatizes to it. He cannot sustain the effort, and gives way; and his death, as his life, is a tragedy. 'The agony of despair threatens him.' 'The only check 'to it is a deeply felt horror of such a state of mind.' He recovers 'and inspirits himself. 'I am weak, and therefore my feelings 'overpower me. I have contributed my mite to the Liberty of 'mankind. It is cast into God's treasury. I stand upon a rock. 'God's Providence is carried on by the struggles of Reason 'against the passions. I have no doubts. I came from God, 'and I go to Him.' Pain then overpowers him, and he cries to God with the voice of nature, checking it immediately the rationalistic protest—'Oh my God! oh my God!—But

'I know Thou dost not overlook any of Thy creatures. Thou 'dost not overlook me. So much torture—to kill a worm! 'Have mercy upon me, oh God! Have mercy upon me! I 'cry to Thee, knowing I cannot alter Thy ways. I cannot if I 'would——and I *would not* if I could. If a word could remove 'these sufferings, I would not utter it!' 'The night after, to 'several members of the family collected around him, he spoke 'of the state of his mind in what he knew to be the presence of 'Death, and, aware that the power of distinct utterance was 'failing, added—"When the hour shall come, let it be said once 'for all, my soul will be concentrated in the feeling, 'My God, 'into Thy hands I commend my spirit.' God to me is Jesus; 'and Jesus is God—of course not in the sense of Divines." He 'remained some days longer, chiefly in the state of one falling 'asleep, until the morning of the 20th, when he awoke up, and 'and with a firm voice and great solemnity of manner, spoke 'only these words—"Now I die." He sat as one in the atti-'tude of expectation, and about two hours afterwards—it was as 'he had said.'

Blanco White is of the French school of infidelity. He has not the calmness and weight of the English school. He takes more after Rousseau than Hume, and more after Voltaire than Gibbon. He impersonates acute, fastidious, tender and refined nature's scornfulness, that sees in the devotional sentiment a rival to itself, and hates it. Higher perceptions, and a sense of duty and conscience, make him what these infidels were not; but an internal grossness, so often the plague-spot of the refined literary man, comes out in him. Rich in affection, ardour, and sweetness—nature in herself breeds horrible moral disease. There is no use trying to make her out; she is a consistent inconsistency; why should she be anything else? Blanco White pleases; Blanco White disgusts. Miserable and shocking as he is, he has, and retains to the last, the amiable phenomena and sensibilities in a refined form. This is a mystery. We know not what fine feelings are, and what they depend on. We do not know how far the goodness which we have now has moral root in us, or is the physical phase and fluid of the mind *pro tempore*. A day will come which will manifest what every one is; but, doubtless, many a man is better here than he deserves to be. Whatever charm of character accompanies evil, it has by a dispensation; it is in a particular *state* now, and partakes of the benefits which attach to that state; it enjoys the sweet influences flowing from God's spiritual bounty through the world of mind. The question is, whether it appropriates these influences, and unites them to a moral basis within itself. If it does not, the soul's meteoric borrowed atmosphere may disappear in a

moment, when God wills, and leave essential evil, in naked forlorn ugliness. We neither apply this remark to Blanco White, nor withhold it: it is a caution which his and many other characters lead us to.

As a philosopher, a rejection of mediums is his system. He had it in the germ in early life; he unfolded it systematically in his later. His believing Roman Catholic life intoned his philosophical. Some forms of mind do not tolerate mediums in religion. They demand truth, bare of all introductions, expositions, and economies. They want the naked soul of truth; they penetrate through form and exterior to pluck it out; they are impatient of interval as such; they put aside all covering to get at the core, the solid divine particle itself, of truth. Dogmas are husks, creeds are distortions. Everything is seen through; nothing is final: truth is always ulterior; it is contrasted to the form in which it is presented to them, instead of being apprehended in that form. They want a truth bodiless: they cannot have it. Nothing is without a body here; and truth is not. Resolve to have it without body; a hopeless work is before you. Can you separate man from his body? The man, soul and body, is one; and the latter is part of himself; his soul mingles with the minutest veins and arteries. Pierce and penetrate as you may to formless truth, it flees from you. The sceptic rejects the outside; he peels off coating after coating, to come to something solid: he never finds the solid particle; everything is coating to him: he peels away and away, and throws aside, and still finds nothing but peeling. He will not look at doctrine through the Church medium; he will not look at God through the human. All those creeds and statements, that whole body of teaching, the product of the Church's collected intelligence, the simply expositional and interpretative form of the original revealed truth, as it came from the Apostles' mouths;—all this is thrown aside because it is a medium. The mind of the Church is considered not a mean to truth, but as an obstruction in its way. The bare ulterior thing, behind all, beyond all, residing beyond the whole system of the human mind, beyond the very first operation of Christian intelligence, is aimed at; and the inquiry presses on to an ever-retreating fountain-head. In the same way, the human character is no exponent of the Divine. The human medium—that body of feelings, affections, sentiment, desire, that we are composed of, is thought simply to corrupt our idea of God; to be an obstruction which the philosophical mind must especially clear away forming its idea of Him. A purer Deity than that seen ough our gross nature, and worshipped with its feelings, is ed at—an essence, a First Cause, an intellectual permeance,

an *Anima Mundi*. It wants a God clear of the human medium, a truth clear of the dogmatic: and it objects as much to the very expositions of moral nature, as it does to those of the Church. It will have no expounder, no medium, no voice speaking to it. It places itself outside of system and fact, and resides in the primordial nakedness of the vacuum beyond the moon.

'Every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come 'in the flesh is not of God, but is that spirit of Antichrist, 'whereof ye have heard that it should come; and even now 'already is it in the world.' Most wonderful prophecy, and surpassing test! Man will believe anything rather than this. That mysterious line of intimate conjunction, where God becomes man, and unites Himself to our nature, is where men stumble. Fallen man dreads so near a neighbourhood, and trembles at the doctrine which makes the Divine Person become connatural with him. He will worship Him beyond the stars willingly, but not on earth below: not in the flesh. There he feels God invading him on his own territory, and appropriating nature, feeling, human affection to Himself: he feels himself occupied, seized by an all-powerful force, and a metamorphose proceeding. He resists it. He says to God, 'Enjoy Thy kingdom, and let me enjoy mine: be Thyself God only, and let me be pure earthly man. I will worship you in your own Divine sphere, but my nature and feeling you cannot have: they are my own,—my especial enjoyment,—the world is the congenial object of them: you cannot have them, without stripping me of myself.' 'Grant the Incarnation,' says Blanco White, 'and the whole devotional system of life follows from it.' He was miserably consistent; and proud Nature's jealousy and scorn of the life devotional, grew into a denial of the Incarnation, and simple Deism.

Throughout this life there is one feature that we can never forget; it haunts us like a perplexity and a mystery: it is a difficulty more apparent than real; but it is one. Blanco White lived, undoubtedly, a life of pain. Disease of body, misery and laceration of mind was his lot. We look for the religious effects of such a state, and see them not. Infidelity was not, in his case, the system of fat-hearted and insensible nature. He was not a Hume, to see phenomena around him, and be perfectly satisfied without explaining them. He was singularly without the temperament of comfort in mind and body. We assign a moral cause for infidelity; but one great moral cause is singularly wanting here: pain, and not comfort, meets us. We expect, on Christian grounds, pain to do people good, to subdue and chasten them, and kill the inward carnal stimulus to unbelief. Alas, it is not

always so: pain is no panacea for moral evil. It depends on the man what effect it has, and does not operate apart from the will. Pain is sometimes disciplinarian, and sometimes simply inflictive.

But there is another reason for noticing this point; and that is, that a life of pain, gone through in pursuit of truth, and the consequence, in part, of that pursuit, seems to give a man authority, creates interest, and attaches a character of heroism to him. An infidel tells us, in his justification, that his unbelief gives him much pain; that he has followed his doubts at every stage with reluctance and uneasiness; that he has got nothing by the course his mind has taken, and is a disinterested witness: he requires confidence and trust on that score. The fact of his pain, that he informs us of, we do not doubt. Man is naturally a believing creature. Unbelief violates a real part of his nature; and unbelief is therefore pain. But this pain is neither a voluntary, nor a self-mortifying one. He pains one part of his nature, to gratify another. The intellectual element, imperious, proud, and aggressive, is mistress, and he humours her, at the expense of better feelings. There is pain when instinct rises and is quelled, and when the heart yearns, and has to be corrected. But the eager, diseased pleasure of the intellectual stimulus, carries him along in spite of the necessary pain which a soul impaired in health is in. Other circumstances come in. A man does not like separating from friends, and unbelief does this to him; and Blanco White had more than the ordinary amount of pain from this quarter. This does not undo what is taking place on the other side of his nature: *that* is in a course of gratification. When Blanco White is saying, as he is constantly, that his scepticism was positively resisted and checked by him, and only reluctantly given in to, he alludes, we doubt not, to one real fact on one side; but he omits another on the other. All that such assertions come to is, that mental processes are mixed ones, and that, while a gratified part of the mind is in pleasure, a violated one is in pain. It is a miserable reflection to make, that even bodily pain, protracted and agonizing as it appears to have been in Blanco White's case, seems rather to stimulate than subdue the intellectual principle at work in him. His mind is sharpened and irritated into greater unbelieving acuteness by it. The fatal cordial is applied to the more eagerly, and pain of body, and counter stimulus of mind, excite, agitate, and emaciate him, mind and body and all. In no fatalist sense, of course, but in the simple conventional one we say it, Blanco White was a natural sceptic. Bishop Butler mentions a class of minds whose probation arises not from a sensual, but an intellectual quarter, and in whom evil assumes the form of a strong sceptical appetite in them, to be chastised and kept under.

Blanco White is one of these; he allows it to dominate, and it works itself out.

This is the aspect in which Blanco White is put forward by the Unitarian school in these volumes. This is the one ground of sympathy which is to concentrate every class of liberal thinkers, however much they differ from him positively, in his favour. They may all meet on the ground of his martyrdom for truth. That the Unitarians of this country can be putting forward such an infidel mind as Blanco White's as an exemplar at all, is a striking fact. They cannot profess actually to agree with him; they do not professedly reject the Bible: Blanco White is very far in advance even of them; he positively laments often over their prejudiced and superstitious creed, as compared with his own. Then why do they put him forward? Because he is a martyr to truth; because he pursues his own ideas of truth fearlessly, in spite of all difficulties. This standard gives a wide field of sympathy; and as if truth itself were nothing, and the search after it the only reality, that process of restlessness and difficulty which any inquirer, be he what he may, goes through, is made an ultimate virtue. Superseding all other considerations whatever, the simple exertion of the intellectual powers is beatified and glorified as such, and canonizes the man.

We are unable to see, for our part, on what such a view as this, when pushed to its legitimate basis, can rest, but the assertion of this principle, viz., that the intellectual part of human nature is no department of human probation. Every one allows that man is tempted, and is capable of sinning through the flesh; but it seems there are some who deny that he is capable of sinning through the intellect. The idea of human trial and sin admitted, it stops, according to this view, with the outer, and does not go on into the inner sphere. This is a question, of course, of simple moral perception and conscience. There have been, and are, very rude savage nations, who do not seem to have perceived the fact of a probation even in the department of the flesh; and sensual acts, that would excite the horror of any informed conscience, seem literally not to have been regarded as wrong by them; they really do not appear to have seen the evil there was in them. As God's law enlightens the human conscience, however, this gross darkness disappears; it is perceived that the flesh is capable of sin, and the awful distinction of good and evil comes to light, and is established at any rate in this lower and more palpable region. This is the first, and it is a mighty step in the progress of morality; but the moral perception wants still further enlightenment to meet the more profound and subtle departments of our being as they unroll; and a powerful intellectual nature residing underneath the solid body, conversing with

abstractions, penetrating depths, and having a world and empire of its own, has still to be dealt with. Here also sin enters. The intellect appears in some ancient philosophies as a sort of metaphysical fluid, and its existence is realized by materializing it. We may realize its full substantial liability to sin without any such supposition; no reason is to be alleged why a simply spiritual nature may not sin as really as a corporeal; the distincton is altogether irrelevant to the subject. As a further stage of enlightenment then comes on, it is perceived that the intellect is capable of sin, as really as the flesh is; and its spirituality no longer preserves it from suspicion; evil is seen in its operations:—in neither, of course, it being the intellect itself, or the flesh itself, that sins, but the personality of man, that sins, in the one case, through the intellect, in the other, through the flesh.

The Gospel dispensation has mainly introduced this deeper, larger, and more searching morality. It conducts man to a more ample development of his moral nature than he ever enjoyed before. The Church watches anxiously over the department of the human intellect, and cautions man against his dangers there. She tells him, You may not see so clearly sin here, as you do in the bodily instance; it is not so palpable as ocular tangible sin is, but it is as real. Look into yourself: do you not feel an excitement, a stimulus, a pungency in pursuing an intellectual process? does not a particular movement, accompanied with pleasure, carry you along? Examine this, and see if it has not the same substantial liability to sin that an operation of animal nature has. Is not this movement, whatever it is, a something which may *become* sin, just as a movement of the sensual appetite may? Even the sensual movement is not *itself* sin, it only may become such; it has an inherent tendency to do so. Has not this intellectual movement the same? Reflect how you think, and how you are internally influenced while you are thinking, and following out a speculation. As you go along, do you not, independently of their bare truth or supposed truth, acquire a partiality to your thoughts, because *you* think them? And does not this partiality act very deeply? Will not this deep subtle pleasure in your own ideas, tempt you to prefer them to truth, if truth comes in their way; and so, denying truth, to adopt a falsehood? If so, every thing has taken place that takes place in a sin of sense; there is a sinful tendency, and that tendency has reached a climax and an act. The process of pure speculation is capable of sin.—So speaks the Church. The intellect, in her view, exhibits, on inspection, all the circumstances and ...enomena, as a field of sin, that the flesh does—pleasurable ...sation, stimulus, excitement; only having them invisibly, and ... visibly. The conscience perceives, as an absolute internal

fact, a sinful tendency in this department. And as the undisciplined bodily appetite rushes into grossness, so the undisciplined intellect abandons itself to a lie: the former issues in carnal sin, the latter in the sin of heresy.

It is nothing to the purpose here to say that we are not agreed as to what *is* truth. This argument makes no assertions about truth itself, but about that part of the mind that investigates truth. That part—the intellectual part of the mind—is capable of sin. A large number of persons absolutely do not see any sinful tendency at all in its operations; they do not connect their ideas of sin with that department. The intellect, with them, has no more to do with sin than physical law has; and it seems as absurd to talk of it sinning, as to talk of any air, or gas, or chemical solution sinning. They see in all its movements pure rational influence at work, and moving with the same simple propriety and extra-moral innocence with which a tree grows out of the earth, or a planet performs its orbit.

Upon a view then, we say, that first extra-moralizes the whole of intellectual nature, and then elevates and enthrones it, it may be quite logical to canonize the fearless speculator as such, but on no other supposition is it so. We say it in no spirit of caricature,—that state of misery, doubt, and inquietude which a certain intellectual course brings on, does not in itself prove any more moral a martyrdom, than the martyrdom of emaciation and disease that accompanies a licentious life. If the intellect can sin, its excesses must produce mental misery, as the natural consequence of a violated nature, and the use of a morbid internal stimulus. Infidelity points to a ghastly and sepulchral crown, to a career of doubt, hollowness, and restlessness, as an heroic life, as so much pain gone through in the great cause of truth. It compares such a course with the calm course of faith, as if it were comparing activity with torpor, and sensibility with indifference. This may be quite true if the intellect is sinless. If it is not, then let such thinkers take care that they are not comparing disease with health, and attenuation with vigour; then let them be sure that they are not exposing themselves to another view of the case. True, the sceptical intellect has its crown, and has its martyrdom; it is the enemy of strength and health; it emaciates, it unnerves, it unstrings; it destroys the soul's balance; its serpentine stimulus, like the fiery liquors, becomes the more necessary the more it is taken, and it leaves the soul dry and anatomized. This is a martyrdom in a sense, and who would pray for it?

Amongst the ideas that have been abused, and that have been distorted, this one of the search after truth stands foremost. A splendid and majestic phrase has covered a process that will not

bear inspection. The notion of seeking after truth carries a front of austere impartiality, serene candour, and enlarged vision. The mind wants truth, and nothing else; not what it likes, or has fancied, or has conjectured, or pictured; but what is true; what *is*, as distinct from what is *not*. On that account, and on that account only, not as being amiable or fair, or bright, but as being truth, she seeks it. The pure, colourless appetency of the philosophical mind simply reaches towards its object — the essential intelligence proceeds towards its goal. Truth, simple, glorious, denuded, attracts by the one fact of itself; and the devotion of candid inquiry addresses itself to that one fact.

Such is the simply intellectual passion for truth. The cold, unlovely material, however, throws the whole interest and charm connected with it into the search, rather than into the discovery. 'If God offered me with one hand truth, and in the other search after truth, I would choose the latter,' says a German philosopher. The sentiment is bold and complete, and is just what many unconsciously feel. It cannot but be so. This whole philosophy of search does tend essentially to make truth nothing, the search everything. Truth is a tenuity, an exsiccation, a misty vacuum in the distance, while the human engine is working with all its powers, and mind occupies the universal field, and is truth's investigator—truth and all. Nothing appears but mind. The world of truth ceases to be objective, and is brought within the mind itself, and subjected to it.

Here is the point. The fact is, that the love of truth in fallen man is a corrupted affection, just as natural love is. It betrays the selfish element. His mind annexes truth to itself, and not itself to truth. It considers truth as a kind of property; it wants the pride of making it its own; it treats it as an article of mental success; it does not reverence truth as an object, but appropriates it as a thing; it loves it as its own creation, and as the reflexion of itself and its labours. The merchant sees himself in his capital—the parent in his child: every one has the image of himself in the shape of some issue from himself; and there is a philosophy which sees such an issue in truth, and makes it, in its sphere, the very embodiment of that of which truth divine is the extinction—the principle of self.

Not as the function of his own activities, the triumph of his own penetration, the offspring of his mind; not in the subterranean regions, where nature's fallen machinery and emulous exertion is at work, and the begrimed intellect labours in its own smoke, and exults in its difficulties—does the disciple of Christ search for truth. He searches and he penetrates, but not in this way. Truth penetrates into him, rather than he into

Truth; Truth finds him out, and not he It. He looks out for Its approach, waits for It, prepares himself for Its reception. He knows the signs of Its approach, and can tell Its features through the distance; he is alive to the slightest stir of the air, to a whisper, to a breath. But he looks on It all the while as something without himself, as something to advance and act upon him. The tender wax expects its impress, the air its motion. Upon all his activities sits an awful passiveness; and the mind adores with pure devotion an Object above itself. From the invisible realm above us a Form comes, too vast for our eyes' comprehension; majestically slow the heavenly clouded weight descends, and bears an impress with it. The soul awaits in stillness the awful contact and embrace; and while, with meekest pliableness and unresisting faith and trust, she commits herself to it, she fears it too. Safe and unformidable an idol truth may be; not so Truth living and divine. Ah! who can guess at all beforehand the power of that clasp, its subtlety, its penetration; may it not do anything, do everything, we think; and we shrink from the unknown. Change is awful; Truth changes us. It is not a mere discovery, and then over, and done with, a goal reached, a prize won; but a power that reacts and operates upon ourselves. It is a new visitant that we are introduced to—we know it not at first—we get to know it, after we have become acquainted with it. It is a new world that we are admitted into; what is in it we see not before we enter, but then we see. It is a new state of being, a higher life, into which a transition, a metempsychosis, and death conducts us. This is an awful aspect which Christian Truth has, and which mere intellectual truth has not. Let those who make it a dead thing, and a philosophical reflection, deal with it lightly, and let *them* be not afraid of it; let them repose with calm and pleased security on an intellectual success and ultimatum: he who really deifies Truth cannot. He sees in it no plaything, no invention, no curiosity of science, no mineral from the mine, but a living Omnipotent and Heavenly Form. All nature sobers at Its faintest step; the very skirt of Its robe turns all things cold; the distant hills look iron; the horizon hardens, and repels the gaze; nature is treacherous, her colour fades; this blue concave is but a sepulchre; 'the earth mourneth and 'languisheth, the world languisheth and fadeth away, all the 'merry-hearted do sigh, the mirth of tabrets ceaseth, the noise of 'them that rejoice endeth, the joy of the harp ceaseth.' The mighty form of Truth that the heavens just dimly disclose, is spectral to our earthly eye; and a veil must be pierced through before we get within Its genial home and sanctuary. Sad and sepulchral in Its omnipotence, weak helpless nature fears

Truth while she invokes it; and as the mountain moves, and the overshadowing form bends over, and the arch of heaven closes in upon the human soul, she breathes, not without a touch of mortal tremour, her mute prayer:—Oh! Image Omnipotent, Eternal Pattern, fain would I love while I secretly dread Thee. Thou art that Mould that makest Thy slow irresistible course through the world that Thou hast formed. Thou didst work at the beginning, and Thou workest hitherto. To Thee all souls, all reasons bow; the world is clay before Thy path; man awaits his fashioning from Thee, his change, his renovation: Thou informest, and fashionest all minds that love Thee. Through earth's rebellion, through the disorder of human wills, Thou marchest on, and dost all that Thou wilt, and formest Thy spiritual world. Come down upon me, and be my living Mould. Yet not without some tender condescension, some mercy and unutterable love, impress Thy awful stamp upon my poor and trembling being. I am weak, and Thou art mighty; I am small, and Thou art Infinite. Crush me not by Thy force, Thy magnitude divine, but come in gentleness, in pity. For Thou art 'kind to man, steadfast, sure, free from care, having all power, 'overseeing all things, and going through all pure spirits—holy, 'one, only, manifold, subtle, lively, clear, undefiled. Thou being 'but One canst do all things, and remaining in Thyself, makest 'all things new; and in all ages Thou enterest into holy souls, 'and makest them friends of God.' Thou hast appeared upon earth, and man has seen Thee in visible form; and we know that Thou art the Way, the Truth and the Life; the Door and the Shepherd; Thy sheep hear Thy voice, and Thou gently leadest them, and carriest them in Thine arms. Thou didst suffer for them; and now, being made higher than the heavens, intercedest for them; an High Priest that art touched with the feeling of our infirmities, Jesus Christ our Lord.

NOTICES.

1. *Cambridge Camden Society. Account of the Sixth Anniversary Meeting, &c.* 1845.
2. *A Letter to a Non-Resident Member of the Cambridge Camden Society on the present position of that Body.* C. A. S. Privately printed. 1845.
3. *A Statement of Particulars connected with the Restoration of the Round Church. By the* CHAIRMAN OF THE RESTORATION COMMITTEE. Cambridge: Deightons, Stevenson, and Walters, &c. 1845.

IT will be not more satisfactory to all who have at heart the real practical working of the Church in a very important department of its duties and services, than it is to ourselves to understand that the Cambridge Camden Society is still, and likely to be, at work. The way to understand the value of this Association is to look only at facts: let us compare what churches were twelve or fifteen years ago and what they are now. Ignorance the most deplorable in those who practised the architectural profession; cheapness, vulgarity, pretence, unreality then ruled: where any knowledge existed, it was only for book-making purposes, like the well-husbanded resources of Mr. Britton, or for mere antiquarianism, like that of Carter and Stothard. But now the whole aspect of Church building and restoration is changed: it is looked at as religion: it has become a work. And this those whose hearts are in their work find to be attributable mainly to the existence of the Cambridge Camden Society: it is a nucleus, a stiff, stern, unyielding knot of principle which has gathered and attracted to itself all the knowledge and details which, supposing them to exist, would otherwise have been, if not altogether unserviceable, still very unavailable. For acquiring and imparting information which can be quoted and acted upon there must be a responsible body—a Society—something which has tangible form and identity. This is what people apply to, and what they have confidence in. The country Clergy—those interested in the colonies—men who have money to spend, and who desire to spend it properly, always go to the authoritative Architectural Societies: they know that they will get the best advice and assistance, given without fear or partiality—acquired painfully, but dispensed liberally. To judge then of the use of such a society, there is but one question to

put: Has it the confidence of those who have anything to to do, who have a meaning in their new churches, or their restored churches, or their new seats, or plate, or what not? who spend their money for the glory of God, and the honour of His sanctuary? These are the people, and these alone, whose opinion is worth attending to. Others whose vocation is only to preach or to talk and write against good works, and who think or pretend that it argues great spirituality to let their churches fall down, and who ask others to give their money to fancy-fairs, of course must feel a great spite against the Camden Society. It is a practical, living, earnest, active enemy of them, and of all that they do and say. Its function is to work;—theirs to talk, to write, to preach, perhaps, but to do anything but produce facts. This is, therefore, one element of the rage which has been excited against it. And if we bear in mind the professional vanities and pretensions cut down, and the individual neglects and sacrileges exposed, often perhaps unpleasantly, we can quite account for the mass of ill-will which the Society had silently treasured up against itself.

And under such circumstances the storm was sure to come—affronts like these will always find some way of revenging themselves: the Society was too influential, too much of a positive agent to be openly patronized; it was just the thing to be encouraged and thought well of in private upon the understanding that it was to be thrown over as soon as the popular elements had set in strongly against it. And precisely because the Society was concerned with visible material things, it has come to pass that its particular history is, in some measure, an epitome of more important and more general oppositions to, and struggles for, the truth. Its fate becomes, therefore, an interesting, however painful speculation, apart from its own deserts and usefulness. Considerable satisfaction we cannot but feel that its labours are likely to be continued; and that it has suffered diminution in point of numbers is rather a matter of congratulation than of regret. A word, however, on the opposition to which it has been subjected. Never were objections so palpably absurd: the seceders (Letter to a Non-resident, &c.) admit 'that few but the present members of the Committee are competent to carry on the business of the Society.'—P. 14. They allow that their views of the importance of what they call the original objects of the Society remain unchanged: and when challenged to propose any definite plan for its continuance on *any* principles, or to suggest a new Committee who should be able to do its work—not a word. They can destroy, object, criticize, impede, grumble; but not a step forward will they

If Church architecture *without* Church principles — if

Church restoration without a clear knowledge of what is to be restored—and if the negation of symbolism, the negation of reality, the negation of costliness, the negation of truthfulness, antiquity, and authority, all taken together, make up a definite Protestantism of Christian art, then, and then alone, can the opponents of the Camden Society maintain their position. And before the unparalleled step of circulating blank forms, soliciting members to leave the Society was taken, we are quite surprised that even the usages of society, to say nothing of the courtliness of a University, should not have urged gentlemen to pause.

With Archdeacon's Thorp's pamphlet we are quite satisfied, though it is somewhat too long. Mr. Faulkner's little tricks are at length exposed. The man who could, as a non-resident incumbent, quietly minister at a stone-altar at Havering in Essex, and then publish an appeal to the Protestant public 'against the awful introduction of doctrines and observances into 'our Churches at this day, and the erection of these Stone-altars 'and Credence-tables, *by which* the most pernicious and soul-'destroying heresies are nurtured,' is fit for anything. His small, unutterably small, pettifogging use of a pencilled note written by Archdeacon Thorp to a third party, by which Mr. F. declares that he 'had been deceived by a *promise* made to him 'with regard to the erection of the Stone-altar which *he had been* '*told* WOULD NOT *be put up* without his consent,'—and which statement of Mr. Faulkner, it seems, imposed even upon the Bishop of St. David's—we prefer to give from Archdeacon Thorp's pamphlet, not only because it shows that gentleman's frank, unsuspicious temper, but because it opens out the incredible shifts to which preferment-hunters will descend. It shows, too, what shuffling may pass off under the name of religion; and the whole story is in every way so characteristic, that we make a long extract:—

'I allude to the charge asserted in Mr. Faulkner's "Appeal," of my having promised that the Altar should "be removed if he insisted upon it," and having giving a written "pledge" to the same effect to Mr. Dalton. This will be best understood from the following correspondence; but I should first state that the whole matter had been discussed in the Cambridge newspapers in the spring of last year till the public were sick of it, and was brought to a close by the following paragraph in a letter of mine to the Editor of the Chronicle, (March 22, 1844,) from which it appears that I had not then succeeded in obtaining from Mr. Dalton a copy of the note (No. VII.), in reliance on which he wrote off to Mr. Faulkner to acquaint him that I had pledged myself that the Altar should be removed. [The word "breathless" refers to the concluding words of the note in question.]

'"I am unable to make out what were those 'wishes' of Mr. Faulkner which 'common courtesy', &c., authorized Mr. Dalton to expect

should be 'attended to', as I learn, on applying for a copy and the date of the entire note, 'written at his door,' that he is again absent from Cambridge; and can therefore only say, till I know to what communication this pencil note referred, that they were not such as to pledge me by that memorandum to the *breathless* conclusion which it led that gentleman to impart to his principal." '

CORRESPONDENCE.

I.

Trinity College, Nov. 3, 1844.

Rev. Sir,—I beg the favour of your pointing out to me the passages in my letters to you of Nov. 9 and 11 of last year, in which, according to a Circular which I have just read bearing your signature, and which I understand has been industriously circulated in every direction except where its statements could be questioned, you consider me as having 'giving you to understand that it' (the Altar Table in S. Sepulchre's church), 'should be removed if you insisted upon it:' and also the date and terms of the 'pledge' which you represent me as having 'distinctly given in writing' to the same effect to Mr. Dalton.

I remain, Rev. Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
T. Thorp.

Rev. R. R. Faulkner, Havering.

II.

Havering Parsonage, 6 *Nov.* 1844.

Rev. Sir,—As you wish me to point out to you the passages in your letters to me of Nov. 9 and 11 of last year in which I consider you as having given me to understand that the Stone Altar should be removed if I insisted on it, I beg to say that in my Appeal to the protestant public, to which you allude, I have used the very words of your own letters to me on the subject, and cannot possibly give a more accurate copy of your own statements than are there expressed.

Respecting the date and terms of the 'pledge' given to Mr. Dalton to the same effect, I am informed by Mr. D. this morning that he has fully stated them again to you, in reply to a letter received from you on the subject.

I remain, Rev. Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
R. R. Faulkner.

The Ven. Archdeacon Thorp.

III.

Trinity College, Nov. 7, 1844. (*Morning Mail,* 10 A.M.)

Rev. Sir,—In the only 'Appeal to the Protestant Public,' as you call it, which I have seen, and which is published in the Record of Sept. 19, there are *no words* cited as from my correspondence with you at all. It is merely stated, that in 'a lengthened correspondence' I 'gave you to

understand that it' (the Altar) 'should be removed if you insisted upon it: but begged you to be silent about the matter, and wait a little:' and you add that you 'have my letters now in your possession of Nov. 9 and 11, which positively assure you of this.' This you will perceive, is an assertion of yours, not a quotation of my words: and it is an assertion which I deny. I therefore again demand of you a copy of the words in which, 'in letters now in your possession of Nov. 9 and 11, I gave you to understand,' and 'positively assured you,' 'that the Altar should be removed.'

I need scarcely apprise you that I shall hold myself at liberty to publish the present correspondence.

I am, Rev. Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
T. THORP.

REV. R. R. FAULKNER.

IV.

Havering Parsonage, 8 Nov. 1844.

REV. SIR,—In reply to your demand this morning, I beg to say that you are quite at liberty to publish the present correspondence, and that I am fully prepared to substantiate my 'assertion,' as you are pleased to call it.

The letters to which you allude are in the hands of a professional friend: but you will, by a reference to two letters signed by Mr. Dalton and myself in the Cambridge Chronicle of 16th March, see a copy of the words which you appear to have forgotten.

I shall decline all further correspondence on the subject, and remain, Rev. Sir,
Your obedient Servant,

The VEN. T. THORP. R. R. FAULKNER.

V.

Trinity College, Nov. 3, 1844.

REV. SIR,—I take the liberty to renew the request I addressed to you last March (22d), with which, having received no answer to it, I conclude that your absence from Cambridge at that time precluded your complying, that you would favour me with a copy of the 'pledge' which you are represented as having forwarded to Mr. F., to the effect that the Altar Table in S. Sepulchre's church 'should be immediately removed.' I shall also be obliged by your informing me, if you can, of the date and occasion of that note, and of any note or notes of yours by which it was suggested.

I am, Rev. Sir,
Your obedient Servant,

Rev. J. E. DALTON. J. THORP.

VI.

Queen's College, Cambridge, Monday, 4th Nov. 1844.

DEAR SIR,—On the other side you have the copy which you desired. The reason why you did not have it before was that I supposed you

asked for it on account of the letter which you were writing, and which was written before my return. I met you several times after, and you said not one word about the copy, otherwise you should have had it.

I hope that your asking for this shows a desire to consider again how far you pledged yourself, and that you will now stop this unpleasant business.

It is mournful to see the church shut up as it is. I assure you that I feel sorry that so heavy a load of expense at present rests on your shoulders, for what has been done at the church. I neither have time nor inclination to give you particulars and copies of letters which might be connected with this, even if I can do it, because the accompanying is quite sufficient of itself: and if that does not recall to memory what was your state of feeling expressed to us in your intercourse with us (Mr. Faulkner and myself) at that time, I should not think it worth while to take any more trouble with you about the matter. It has cost me my walk to send you this as early as possible.

Believe me, yours truly,

J. E. Dalton.

To the Ven. Archdeacon Thorp.

VII.—(copy.)

Dear Dalton,—You 'never leave a pen,' your own bed-maker says; and people complain with more reason of you, than you do of the Stone Table, because your error could be set right in a minute, and for ½*d.*: whereas the other will cost time, and 1000*l.*

I cannot think what you are about. Does the 'Altar' burn you? Is it of more consequence than my daily duties, or than my health? One would think you fancied that what took you and Mr. —— months to object to can be repaired in an hour.

I wrote to Mr. Faulkner some days ago to say I could not write then at length; it was absolutely *impossible;* and it was of less consequence, because I was expecting an answer from the Bishop, of which I daily expected to be able to send him the contents. Of course Mr. Faulkner's wishes will be attended to; common courtesy, as well as the rights of his station, might make you sure of that: but no child of ten years old would suppose that this was a matter to be settled in a breath.—T. T.

VIII.

Trinity College, Nov. 5, 1844.

My dear Mr. Dalton,—I am sorry to have been the means of your losing your walk. You have lost me many of mine. Turn about is fair play. But I should have thought you had plenty of time for exercise now, having nothing else to do. As to the mournfulness, in which I quite sympathise with you, of seeing the church shut up, it is in your own power at any time to put an end to it, by asking the Bishop to license the church, and doing the duty in it yourself every day if you please.

Seriously, I regret to give you any further trouble; but I trust that, if you can find time, you will find inclination to give me such particulars

as I desired, which was only as to 'the occasion' which led to my writing that pencilled note, of which you have favoured me with a copy, in your rooms.

I beg to assure you that that note is anything but 'sufficient of itself,' as it does not contain one syllable about the matter of impeachment against me which you have founded upon it.

I do not want you to 'recall to my memory what was my *state of feeling* at that time,' but to point out to me, (which Mr. Faulkner's letters received by you at that date will probably enable you to do), what was the nature of the communications from you to which that note was an answer. I remain, Dear Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

T. Thorp.

Rev. J. E. Dalton.

IX.

Queen's College, 5th Nov. 1844.

Dear Sir,—I must refer you to my last note. That contains all I wish to say on the subject which you have again mentioned. And I must request that on this subject our correspondence ends, as it will end definitively with this on my side.

I remain, yours truly,

J. E. Dalton.

To the Ven. Archdeacon Thorp.

'It appears therefore that I am to have no further help, and must make out as well as I can by memory what Mr. Faulkner's wishes were to which "common courtesy" "of course" ensured attention. I do not think ordinary people would conclude that "common courtesy" would lead me to engage for giving up the whole question, and such a question, simply at the *wish* of the person with whom I was in controversy, and for taking down the Altar *without even consulting the Committee:* which, notwithstanding Mr. Dalton's refusal to furnish me with the *dates,* which would have enabled me to verify the subject to which that note of mine referred, I have been able to trace its history with sufficient accuracy to satisfy me that he must have known I could not have had time to do. For

"I do remember when the fight was done,"

(that is, one day when I had been occupied in a succession of matters of anxious business uninterruptedly for nine hours, and in the course of the previous twenty-four hours had received a communication from Mr. Dalton inclosing one from Mr. Faulkner, followed by a *second* wishing for an answer to the former), that as I was going out of my room to take on my horse a brief respite from this mental labour, I found at my door a *third* note to the same effect, that is, asking "*what answer Mr. Dalton should return to Mr. Faulkner's letter.*" I remember perfectly well being so jaded with the morning's work, that I preferred running on to Queen's College for the chance of finding Mr. Dalton in his rooms, to returning into my room to write another note: and on my arrival,

Mr. D. being out, but his servant in the room, in default of paper and pen, I wrote in pencil on the two sides of my card the note of which No. VII. is a copy; the purport of which was to satisfy Mr. D. that Mr. F.'s communication (whatever it was) should be laid before the Committee. That I did not mean what Mr. D. seems to have supposed, is evident from my intimating to him that I was only waiting for a letter from the Bishop to communicate with Mr. Faulkner himself, which I did accordingly. I had not such confidence in Mr. Dalton's capacity for business, as to induce me to deviate from the rule of transacting so delicate a matter wholly with his principal: and in taking pains to set his mind at ease with respect to his commission, some allowance will, I trust, be made for the levity of expression, which at least marks a desire to be in good humour, in one fretted to death at being called upon to do at three times what was going to be done at once, and in no mood

"To be so pestered with a popinjay."

At any rate, I have given the best and only account my memory supplies with respect to the writing of this note, which contains the only expression on which the charge of having pledged myself to remove the Altar has been founded. Whether in my correspondence there be any others which have been so interpreted by these gentlemen, I am unable to say: but of this I am quite sure, that the thought never entered my mind: and this could easily be corroborated by several persons then in my confidence, if indeed it be conceiveable that I should have pledged myself *without motive* to a proceeding not within my sole control. The expressions in which I speak, in the same note, of the difficulty that had arisen between us, as one that "could not be repaired in an hour," or "settled in a breath," besides the allusion to the expected letter from the Bishop, of which I was on its arrival to send Mr. Faulkner the contents, would seem sufficient to have prevented an ordinary person from supposing that when, on being pressed thrice for an answer to a letter, I said "the writer's wishes should be attended to," I meant to pledge myself to such a compliance with his demands, as would have "settled" the matter *without* breathing, and have rendered the further communication with the Bishop superfluous. What *motive* I could have for even holding out such an expectation, or what I was to gain by it, I am at a loss to conceive.'—Pp. 58—64.

Tales from the "Phantasus," &c. of Ludwig Tieck. London: Burns. 1845.

Tieck's glow and brilliancy give quite a uniqueness to his stories. It is a glow and brilliancy *sui generis:* the very rich and sparkling scene stays upon the memory afterward like the ...tter of jewels. The German school has a wonderful appre...tion of the world physical, a sensibility which enters into

nature, as if she were alive and possessed positive sympathies and emotions. She leaps and dances, and sings and plays under their touch. Of course there is a risk in imparting this vivification to nature, lest it should run into a kind of deification of her. We do not see this result in Tieck, thoroughly national though he is. He takes his descriptions from fairyland, and contents himself with the legitimate supernatural of the old legendary school. A fertility in the grotesque department goes along with this brilliancy, and is almost as striking a feature. Tieck's old women, and monsters, and giants, and dwarfs have a sublimity of grotesqueness about them, which none but a German fancy could give. He reminds us a good deal of Fouqué in both these points: indeed, there is a wonderful similarity of type running through all the genuine productions of the national mind. It is difficult to understand how it is that certain forms of grotesqueness present themselves with such vivid familiarity to a German imagination, and stand out in the page of the story-book with the genuineness of native specimens, and aboriginal images; how it is that we recognise them at once as the offspring of a German mind, and see that an English one, though it could conjure up fifty others, could never have dreamed of such particular combination of features as are represented there; but so it is.

We are speaking now simply of the scenery and outside colouring in Tieck. According to the editor, a deep idea, or what in old-fashioned language is called the moral, lies underneath the structure of the stories. *E.g.* Christian in the Runenburgh is, we suppose, a person who has high spiritual aspirations, and forms great projects at the beginning of life, and then sinks down into the comfortable state, and tries to be satisfied with it. The original ambition of his character, however, comes up in course of time again, disturbs him, will not let him be happy, takes away all his mental ease, and finally sends him adrift and wandering in pursuit of the idea with which he first started.

One or two specimens of Tieck's style will explain what we have said; though passages never appear to advantage when quoted as beauties. *E.g.* a landscape:—

'He endeavoured to rid himself of every kind of phantasy, in order to get into the right road again; but his recollections became more and more perplexed; the flowers at his feet grew larger, the red glow of evening more brilliant, and wondrously shaped clouds hung drooping on the earth, like the curtains of some mystic scene that was soon to unfold itself. A ringing murmur arose from the high grass, and the blades bowed to one another, as if in friendly converse; while a light warm spring rain dropped pattering amongst them, as if to wake every slumbering harmony in wood, and bush, and flower. Now all was rife with

song and sound; a thousand sweet voices held promiscuous parley; song entwined itself in song, and tone in tone; while in the waning crimson of eve lay countless blue butterflies rocking, with its radiance sparkling from their wavy wings. Lewis fancied himself in a dream, when the heavy dark-red clouds suddenly rose again, and a vast prospect opened on him in unfathomable distance. In the sunshine lay a gorgeous plain, sparkling with verdant forests and dewy underwood. In its centre glittered a palace of a myriad hues, as if composed all of undulating rainbows and gold and jewels: a passing stream reflected its various brilliancy, and a soft crimson æther environed this hall of enchantment: strange birds, he had never seen before, flew about, sportively flapping each other with their red and green wings: larger nightingales warbled their clear notes to the echoing landscape: lambent flames shot through the green grass, flickering here and there, and then darting in coils round the mansion. Lewis drew nearer, and heard ravishing voices sing,' &c. &c.—Pp. 6, 7.

We will only add, that the translation is very free and happy throughout, and reads like an original.

Sermons on the Epistle to the Romans, and others. By THOMAS WILLIAM ALLIES, M. A., *Rector of Launton, Oxon, late Fellow of Wadham College, and Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of London.* Oxford: Parker and Rivington. 1844.

WE regret that we have not sooner made occasion to notice this thoughtful and eloquent volume, the result evidently of no common diligence and devotion in analyzing the momentous portion of Holy Scripture to which it refers. Taking Mr. Newman on Justification for his guide, but availing himself also largely of the remarks of S. Chrysostom, of Calmet, and of other orthodox commentators, the author has thrown himself, with a sort of youthful enthusiasm, which seems to us very engaging, into that view of the doctrines of grace, which is generally allowed to have been the view of the whole early Church, at least down to the time of S. Augustine.[1] He supposes justification to lie in real union with our Lord, and conformity to Him—not in the mere imputation of His merits; and justifying faith to be, the temper of heart and mind which seeks that union, renouncing all other dependencies, in all kinds of holy obedience.

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[1] Luther on Gal. iii. 19. "Of this difference between the Law and the Gospel nothing is read in the books of the ancient Fathers." Cf. *Hooker's Sermon on Justification*, § 26.

'By such a faith is man justified: a great and heart-stirring doctrine when rightly understood; the strength of the martyr, the comfort of the afflicted, the hope of the penitent, the daily food of the true believer: namely, that the grace of Christ is the sole source and spring of human salvation, of pardon and holiness; that by the most precious incarnation of the Son of God, by His sinless life, His passion, and His death, our redemption was purchased, of which He is the sole meritorious cause. From the bottomless gulph in which we were lying, the very hand of Almighty Power itself was stretched forth to raise us unto Heaven. Man had *nothing* to offer: therefore God forgave him freely. His soul could not be restored by human power, nor by any secret resource of its own essence: therefore God discovered a heavenly medicine, the grace of Christ, the Son of God, and Son of man. And this grace let the sinner only seek, (which power of seeking God gives to every man where the Gospel is preached), and its wondrous efficacy shall be exhibited upon his body and his soul. The almost obliterated image of God shall be restored within him; the new robe and the ring of adoption given to him. This is justification by faith, that living and transforming power which brings every thought into the obedience of Christ.

'But let faith be considered the bare act of belief, apart from holiness, obedience, and love, which are its proper works and operations, and let a justifying power be attributed to such a faith,—and we have the most destructive of all heresies. Let the essence of justification be placed rather in apprehending Christ by belief in His atonement, than in cordial obedience to His will; rather in contemplating Him without us, than in receiving Him within us: then, talk as we may of the corruptions of other branches of the Church, let us be assured, no more flattering unction was ever laid to the sinner's soul than this,—the most profligate of Indulgences, the most deceptive of Pardons. Instead of humbling the sinner to the dust, that it may deliver him from the plague of his soul, the thraldom of sin, this teaches him to account lightly of its awful power, and the ruin which it works. Under pretence of honouring Christ's sacrifice, it does away with its chief effect, the *removal* of sin: it makes the misery of sin to consist in its penalty, rather than in its power; in the external vengeance of God, rather than in its own fearful sway over the inner man.

'A faith which does not act, which does not unfold itself into a complete Christian obedience, can have no value with God. To give it such a value, contradicts the great doctrine of Scripture, from its first page to its last, that we shall be judged according to our works.'—Sermon II. pp. 40—42.

The force of style in this passage (which is no more than a fair specimen of the work) is the writer's own; but we delight ourselves in thinking that the depth and reality of doctrine, and the noble and ingenuous tone of thought, are characteristics of the school to which he belongs; and amidst all that is now humbling us to the dust, both from within and from without, it is a great and real support, to hope that this ancient and true doctrine has

been effectually revived in our Church. Let it only be acted on as well as preached, and the revival will be permanent, and in time triumphant.

We had hoped to have entered more at large into some matters connected with this subject; but we must content ourselves for the present with briefly noticing the arrangement of this interesting volume. The first eight sermons may be described as analyzing, not minutely of course, but clearly and impressively, the argumentative part of the Epistle to the Romans; and the remainder, thirteen in number, as developments, and applications of the principles so obtained to other leading points of Christian doctrine. The sixteenth Sermon, 'On the Personality and Power of the Evil Spirit,' struck us as a particularly useful one.

'The Gospel Narrative of our Lord's Resurrection, harmonized, with Reflections,' (Rivingtons,) by the Rev. Isaac Williams, and follows very suitably after the 'Narrative of the Passion.' Mr. Williams's pen is essentially a poetical one: his style and form of thought always verge upon poetry; and his prose and poetry remind us constantly of each other. There is the same solemn sense of the typical in both; the same perpetual unwinding and deepening in the facts he has to do with; the same multiplication of hues and shades is thrown upon his subject. Each feature as stated in the Gospel narrative suggests its own types and resemblances; and avenues are opened from all points into the whole field of Scripture. Mr. Williams carries about with him the mystery of Scripture in his theology, as he does the mystery of nature in his poetry. His acquaintance with the Fathers is, of course, a great aid; and he lets none of the richness of Scripture illustration and connexion which overflows in their writings escape. All is brought to bear, and made to tell: and the comment is full at every point.

'The Martyr of Carthage,' a Tale, by Edward Wilson, B.A. (Burns,) is written with spirit, and shows some powers of description; though the scenes and incidents are too abrupt, and too inartificially introduced. The story illustrates the spirit of early Christianity in its contact with contemporary paganism.

Mr. Irvine, of Leigh, has published a Sermon and some Letters on the subject of the rubrical controversy in his parish. He appears to have had the same prejudices and the same unscrupulousness to contend with in his opponents, as others of his brethren have. His churchwardens are much the same

with many other churchwardens. We have already given our views of the rubrical controversy in general, and we will only add, that such clergymen as Mr. Irvine can well afford to be patient, and wait for the effects of their own ordinary teaching and ministry. His churchwardens are unable to deny his efficiency, and are obviously uneasy at his influence 'upon the 'rising generation, from whose ranks he swells his list of communicants, 'and makes out a large average.'

'Instructions in the Doctrine and Practice of Christianity,' by George Edward Lynch Cotton, M.A., one of the Masters of Rugby School, (Hatchard.) Does Mr. Cotton know what a rationalistic book he has written? Our charity rather questions it.

The 'Memoir of the Most Rev. Poer Le Poer Trench, last Archbishop of Tuam,' by the Rev. Joseph D'Arcy Sirr, D.D. (Dublin, Curry,) will of course have an interest to those who were connected with the exertions of that prelate. His character was amiable, but his theological course in later years presents no example for imitation.

'The Scriptural Evidence of the Apostolic Ministry and Tradition in the Church Catholic,' by Henry Phibbs Fry, Rector of St. George's, Hobart Town. A useful and systematic compendium of arguments on this subject.

'Signs of the Times,' by the Rev. E. Bickersteth, (Seeley.) There is so much real sincerity in Mr. Bickersteth, that we would rather state our points of agreement with him, than our points of difference. There is much that deserves serious attention in the general view he gives of our sins as a nation, (p. 323.) He says, 'Nebuchadnezzar (whom he regards as a kind 'of type of England) was guilty of two evils. He was an ambitious con-'queror, full of pride; and he was careless of the welfare of the poor.' We earnestly wish Mr. Bickersteth success in this truly spiritual attempt to put some humbling thoughts into us as a nation. His comparison will not be a popular one; but that is so much the more to his credit.

'Thiodolf, the Icelander,' from the German of De la Motte Fouqué, (Burns). Thiodolf has less of the peculiar pathos we find in Fouqué, and more breadth and humour. Fouqué has a very strong, subtle appreciation of man *before* Christianity; his wild, unsettled nature, and rough virtues and capabilities, as compared with man *after*. The young Icelander is quite a creation in this way—an original conception. Thiodolf's fund of chaotic, primordial virtue is more nameless, indescribable, and Scandinavian than can be conceived. His jokes, sensibilities, and muscles; his father Asmundaa; his sword Throng-piercer, his fits and starts, dreams and fancies; his gigantic mould, and the air with which he alternately contemns or amiably patronizes the Greek emperor and the whole human race, make him an harmonious grotesque whole, and fine fellow in his way.

'The Oratory; or, Prayers and Thoughts in Verse,' by William Nind, M.A. (Rivingtons.) A beautiful little volume: quiet and real. There is sweetness and naturalness of thought in Mr. Nind's poetry, as well as happiness of expression.

The author of 'Voices from the Early Church,' (Burns,) displays much sound primitive feeling, and flowing versification.

'Recantation; or, the Confessions of a Convert to Romanism' (Rivingtons.) A clever lively mixture of love and theology has certainly its charms; and the authoress here gets a great deal into a short compass. The love scenes which introduce the heroine to her Marchesa coronet are of a furious description; and are interspersed with amusing specimens of Italian humour. *E.g.* The triumph of the young favoured Italian Marquis over his grave discarded English rival, whom he had just met at the door after his dismissal. '"— What have you done to the *Pretino?*" he inquired 'gaily; "he was even more brusque and unmannerly than usual . . . . . ma 'bellissima che hai dunque?" he said anxiously; for I had not yet entirely 'recovered from my previous agitation; "he has been sermonizing you; 'you are sad: those beautiful eyes are dimmed with tears ——."' She marries the young Trionfi, and finds him a regular Italian husband, and an infidel; and amid the society of '*giovane Italia*' she hears odd and shocking sentiments. 'Some allusion to a statue then exhibiting in Rome of 'the slain Abel leads to a discussion of the Old Testament, of which all 'present—for the Capuchin had long before retired—were profoundly 'ignorant, except the Marchesa and the young Bolognese. He, when 'appealed to, frankly declared that he had read *tutto la Bibbia*, and had 'found it moreover *very amusing!* but that he no longer wondered why 'the priests were so strict in prohibiting its perusal, because it was *un libro* '*pieno di republicanismo*—in fact, advocating the very principles they were 'so anxious to repress.' The Padre Placido is described as having very little more respect for the Bible, upon another ground. 'Have we not the 'lives of the Saints,' he says, 'to furnish us with lessons of faith and 'patience and endurance? Take, for instance, the life of "San Francisco 'di Paolo," *which in itself alone is of more value than the Old and New Testa-* '*ments put together.*' There is quite a couple of hours' amusement to be derived from this book. Its form is that of an autobiography. The heroine deserts her faith and turns Roman Catholic, in order to marry the young Marquis. Every thing she then sees disgusts her with her new creed, and she leaves off her story, dying of a broken heart, an uneasy conscience, a superstitious church, and a bad husband.

'Eastern Romance,' Second Series, (Burns,) contains four tales translated for the first time from the German of Grimm.

'A Supplicacyon for the Beggers.' Reprinted from the original edition of 1524, (Pickering,) is, we believe, a very limited impression, and rightly so; for a more nauseous collection of lies than this celebrated tract it is impossible to conceive. Of course, not only in an antiquarian, but in an historical view it is well that we should be in possession of a document to which not only More, but Burnet, Collier, and Strype attach so much importance. Were there any grounds for the conjecture, we should conceive that Henry VIII. was, in spite of his own proclamation, no stranger to the authorship. Considering the subjects of which the 'Supplicacyon'

treats, it would throw some light on Anna Boleyn's character,—as related by Sanders, for example—if we could trust the assertion of Burnet, who seems scarcely aware of the force of his observation, that Anne brought this book to the king.

'A Day at East Aston School,' (Burns,) is on a very solemn subject indeed; one which we had thought almost too sacred for this form. But the narrative is affecting, even for so slight a sketch. It is melancholy, however, to own that the state of things which this little tract pictures is so much above us as to give it an appearance almost unreal.

'A Manual for Christians preparatory to Confirmation and Communion,' (Rivingtons,) by Mr. Irons, will be found very useful: it is sound, clear, and short, the highest requisites for such a form. With this seems connected another tract, 'The Sufficiency of Scripture for teaching the doctrine of the Laying on of Hands,' the point of which we hardly see.

'Hawkstone; a Tale of and for England in 184—,' (Murray.) Popular report assigns Hawkstone to a pen that has already much instructed us in politics and morals. In condescension to the fashion of the day, it is now instructing us under the pleasing shape of a novel. To be quite frank, we prefer the novelist to the instructor; the story to the moral. The novel has a good deal of interest and power in it; though its pathos is overworked, and has a shade of sickliness about it. The style, scenes, descriptions, &c., carry one on, though the author is not happy in his plot, which is so peculiarly managed, that the story appears to read backward. The novelist is entertaining; the instructor, we must be audacious enough to say, is not powerful. His view of Rome is morbid: the mere fact that she is influential he allows to have too irritating an effect upon him as a controversialist. The peculiar sentiment of the book is thus a dislike of influence. One mind influencing another is a dreadful picture to him: he clothes it with horrors and darkness, and exhibits it as if it was some process of poisoning or torture. Simplicity of mind is his watchword: no policy, no churchcraft, no influence: let us all be simple. Be it so: is there so very much simplicity, we would ask, in this fear of influence? Is the state of agonizing suspicion he portrays a specimen of a simple state of mind? Is it simplicity to be in perpetual dread of others' want of simplicity? Is infantine religion so very jealous of its own independence as he makes it? The author has a kind of monomania on the subject of the Jesuits. One had thought the days were over when Jesuits went about the country in the disguise of pedlars and knife-grinders; when Mr. Justice Maulstatute wore a suit of complete armour under his clothes, as a defence against assassination. But they are literally revived in this novel, and with worse horrors; and we have a Jesuit in the disguise of a butcher grinding his teeth till the foam flies out; a Jesuit who presides at Chartist meetings, who organizes conspiracies amongst miners and operatives. A certain Pearce, whom the author calls a Jesuit, and who *is* a demon, figures horribly before us at every turn. The author exerts every power in de-

scribing this unfathomable monster, wretch, villain, serpent, hyena. His 'lips quiver,' his 'eyes glare horribly;' his look is 'demoniacal;' the supply of hypocrisy and deceit is unlimited. Nothing can exceed the perfect deluge of wickedness. Without undertaking the defence of this order, the remark is obvious—the author, as a controversialist, should really understand that it is no *argument* to call such a person as this a Jesuit. There is nothing to prevent him asserting that Cacus was a Jesuit in disguise, or that the Titans were, if he simply wants to allegorize. But the allegory of either Cacus, Pearce, or any other monster in earth or air, can only reflect his own opinion on this subject, and cannot bring any accession of reason to his side.

'Burns' Fireside Library' goes on, as we hear, with that success which it deserves. It is published at irregular intervals, and in detachments, six or seven at a time. We should have thought that a regular issue would have been more useful, especially in those quarters where an impression is most needed and likely to be realized. The best of the last file sent for our inspection is the new volume, 'Northern Minstrelsy,' a very judicious selection of Scotch songs. There is no poetry in which selection is more difficult, and to say that an editor has passed *sicco pede* through Burns is no small praise. This volume is very creditably illustrated: a praise which we can by no means award to Hauff's 'Portrait of the Emperor.' The heroine of the latter is a variety upon Shakspere's 'men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders,' poor Anna's head springing sideways. We have already spoken well of Hauff, and his volume in this set, the 'Caravan,' &c., is singularly clever and entertaining: but the motive for publishing the 'Portrait of the Emperor' we cannot divine. Not only is it insufferably tedious, in our poor judgment; but the attempt to hold up the character of Napoleon as a perfect hero, after the Carlyle fashion, must falsify facts as completely as it revolts Christian honesty. It may be quite true that this story only seeks to represent a curious and picturesque state of society, in which a double class of feelings, prevalent in Germany, or France, are significant of the old noblesse and the people of the change; yet how does this profit English readers, except in a *merely* literary way? The career of Buonaparte is too awful a step in Providence to be the subject of sentimentalism. But, to part with this volume on tolerable terms, we ask attention to a translation of Manzoni's incredibly difficult ode on 'The Man of Fate,' which, with some stiffness, is very closely rendered. Whether there are any facts for the last remarkable stanza we are not aware. The Grünwiesel Dancer, the second tale in the volume, is a fine droll story. With Miss Pichler's 'Quentin Matsys' we are quite satisfied.

Mr. F. Faber has published another volume of poetry—'the Rosary,' (Toovey,) not very effective, but sweet and flowing. His river scenes are vs beautiful and distinct. He is a river poet; and is quite at home on ter side.

'The Parish Rescued, by the Rev. W. F. Wilkinson, Theological Tutor of Cheltenham College, author of "The Rector in Search of a Curate,"'—we are transcribing the title page—(Hatchard,) is a very tedious narrative of the defeat of some poor clergyman, who, by a happy, and now anything but rare, combination of Bishop, Churchwardens, and Vestry against him, is compelled to 'the restitution of the old forms of worship, the abandonment 'of the church restoration scheme, the dismissal of his curate, and the 'appointment of a new one, in order to content the parish' (p. 155); and is rewarded accordingly with a 'threepenny rate, *if necessary*' (ibid). We had no notion that the Exeter proceedings could so soon have been done into a story-book: but Mr. Wilkinson is to the Church what melo-drama and the minor theatres are to the world. Mr. Close and Mr. Wilkinson, we perceive, find in Cheltenham a congenial soil for their joint efforts in 'making an end of Anglo-Catholicism and Young England in less than twelve months' (p. 156). And certainly, if the theology of the one and the literature of the other are the best of their party, we have no objection to such champions: *Jean qui pleure* for the pulpit, *Jean qui rit* for the ball-room.

Mr. Wickham, of Christ Church, has courteously pointed out to us the real bearing of his argument, in a pamphlet alluded to in our recent article on the Rubrical Question, 'The Rubrics of the Communion Service examined with a view to Conformity,' (J. W. Parker.) This pamphlet is a sequel to one published last year on the 'Offertory without Communion.' We are glad to find that we and Mr. Wickham are quite at one in condemning the practice of gathering alms every Sunday from non-communicants, 'a practice which,' he says rightly 'has not the 'sanction of primitive antiquity.' The difference between us and Mr. Wickham is this: he believes that the revisers of the liturgy, when they employed the phrase 'when there is no communion,' meant it to apply only to those 'possible cases when, the table of the Lord being spread, 'there should not be *a sufficient number willing to communicate with the priest.*' (p. 9.) We, on the other hand, are afraid that the Reformers did intend to obscure the high view of sacramental oblations by the whole tenor of the changes of the book of 1552. Among other things they introduced this oblation of alms, providing for it in cases where there should be no communion. Then, for the first time, occurred the rubric, which, strictly interpreted, requires not only the reading of the offertory sentences, but the collection of alms from all the people. We and Mr. Wickham agree that this practice is utterly uncatholic. '*Therefore,*' says Mr. Wickham, 'this could not have been the object of the Reformers.' To which we say, is it more uncatholic than another peculiarity of the book of 1552, viz. the misplacing of the prayer of oblation, now contrary to the authority of all ancient liturgies, styled the 'Prayer for the Church Militant?' To us it seems quite consistent in point of doctrine to make an oblation from non-communicants, and at the same time, as a matter of practice, steadily to contemplate occasions when no communion was intended, and this even on Sundays and holydays.

'Geography in Verse,' for the use of Schools, (T. B. Sharpe.) We thought that we had outlived this doggrel mode of teaching; at any rate we hope to do so, and therefore we can give no encouragement to it. The present affair reminds us of 'Drayton's Polyolbion;' the resemblance being sufficient to increase the absurdity. The same author advertises Astronomy in Verse, which must be eminently unwise, if not offensive.

An able speech, as is everything from the same source, by the Bishop of St. David's, against cruelty to animals, has been republished, under the charge of a Society which has this special object in view.

An earnest and effective protest against the Irish Colleges Scheme has been published by Mr. A. B. Hope. The especial features of this measure are, according to Mr. Hope, 'ungodness, [an uncouth term, for which some sort of apology seems needed,] undiscipline, and state-subserviency' (p. 5); and he declares, in a straightforward way, that 'it remained for a Con-'servative Government to mature a scheme of Academical Education which 'should be as godless as the University of France, undisciplined as Jena, 'dependent as Berlin upon the Minister of the day.'

Though against our custom, we may ask attention to an important Book-Catalogue from Stewart, King William-street, of which the first part has appeared.

The strangest production in this line, however, is one by Macmillan, of Cambridge, who promises a successor, which 'will contain the remarks of judicious and learned men;' and by way of prelibation of this coming banquet, he adds, 'two literary friends were kind enough to supply us with occasional notes for *this* list.' The *two* literary friends, however, seem polyonymous, or mult-initial at the least, since we find 'occasional notes' signed D. L., A. H., L. P., A. R., J.W.B., C. B., J.W.T., R. C.T., J. G. L.; cabalistic signs, we suppose, of that 'new school,' of which Dr. Tait announced the avatar some months ago. What notions Mr. Macmillan attaches to the phrases 'judicious and learned,' we may judge from the 'occasional note' of his literary friend D. L. on Newman's sermons. 'A noble, earnest, 'and most direct man; who deeply feels the evils of our time. It is much 'to be regretted that he deals in such phrases as "Mother of God," when 'speaking of the Blessed Virgin. *It* is neither good nor true; and must 'neutralize much of the good which his writings might do.'

From the same quarter seem to emanate 'Questions of Conscience suggested by a Catholic to an Anglo-Catholic' (Cambridge, Macmillan). Their gist may be best understood by the last, which we transcribe. '20. Is it 'not possible for a Catholic Christian to let his sympathies unfold themselves from the one centre, (his faith in the Incarnation) till they take in 'all that is good and Christian in the world—till he is able to think kindly 'and thankfully of all the good and just, whether Churchmen or schismatics, 'and that without curtailing, or waiving, or suspending any of his own 'positive principles?'—W. J. All this begins to throw light on the coming prodigy of the age, to which we have just alluded, 'the school whose

'theological sympathies are at present VERY comprehensive, seeming 'almost to range from Carlyle or Schleiermacher, to Mr. Newman or the 'Hermesians—and which will soon be found to contain the best scholars, 'metaphysicians, and poets of the rising age,' in the glowing anticipations of the Master of Rugby.

> 'Adspice, venturo lætantur ut omnia sæclo:
> O mihi tam longæ maneat pars ultima vitæ,
> Spiritus et, quantum sat erit tua dicere facta!'

The view taken in 'Du Mouvement religieux en Angleterre,' (Paris, Sagnier et Bray,) may be best understood by its second title, 'ou,' which seems to assume a good deal, 'ou les Progrès du Catholicisme *et* le Retour de l'Eglise Anglicane à l'Unité.' It is the work, we believe, of the candid and accomplished editor of *L'Univers*, who has taken commendable pains to possess himself of facts; and it is surprising how seldom he has misapplied or misunderstood his information. Now and then he blunders rather amusingly: *ex. grat.*

'Voici les commencements du Puseyisme: [a term, by the by, for which 'he properly apologizes.] Les ouvrages de Whately excitèrent l'activité des 'esprits fatigués de la morale d'Aristote et peu *satisfaits* de l'enseignement 'religieux puisé dans les évidences et les sermons de Butler.'—P. 229.

Neither is 'M. Dodsworth membre de l'Université d'Oxford.'—P. 350. Nor did the Univerity pass 'dans une réunion solemnelle un statut qui— 'décide que le cours du docteur Hampden sera suspendu jusqu'à ce qu'il 'fasse, *bonâ fide*, retractation de ses erreurs.'—P. 382. We cannot remember that 'Le clergé de Londres remit à l'archévêque de Cantorbéry une protestation contre le baptême du Prince de Galles.'—P. 393. The following sketch is too *piquant* to be lost:—

'Les grands Meetings du mois de Mai sont pour Londres des véritables 'fêtes religieuses—on sait, par exemple, que, chaque année, le révérend 'G— réserve quelque grande surprise pour le meeting auquel il doit parler. 'Non-seulement les secrétaires de chaque association lirent périodiquement 'un rapport qui contient toujours les merveilleux succès obtenus par la 'société dans ses tentatives de propagande réligieuse, mais des historiettes 'forgées *ad hoc* arrivent toujours à propos d'exciter l'hilarité de l'auditoire, 'qui tour à tour, *rit, pleure, applaudit, siffle;* les *grognements* sont réservés 'pour la deuxième scène; c'est dans cette partie de la représentation 'que l'on exhibe de prétendues bulles pontificales, de soi-disant lettres 'encycliques, des corréspondances secrètes de Rome; pièces qui toutes 'prouvent, démontrent jusqu'à l'évidence l'idolâtrie des papistes et la 'politique usurpatrice des Papes! La confusion arrive alors à son comble; 'les grognements couvrent la voix des orateurs; on se sépare au milieu 'de cette agitation, et, en sortant, les bourses s'ouvrent d'autant plus 'largement que les têtes sont plus échauffées. Voilà, en général, le récit 'fidèle des meetings protestants d'Exeter Hall.'—P. 192. The book contains a vast number of facts and extracts from our fugitive and controversial tracts and pamphlets, which render it of the highest continental importance.

We have more than once recommended 'Instrumenta Ecclesiastica,' (Van Voorst,) a work in which the practical knowledge of the Cambridge Camden Society is effecting most important service. It ought to be in the hands of every country clergyman. We are hardly satisfied with the eagle lectern; the form and plumage, undoubtedly, should be severely conventional, not a mere transcript of animal life, with

'The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye,'

but that figured in No. V. only makes a tame parrot. Mr. Butterfield's varied knowledge has ample scope in this beautiful series.

Mr. Paley's 'Manual of Gothic Mouldings,' (Van Voorst,) has appeared. Mouldings are the scholarship of architecture, and nothing tries our modern church-builders so distressingly as their mouldings. It is quite common to see smart churches in which the mouldings are either forgotten, or are, so to say, full of false concords. The present is a most learned work, and displays an amount of practical knowledge which those who know the difficulties of the subject alone can appreciate.

One of the most promising attempts in a very important matter will be found in 'Sacred Verses,' with pictures, by Mr. Isaac Williams, (Burns.) Their value to the young and poor we are beginning to understand, and it is an encouraging sign. The series lacks unity, embracing Overbeck and Albert Durer: as works of art the wood-cuts of the latter have been very successfully reproduced: but are we not aiming too high? An educated mind, we think, is required to appreciate Albert Durer; and even then we acquiesce with reluctance: but the rough dignity of his draperies, and the almost Æschylean strength of his block-cutting—it always reminds us of hewing—are much beyond some of those into whose hands this collection may fall. It is saying a disheartening thing, but we are not sure that something simpler would not be more effective. Of course Mr. Williams' share in the series requires no criticism at our hands.

We are glad to find that our suggestion about 'Collier's Ecclesiastical History' has been followed, or rather anticipated, by Straker. He is publishing the work in an exact reprint, without Mr. Barham's impertinent notes. Two volumes are before us, which we recommend unconditionally. We should like to see the History followed by a collection of Collier's scarce and scattered controversial Tracts.

The Gospel Propagation Society has published a selection of their Anniversary Sermons, (T. B. Sharpe,) embracing the well-known ones of Berkeley, Horsley, Butler, Warburton, and Beveridge. That so much is doing, and so well in the Colonies, coupled with the noble foundation of S. Augustine's at Canterbury, surely has an unspeakable value.

With the same spirit is projected Mr. Anderson's 'History of the Colonial Church,' (Rivingtons,) of which the first volume has appeared. We reserve our judgment until the work is completed, which we trust will not be hastily. We have seen enough of it to speak highly of the documentary details: it

wants the pruning-knife, having a tendency now and then to excess in the reflective and moralizing; a method, which, of course, has its value, but hardly comports with the ascetic dignity of history.

'Designs for Churches and Chapels in the Norman and Gothic Styles,' by various Architects, Part I. (J. H. Parker.) We earnestly trust never to see Part II. There are antecedent moral objections, so to say, to these hypothetical churches, declinable through every future in *rus*, to be built on contingent sites, by impossible architects, on problematical resources, without the least regard to those data without which no architect ought to plan a church, viz. site, scenery, means, materials, and local associations. But not only are 'designs,' in general, objectionable, but this specimen is a most unfavourable one of a bad class. Mr. Stephen Lewin is a member of an honourable and religious profession — but somehow these designs, which are not commissions, look very like a tailor's pattern-card, or a circular asking for orders. They have a very tradesman-like appearance. There is a decided Pecksniffian prospectus about them much to be deprecated. The design itself is a poor affair, the poorer because intensely fine. The ground-plan of the nave is much too square: the vestry is in the wrong place: there is no authority whatever for a 'lobby:' half of 'the singers' are to be in a most objectionable western gallery, and the other half at the east end of the south aisle: the organ occupying half of the aforesaid gallery. The 'lobby' itself is a sort of incipient chancel westward, with an ostentatious pierced parapet, on the best-foot-foremost principle; the other sides being plain. Then there is a screen at the west, which in point of fact is only the Wrennish arrangement done in 'Gothic,' and a chancel screen, the best feature in the church. There is a 'Gothic' pulpit, all pendents and crockets, and a 'Gothic' sounding-board—no, a Sounding-Tabernacle—of Tudor outline, finished by a *plain* cross, and a font-cover which seems to be transparent. One finial—and it utterly destitute of authority—prevails throughout the church; an 'angel clasping a cross' appears on reredos, in the chancel roof, on the lobby screen, chancel ditto, font-cover. The 'Commandments, &c.,' occur in canopied niches; and the altar-rails are one mass of quatrefoils, and a pierced arcade, which is *finer*—in its way—than Amiens. There is also a cathedral west door. The lower stage of the tower, which, for no possible reason in a model church, is placed at the western extremity of the south aisle, is lighted on the south side by a thin window twenty feet high. It is in stone exactly what caused so much surprise in Oxford by the phrase a 'tall imbecility.' In a word, the whole church is a specimen of confectioner's Gothic, the very smartest that drawing can make it; overdone and overloaded in every part, without the slightest feeling or general conception of an ancient church. There is a growing and meretricious school of architects which requires the severest condemnation: who attempt to make every little church a sort of miniature Wells, by aid of books and tracings, but who have not the most distant feeling of the arrangement and general outline, still less the proportions, of a church. It is a school the more dangerous because such misplaced decoration is so

taking: and we are sorry to find that Mr. Lewin is not above the temptation of incorrect finery.

'The Beggar's Coin; or, Love in Italy,' by J. N. Beste, (Dolman,) we do not intend to notice. The author's discretion and taste may be judged by the fact, that his book was sent to us accompanied by a great broad-sheet of extracts, interspersed with laudatory observations; in fact, a regular cut and dry review. This is the most impertinent thing which our literary experience can recall.

Mr. Eastlake has printed a 'Letter to Sir R. Peel on the unfitness of the National Gallery for its purpose,' (Clowes.) As this wears an official ook, we suppose it to be the precursor of an application to Parliament for a more creditable building than that of Trafalgar-square.

Considering that Mr. Cole has adopted that *πρῶτον ψεῦδος* of modern religion, which views anything but Baptism, as the first coming to Christ, and first renunciation of the world, his little book on Confirmation, 'The decision of Ruth an Example to the Young,' (Nisbet,) is very much above what might have been expected from such theology. Indeed, there is an air of promise about him which makes us suggest his reading more and writing less for a few years; and then he may be certain we shall hear no more of the Church which consisted 'in the dark ages of the persecuted Albigenses and Waldenses, and of the Lollards.'—P. 74.

Mr. Barter, of High-Clere, has published some remarks on the 'Exeter Hall agitation and the Maynooth Grant,' (Burns.) When we call them quiet, earnest, sensible, we mean a very high praise. The hints upon the inherent tendency of Protestantism to Antinomianism are very much to the purpose.

The mention of this subject brings us into the very Maelstrom of politics and polemics—the Maynooth question, in which, to say the truth, we could never force ourselves to feel greater interest than wherever we accepted conclusions to repudiate premises, and the reverse. On the one side is, Dr. C. Wordsworth—at least so the world says—with 'Maynooth, the Crown, and the Country,' (Rivingtons,) and two other pamphlets, of equal size, which have not come before us. We own to an impression that the cardinal argument of this writer as to the incompatibility of a free Church, in which spiritual offices should not flow from the Crown, with State-supremacy, proved rather too much for us. On the other, we may mention, 'The Maynooth Endowment vindicated on the Ground of Religious Principle,' (Ollivier,) is an attempt to develop the view, that the best way to *protestantize* Maynooth is, to give it a permanent endowment. Is this, or is it not, paradoxical? The writer's bias may be understood by the unqualified praise which he awards to Ronge and Czerski.

There will be occasion, we suppose, to allude to Mr. Ryder's pamphlet on 'Subscription to the Articles,' (Toovey,) among others, at some future

time; but there are obvious reasons for declining the whole question just now. We acknowledge a 'Letter of Friendly Remonstrance,' addressed to Mr. Oakeley, by an 'English Catholic and Convert,' (Richardson:) it seems common-place.

That Mr. Close, of Cheltenham, is an incumbent in the Church of England, is a phenomenon, not altogether without its value; and, in the same way, whatever he may think proper to say or do has its importance, not intrinsic, but in its results upon other minds. Mr. Close, in his 'Priestly Usurpation, its Causes and Consequences,' (Hatchards,) gives his own character as one 'devotedly attached alike to the sound Confession of Faith, to 'the Scriptural Orders, and to the simplicity of the Ceremonial, of our Scrip-'tural Church,' (p. 18.) Coming from such a specimen of Churchmanship, it is not uninstructive to find him 'rejoicing to see the calm [witness 'Exeter], dignified [witness Shoreditch], and determined aspect which 'LAY PROTESTANTISM [*sic*] has assumed. Woe be unto us if this spirit be 'restrained or bridled!—An instructed, intelligent, pious, and Protestant 'Laity [Mr. Close's epithets rise in intensity] are now *respectfully teaching* '[witness the *Times*] the clergy.... Upon the wisdom, firmness, discernment, 'and consistency of the pious Laity, the safety of the Church of England 'chiefly at this moment depends.'—P. 23. Mr. Close should not hazard phrases. Does he know where a rhetorical allusion, upon which our eye happens to glance, would carry him? 'Where,' he exclaims, 'are the 'famous churches of Northern Africa, celebrated for their pious and venerable 'bishops?'—P. 24. Will Mr. Close translate some of S. Cyprian's treatises—say the *De habitu Virginum*, and *De Unitate Ecclesiæ* for his own edification—and then let us hear whether his aspirations after an African Church and Bishop are quite so enthusiastic? We quite agree with Mr. Close on the importance, now-a-days, of his text, 'a wonderful and horrible 'thing is committed in the land; the prophets prophesy falsely... *and my* '*people love to have it so*,'—the very characteristic in which (p. 22) he owns that the passage does not apply to 'Tractarianism,' might have suggested to him a doubt with respect to that great body of sound intelligent Scriptural Protestants' which he talks of.

Mr. Close naturally recalls Mr. Arnold. Mr. Arnold is a severe castigator. The fatal precision with which he marshals his numbered paragraphs, each with its separate sting, reminds us of that dexterous official, the Russian knout-wielder, who is said to lay the back bare in parallel strips of cuticle. Messrs. Faber and Close have been the previous offenders, and now 'Remarks on Elliott's Horæ Apocalypticæ,' (Rivingtons,) complete the triad of Mr. Arnold's victims. The present pamphlet is most valuable, not only for its destructive criticism, but for constructive information of a very high order.

Mr. Palmer has published a new edition of his 'Origines Liturgicæ,' (Rivingtons,) with useful and valuable additions; such as the Coronation Office—that for the Installation of Knights of the Garter—Enthroniza-

tions, and various occasional offices which, with and without authority, have been in use in the recent English Church. These may be had as a separate appendix.

'The Churchman's Theological Dictionary,' (J. W. Parker,) by Mr. Robert Eden of Lambeth, seems to be considered an authority by the Bishop of Chester (so we find by a report of an Exeter Hall speech). This is a sad reflection. The Dictionary itself contains the flattest and most unquestionable heresies on the doctrine of the Trinity. So flagrant, indeed, are these statements of doctrine, that they have excited attention in quarters which are not usually sensitive on such subjects. The compilation is meant, we suppose, as a rival to Dr. Hook's clear and popular work.

In Mr. Edward Monro's (of Harrow Weald,) very striking and affecting allegory, 'The Dark River,' (Burns,) we thought the 'Shining Link' hardly so happy a thought as the 'River.' Allegory is essentially a materialized metaphor: but where the comparison holds only accidentally, or in a minor particular, there is a frigidness in dwelling upon a resemblance which is too volatile for more than a passing glance. Mr. Monro mentions that he has never seen Mr. Adams' publications, the 'Shadow of the Cross,' &c. Such being the case, to say that he shows a kindred tone and talent, is high praise. We are sure that we do not sufficiently cultivate the imagination; and the more tender-minded the children the more forcibly do such tales affect them.

'The Bird-keeping Boy,' (Derby, Mozley,) is a delightfully simple and impressive story. What we most like in it is the utter absence of attempt at finery. There is nothing in it which might not occur in every village, perhaps which does occur in many: and the author shows that remarkable union of pathos and a quiet humour which rarely co-exist except in very high and real characters. But why are the *town*-boys not cared for? Is it that no religion and no poetry can be found to win its way into our alleys and courts?

Mr. Stephen's 'History of the Church of Scotland,' (Lendrum,) goes on regularly, and we hope successfully. When complete, we shall be enabled to offer a better opinion on it. The enviable freedom of the Scotch Church enables its writers to move with an elasticity of step, and a healthy grasp of duty, which seems to throw them, without an effort, into days when truth had other standards than success and expediency. An able and earnest pamphlet, 'The Church in Scotland—Unity and Schism,' (Edwards and Hughes,) lays down the broad principles on this subject, which the author proposes, in another publication, to apply to recent events in his communion.

'Eight Lectures on the Scriptural Truths most opposed by Puseyism,' by John Eliot Howard, (Longman,) is the usual dissenting *crambe* now soddened past toleration even in the least fastidious circles. We are surprised to see a respectable publisher's name to a title-page so offensive.

'First Letter to the Lord Bishop of Salisbury, on that Episcopal Charge which the Letter-Writer heard from him with much sorrow in 1842,' by Henry Walter, B.D. of Haselbury-Bryan, &c. (Seeleys.) Mr. Walter thinks of the Council of Ephesus, that 'almost everything connected with its proceedings marked the degeneracy of the now-ruling Church' (p. 140); and especially that the particular term, which is the symbol of the Ephesine faith, 'implies that He who is both God and man derived His divine as well as His 'human nature from her.' P. 141. Of a neighbouring Episcopate, he speaks as 'the Bishops of the Scotch Episcopal dissenters.' P. 133. Mr. Walter's opinions are, of course, utterly unimportant, except to show certain 'consistent opponents of Tractarianism,' what they must take up with, to present anything like an antagonist system. To be sure, we quite sympathize with Mr. Walter's complaints (p. 92) about the ponderous volumes of the Fathers, seeing that he has been three years in redeeming his after-dinner pledge to write a Counter-charge to that of his Bishop: and this only in a 'First Letter' after all. We are glad to see that Mr. J. W. Marshall, of Swallowcliffe, has published an effective reply to it.

'The Female Disciple of the first Three Centuries,' (Longman,) is, generally, a very creditable compilation, from patristic sources, of all that relates to the domestic and female life of Christian women in primitive times. It is unlucky that the authoress (Mrs. H. Smith) should have selected for the exercise of the powers of grouping and composition which she unquestionably possesses, a subject which requires a greater command of historical and other literature than she has yet acquired. Thus, the phrase 'this condemnation extended to the Fabulis Attellanis,' (p. 114,) has an odd look. At one time (p. 92) we hear of the 'Council of Elvira;' at another (p. 122) of that 'of Illiberis.' And we are sorry to find Mrs. Smith quoting Jortin.

'Feasts and Fasts,' by Mr. E. Vansittart Neale, (Murray,) is an able Essay on the rise, progress, and present state of the law, canonical and statutory, with respect to holidays and days of fasting in the Church. It will become, we should think, a text-book; and its appearance bears testimony to the general rise of tone, as well as of information, in quarters among the most influential. It is quite curious to observe how, in form, the later English Church has repudiated the Sabbatarian view of the Lord's Day.

'Prayers for the Dead,' (Toovey), we reserve for a more extended notice, which we are prevented from giving in the present number.

Mr. Scott, a clever dissenter at Woolwich, has published a pamphlet, 'The First Principle of Church-Government,' (Darling,) which hardly sustains the reputation which he acquired by some sermons two or three years back.

'An Address to my Parishioners,' by a Clergyman (Burns). Sensible and practical. But its effect would be in a *vivâ voce*, rather than a printed, form.

We are much pleased with the aim of Mr. W. E. Heygate's 'Probatio Clerica' (Ollivier). Seeking to convey practical instruction to Candidates

for Holy Orders, it will be found most useful to those who, in the way of self-examination, endeavour to realize the responsibilities of their commission. The extent of the subject naturally produces an appearance of vagueness; but, making all allowance for this, we should have been pleased with some hints on the duty and method of giving spiritual advice. Indeed, scientific theology, whether ascetic or dogmatic, has so little prominence, that it is easier to observe a defect in these respects than to remedy it. The author evidently writes from experience.

'Les Veillées de Dimanche' (Burns, and Seeley) is a French translation of Dean Wilberforce's 'Agathos,' and other Stories. It is intended, we conceive, for our female schools, in which, by the bye, the French books are generally insufferably bad. This is a great advance upon Genlis, and even Cottin: and there is now a chance of banishing Wanostrocht.

'Rise and Progress of the Tinnevelly Missions,' (S. P. C. K.), by Dr. Robinson and Mr. Clarke, is a most interesting account of the important movement—may it bear fruit!—in the Indian Church.

'The Bishop of Madras' Visitation Journal' (Rivingtons) is very graphic—characteristically fervid, and so real, that, apart from the author's station, we are not disposed to look minutely into phraseology and expressions which are only conventional. The intercourses with sectarian teachers are, however, perplexing.

'Illustrations of the Doctrine and Discipline of the Church from the Apostolical Fathers, (Cleaver,) by Mr. Wilson, Curate of Liverpool, is on the plan of the Bishop of Lincoln's three volumes. The present is a careful and complete analysis. Is is not rather premature to speak of *the* Apostolical Fathers, and only to recognise the works of SS. Clement, Ignatius, and Polycarp?

A new edition of Mr. Bloxam's deservedly popular 'Manual of Gothic Architecture,' (Bogue,) suggests to us, with our great admiration of it, the remark that architectural detail is not the place for the introduction of strictly theological matter, which we sometimes observe in this book.

'The Swedish Brothers,' (Walters, Rugeley), being one of the 'Juvenile Englishman's Library,' we consider unhappy only when it introduces allusions to present disputes. This, surely, is not a respectful' form in which to allude to distinguished names, and severe distresses, among us. The tale exhibits considerable powers of description: but the author must have been aware, that 'the blessings of an Episcopal Church, which have been preserved to Sweden,' (p. 125,) are at the somewhat important expense of the succession.

We are reminded of this fact by a contemporaneous publication: viz. 'Review of the present State of the Church of Christ, by the Archbishop Upsal, translated from the Swedish by G. W. Carlson,' (Rivingtons). re is a great amount of curious and valuable information, especially

relating to the Eastern bodies, in this volume: but judging from what is said of ourselves, it must be received with caution. We really were not aware, that, 'in conformity with the breviaries brought to Oxford from France and Belgium, are *held* Matins, Nocturns, and Festivals, to the memory of faithful Englishmen, (as Bishop Ken,)' or that 'Clerical Societies are numerously attended, in which the ministerial duties, *but particularly that of Confession*, are the subjects of discussion,' pp. 148, 149. '"Tis distance lends enchantment to the view.' Incidentally, we collect that the Swedish system is pure Lutheranism—with a pseudo-Episcopacy, as a *πάρεργον*. An Appendix contains an account of the strangest mixture of Mesmerism and Fanaticism, the 'Preaching Epidemic,' which is quite new to us. One characteristic, and a very awful one, of all these recent religious and physical influences is, that their subjects are generally young females.

'The Architecture of York Cathedral arranged Chronologically,' by F. Bedford, (W. Hargrove, York.) This is one of the most attractive in appearance of many similar charts recently published. It seems well suited to its object, which is, probably, to give merely an elementary knowledge of the distinctions between the styles of Christian architecture, though it is not likely to recommend itself to advanced students, since it is not accompanied by mouldings, sections, and similar details. The idea of taking all the examples from one building is very good, because the student is assured by it that the peculiarities which distinguish them from one another are characteristic of the styles, not of the locality.

'Jewish Emancipation,' by an Israelite, (Nutt.) Judaism appears from this pamphlet to be divided into liberal and illiberal. This is the production of a liberal Jew. He calls upon his co-religionists to give up that attachment to forms, which stamps them as a body; and urges that they cannot expect political enfranchisement from the nation, till they enfranchise themselves from superstition. 'So far from setting an honourable 'example of liberality nothing can be narrower than the limits we grant 'to action and opinion; even the slightest dissent, the slightest difference 'of practice, immediately encounters the hostility and persecution of the 'elders of our community . . . . . These apparently pious men are our 'worst enemies, for they encourage untruthfulness.' We cannot take more than an *ab extra* interest in this controversy.

'Spain, Tangier, &c. visited in 1840 and 1841,' by X. Y. Z. (Clarke.) These letters give a good deal of information about Spain, of the light gossiping kind, but pleasantly told.

'Present State of the Reformed Church in France,' by Edmond Scherar, D.D. (Hatchard.) Dr. Scherar describes the state of the Reformed Church, of which he is a member, as '*intolerable*.' 'Our schools of theology teach 'pell-mell orthodoxy and rationalism! Any professor may, uncontrolled, 'and we must acknowledge, without failing in any engagement, overthrow 'revealed religion by criticism, and natural religion by speculation. The 'Pastors enjoy the same latitude, and the churches and consistories, 'opposed to each other, the same also. All this is ridiculous; it is hateful.'

'The Reformed Church,' he adds, 'has truly ceased to exist in the rank of 'the other religious communities; its name remains, but now only de- 'signates a corpse, a phantom, or, if you please, a remembrance, and a 'hope. *It has ceased to exist!*'

'The School Dictionary of Antiquities,' by Dr. Smith, (Murray, and Taylor and Walton,) is so nice-looking a book, that we regret that we have no acquaintance with the larger work which it abridges. We hear, however, that it is getting, and we hope that it deserves, an extensive popularity. Still, we cannot avoid a sigh over the departed glories of our ancient friends—sometimes, perhaps, foes—Potter, Adams, and Lempriere.

The Rev. T. Tunstall Smith has published 'Two Explanatory Treatises on the Sacraments,' the object of which is to ease the minds of some persons who have lately seen a meaning given to their language on the Sacraments, and have been disturbed by it. Mr. Smith endeavours to prove that their language need not bear this meaning; and that, therefore, they may go on holding the same language and the same opinions that they have done, without any alteration of either. Mr. Smith's advice will probably be followed.

'Scriptural Lessons between Charles and his Mother,' by Lady Charles Fitzroy, (Longman.) Hooker, Patrick, Bryant, Wells, and Horne, are hardly the authorites to quote at length to very little children. The authoress enters too much into Scriptural difficulties; and puts ideas into children's heads which had better be kept out.

'Five Discourses on the Book of Genesis,' by the Rev. John Jervis White Jervis, (Longman.) Whether Mr. Jervis has other features of philosophy or not, he possesses its serenity and ease in considerable perfection. His style does him profound justice, and produces its effect. His reflections present majestic vacuity. His opinion of the Early Church runs thus:— 'General Depravity—Fatal Errors—Unsound Standards of Piety—Con- 'fusion with regard to Doctrine—Inability of Divines—Darkness.' In one page the margin has 'Episcopal Violence;' the following is the proceeding to which the term is applied: 'In Gaul the temples of the pagan gods were 'destroyed, and the statues were pulled down by Martin, Bishop of Tours.' But we have a bolder side of Mr. Jervis to look at. Mr. Jervis prefers the religion of Mahomet to the Christianity of that day; compares Mahomet to Moses, and makes him the spreader of a pure and spiritual worship, to the confusion of the Canaanites, and Idolaters, *i. e.* Christians. 'The 'spiritual worship of God was diffused with the volume of the perspicuous 'Kurân.' Mr. Jervis is meditating a new translation of the Bible, of which he gives one or two specimens: *e.g.* for Gen. iii. 15, 'It shall bruise thy 'head, and thou shalt bruise his heel,'—'*He shall beset thee in the front, and* '*thou shalt beset him in the rear.*' Abraham is 'Abh Raahaum,' Jehovah, 'Yahaweh.' These harmless pedantries are refreshing after so much impiety. Why cannot Mr. Jervis be content with that channel of gratification, and save the unnecessary guilt? Is it not a pity that a person should talk blasphemy, when he really only means to talk nonsense?

'A Letter to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, on the Present State of the Parish of St. Pancras, their Peculiar,' by the Rev. Henry Hughes, M.A. Perpetual Curate of All Saints, Gordon-square, St. Pancras. This is an earnest, straightforward, and well-stated appeal to the Chapter of St. Paul's, to aid in furnishing more churches and schools for this destitute parish. St. Pancras has, including the known additions since the last census, 140,000 inhabitants. One single parish has thus more souls in it than some English counties. For this population there are only 14 churches, accommodating 17,000 persons. This is only a provision for 50,000, taking the common proportions of church-room: in St. Pancras it is made to serve for nearly three times that number. There are 5,000 children under instruction; and on the common average, there should be 14,000. 'Some persons,' Mr. Hughes very sensibly says, 'are fond of looking at an array of 'figures, and congratulating themselves on results, without comparing 'them with what they might and ought to be.' It is not the absolute numbers that should be attended to in these cases, but the *proportions*. What are 14 churches to 140,000? People would stare at hearing that in the county of Hereford, or Bedford, there were only 14 churches. It would shock them. But the case of our city populations seems to be considered irremediable, and the facts of spiritual destitution here are become part of an order of nature to us. When will the conscience of the Church revive, and shake off this notion of impossibilities, which keeps it contented with its present small hold over these districts. They are only impossibilities when they are thought so.

The second volume of 'Transactions of the Exeter Architectural Society,' has commenced under very promising auspices; this Society seems to carry away the palm from the Diocesan Associations. We are glad to see that a suggestion which we offered has been adopted: we allude to the great importance of the wood-work in the churches of the western counties. The present number contains engravings of the rood-screen at Coleridge. Some good coloured prints of glass are also given. There are two valuable papers, one on Open Roofs, and another on Church Dilapidation, of which we can speak more highly than of one on Church Symbolism, which is not a very happy versification of Durandus. Miscellaneous the present part assumes to be, but verses are, we think, quite out of place here.

One or two publications on Church Music have reached us, among which, Mr. Druitt's able and earnest appeal—'A Popular Tract on Church Music, with Remarks on its Moral and Political Importance,' &c. (Rivingtons,) deserves to be especially mentioned. With the exception of a few incautious expressions on the kind of Music best adapted for Divine Worship, we can cordially recommend this pamphlet for general circulation. We can see that we differ from him not in principle, but in detail.

Mr. Spencer's little publications—'Explanation of the Church Modes,'—'A Hymnal,' &c. (Bell,) will be useful in their way;—which we fear is more than can be said of Mr. Brooks's oblong folio—'Morning Service as used at S. Philip's, Stepney.' He has unhappily taken to altering some of the old music, and certainly not for the better.

An article from our last number, on the Martin Marprelate Controversy, has been reprinted, with some curious additions (Pickering,) by its author, Mr. Maskell; and a very pretty book it is, in Whittingham's pleasant typography.

Mr. Freebairn has engraved Flaxman's noble design of the Shield of Achilles, by the curious French process of Glyptography, which is so eminently suited for medallic and chased work. It makes a splendid series of plates, in the purely classical style.

'Chavenage, a Tale on the Cotswolds of the year 1648,' by Mr. Huntley, (Burns,) is a well-principled and well-executed attempt to embody in verse the traditions and oral histories of a picturesque locality. The author throws himself with very engaging reality into the noble scenery of the Great Rebellion; and the work ought to have more than a local fame. It is quite in the right spirit. The versification is Crabbe's.

Several volumes of poetry we reserve for a future article: but, from experience, we find the intentions of reviewers are like lovers' vows. With the same view we postpone a very important work, Lappenberg's 'History of the Anglo-Saxon Kings, translated by Mr. Thorpe.' (Murray.) It comes from a high historical school.

A very able and well-principled publication of Mr. Abraham of Eton, 'Lectures on Ancient and Modern History,' has been adopted as a text-book for the use of the school. Mr. Abraham's principle is that 'of the 'Unity of History; the Church of Christ being considered to be the centre, 'towards which Ancient History verged, and from which Modern History 'radiates,' (p. 122.) Perhaps it is unavoidable in our present state, but there is a melancholy significance in the consideration, that 'the authorities 'of the school have thought it advisable that the Lectures which deal with 'too decidedly controversial subjects should not be inserted in the School 'Edition,' Where an authoritative guide is most required, there boys are left to get truth as they can.

'The Moral Phenomena of Germany,' by Thomas Carlyle, Esq. of the Scottish Bar, (Painter,) is a very remarkable, and inconsistently consistent, Irvingite production. The wonderful amount of good in this body is strikingly overruled by one or two most daring assumptions, which seem rather mental phenomena than the result of processes either moral or intellectual.

But of all the strange aberrations of one of the cleverest men in England, Mr. Henry Drummond's 'Letter to Sir R. Inglis on the Payment of the Roman Catholic Clergy,' (Murray,) is the most grotesquely amusing. Its fun must have told like a succession of electric shocks on the excellent Baronet. Think of the following: 'And now, my dear Sir Robert, let me 'ask *you*, "What is the use of the Universities?" Of course I omit the se of one in sending you to the House of Commons—but barring *that* e, of what other are they?' P. 30. 'I am urged to the desire of seeing

'this, by the language which that body of persons called the Religious 'World has lately assumed; and I do most earnestly desire, on religious 'grounds, to see a Church within the territory of Great Britain which shall 'have the courage to avow and maintain, in the midst of this infidel age, 'that it does administer and feed its children with the flesh and blood of 'the Son of God, offered up by His priest upon His altar. I do long to see 'a Clergy which knows something of that in which the true worship of God 'consists, and which will not degrade His house to be a mere theatre for 'theological mountebanks to deliver their lectures in. The *soi-disant* Pro-'testant religious world has succeeded in presenting, as holding the pre-'eminent position in the House called of God, nothing but a box with a 'man in it turning his back upon the altar, with his flock all round him in 'pens, like the cattle and sheep in Smithfield-market. Apostolical authority 'for the man in the box they laugh at; and a Bishop has publicly preached 'against it. All notion of an altar and a sacrifice they deny: they do not, 'even in their common language, speak of the Church as a place in which 'they worship, but as a place in which they sit under a man. Yet, forsooth, 'they are not men-worshippers! they are not idolaters! Oh, no, it is 'those who reverence her "whom all generations shall call blessed;" who 'respect and remember to pray for "all our brethren departed in the faith," 'by whose labours, and perhaps martyrdom, have been transmitted to us 'all the religious knowledge we now possess.' P. 34, 35.

Mr. Bennett's new series of 'Lectures on the Principles of the Book of Common Prayer' (Cleaver), are both uncompromising in tone, and full of instruction. The character and success of the author prove also that his principles do not evaporate in talk, nor rest in antiquarianism.

From America the arrivals are abundant and satisfactory. 'The Dead in Christ,' by Mr. M'Cullough, of Wilmington, Delaware, (Robinson, Baltimore,) is a very engaging volume: we are glad to find in it a recognition, though, perhaps, creditably cautious, of a practice which has a vast amount of Anglican authority, Prayer for the Dead. 'The Apostles' Doctrine and Fellowship,' Five Sermons, by Bishop Ives, of North Carolina,' (Appleton, New York and Philadelphia.) 'Essays on the Validity of Anglican Ordinations, by a Layman,' (Robinson, Baltimore;) which is really an addition to *our* books on the subject. 'Family Prayers, by Dr. Berrian,' (which have been republished by Sharpe, under the editorship of Mr. Wenham, of Ceylon;) and two complete volumes of 'The True Catholic,' a Baltimore periodical, which recalls the best days of the 'British Magazine.' In all these works we observe one peculiarity, a Claudianism and rhetoric in style, which argues ill for the purity of the English language: even a document so solemn and public as the Encyclical Letter of the Bishops, issued after the late Convention, contains a passage like this, — we now speak of its taste, not of graver objections:—

'The ordinances of God before the coming of His Son, adumbrated, for 'the most part, not Gospel ordinances, but the Saviour Himself upon the 'Cross: and Gospel ordinances commemorate the same Saviour. The for-

'mer, in the morning; the latter, in the evening of the day of grace: both 'being shadows on the dial of time, during the day of probation allotted to 'the Church of God. Jesus Christ Himself is the true and only *Gnomon*, 'marking every moment by His ordinances,' &c.

Surely, illustration like this verges upon the sentimental. The principles of these American magazines and newspapers are so high, that they can well afford to pitch a note somewhat more dignified than such a title as 'The True Catholic: Reformed, Protestant and Free,' or 'The Banner of the Cross,' would suggest. It is only this external aspect in which the American Church does not do justice to herself.

The Archdeacon of London, and the Dean of Chichester, have published their 'Charges.' (Rivingtons and J. W. Parker.)

'A Sermon preached at the Consecration of the Church of S. Mary, Dunblane,' by Mr. Alexander of Edinburgh, is remarkable not only for its own merits, but for the fact that the Church is once more lifting up its head in this place, the seat of one of its ancient Bishoprics. The true policy is, to re-appropriate all the Scotch sees. The church, at the dedication of which the sermon was preached, is, we have heard, a worthy successor of S. John's, Jedburgh.

Of other Sermons we have to mention with commendation—Volumes—'Hildyard's Whitehall Sermons,' (J. W. Parker;) 'Boys' Family Sermons,' (T. B. Sharpe.) And of single Discourses:—two at the opening (it ought to have been consecration) of 'S. John Baptist, Eastover,' by Messrs. Capes and Estcourt; (the last, by the bye, is odd.) One at the Norwich Visitation, by Mr. Potter, (Deck, Ipswich;) one by Mr. F. N. Grey, at Newcastle, (Burns;) —two very noticeable ones, 'Things dispensable and Things indispensable,' by Mr. Oakeley, (Toovey;)—one at Enmore Green, by Mr. W. Jackson, B.A.;—one for a Friendly Society, by Mr. Hicks of Piddletrenthide, (Dorchester, Clark;)—and, with anything but commendation, as the culminating point in Sermons, 'The Rhyming Sermon, addressed to Young Persons, by David Ives,' (Elt, Islington.) An extract shall conclude our labours, if it were only to make sure of the alternative of 'reason:'—

'I now will rehearse
'The seventh and eighth verse
'Of Job's twelfth chapter;
'For none can be apter
'To show you how plain
'You wisdom may gain,
'From things all around,
'And ev'n from the ground.'

And this 'was actually delivered to a congregation at the beginning of the present year!'—Preface.

THE

CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

OCTOBER, 1845.

ART. I.—*A History of the Church in Russia. By* A. N. MOURAVIEFF, *Chamberlain to His Imperial Majesty, and Under Procurator of the Most Holy Governing Synod. Translated by the Rev.* R. W. BLACKMORE, B.A., *Chaplain to the Russia Company, Constradt.* Oxford: J. H. Parker. 1842.

As the eye wanders over the earth's map, and steps over region after region; as chains of mountains, rivers, bays, promontories, succeed each other, and the surface of this globe spreads out before us, we go through, in our minds, far more than a mere mechanical process of surveying space and accumulating mileage. The survey appeals to the fancy as well as the eye. We append vague impressions to each coloured line and broken ridge, each shore and peninsula, each continent and isle. The vast sea comes in with its alternations of expanse, indefinite and void; the distant roar echoes from East and West Pacific, and a white boundary of waters on each edge of the world, only takes us out of solid magnitude and terra firma, into still more immense and uncontrollable regions of vacuity. Science does not interfere with imagination. In one aspect, this earth, as one planet, and a smaller one, in our solar system, out of a hundred millions of other solar systems, rolls round the centre of its orbit, like a globule in the midst of ether; in another, it stretches out a boundless horizontal plain, extends its tracts into eastern, western, northern, southern immensity, and presents simple latitudinal amplitude and vastness to our minds. Astronomy and geography agree to differ. Within the intersecting circles and

slides of the orrery, the mind is duly scientific, and the earth most correctly globular and insignificant; but, at a nod, the orrery itself, with all its brazen machinery, vanishes, and we have space and width before us. The earth passes at a stroke from the phase of philosophical rotundity into that of transcendental horizontalism. Matter obeys mind, and puts itself into that shape and position in which the sovereign within arranges it: insignificant and dull in itself, the material earth which we walk upon serves as an object and elicitor of the inherent innate ideas of magnitude and immensity in our minds. Noble and inspiring are the spaces and vastnesses, the lengths and breadths of nature, her moors and wildernesses, her vistas and her long interminable lines, her colours shading into mist, her dim perspective, and empire of multitudinous diminution. What baffles the eye, stimulates the fancy; the veil of distance exaggerates its treasures and its room. The fancy swells and spreads as we look over a large view, and picture it extending beyond our eyes' reach, in the same way that it does within it; as distance leads to distance, and the far-off horizon seems just to veil the world beyond it. From the lofty precipitous mountain top, the eye reaches over tracts beyond tracts, till, after countless lines of distance, it arrives at a misty blue, when all things mix and dissolve—the boundary of the world, and the shore of the unknown. What can lie beyond that furthermost point, that dimmest and most impalpable shade of the wearying lengthening realm of vision? What is there in that unearthly clouded region—that field of mystery, where earth and sky appear to mingle? What forms inhabit the far-off horizon's ethereal blue, too tender and too visionary for this solid world? What is there in that 'beyond,' that ambiguous border-land of space, which we see and which we do not see; which hints of, and half discloses the undiscovered; which looks unutterable distance, and mutely says 'Beyond, beyond—there is yet more beyond?' Onward, onward, over lines and over levels and ever lengthening sweeps, fly the couriers of space, and are lost in the interminable. All runs up into distance, and is absorbed in the boundless boundary of vacancy, which ends the scene; all tends to a liquefaction of remoteness, to an infinite 'beyond;' to a point where insatiable distance reproduces itself, and unbosoms its native shorelessness and universality.

Or go from earth to ocean, and take your stand on some high cliff; the eye reaches over watery ridges, and lines after lines of waves, and speeds its journey over the broad sea till it arrives at that ambiguous line of horizon where air and water mingle, and the arch of heaven bends over and descends into the bosom of the deep. What is there, fancy asks, what may there not be beyond

that mighty circle of evaporation, that marvellous boundary of evanescent haze that forms the wide ocean's edge? What lies behind that misty veil, that twilight fusion of the elements? Mystic realms of nature, and worlds of shadow spread; Homeric regions, and cloudy phantom wastes, gigantic solitudes and mountain forms of vapour, huge Arctic and Antarctic landscapes, sonorous expanses, and caverns big as worlds, lie beyond that awful line. In the poetic distance of the ocean scene, the ζόφον ἠερόεντα, a new world, majestic, pure, primeval, seems to rise and to invite discovery. The ship midway looks as if it were bound for its shores, and sailing on a Columbus voyage to a supernatural unknown land.

In this way, the earth ever puts before us images of greatness and expanse; and as its airy heights, its mountain tops, and rocky pinnacles, point to heaven; as its rivers and oceans represent eternity, and the summer clouds love, and the luxuriant landscape Paradise, so its simple surface represents immensity. And this effect of the earth's map is deepened and enriched by the addition of history. Antiquity adds a new element of awe and wonder, and time and space intertwine their impressions. The archæology of the world springs up and haunts our steps at every turn as we journey over the scene; each chain of mountains has its history, each mighty river and ample territory tells of human events and changes, of races of men, and their splendid or dark achievements, of ages golden, silver, iron, brass, through which this historical world has come down to us; of eras and epochs, and of life savage, patriarchal, heroic, political, classical, mediæval. This *orbis terrarum* has been in the hands of an appointed race of guardians and occupiers, and from an incomprehensible source within its bosom, the mysterious race of man has issued forth and overrun it. Wanderers here, citizens there; dwellers in tents and builders of towns; tamers of horses and tillers of ground, the human family, in the geographic scene, spread and ramify marvellously from their eastern centre. Upon the earth's wide bosom rolls the march of conquering tribes and hordes, mighty exploring adventurous races, whom a penetrating powerful instinct, breaking through earth mountain and forest barriers, carries like waves, they know not whither, to settle they know not where. They go where their gods and their own magnanimous appetite for movement sends them. A jostling and push of races agitates the earth's surface; all is stir and commotion, invasion and ejection, occupation and force. A gradual change follows; things right themselves; the scene subsides, the earth is disposed of and divided, and ages of disorder issue in the territorial map we have before us. In this way the poetry of geography arises; each portion of the earth has its own asso-

ciations appended to it, and east and west, north and south, present their own legendary colouring to the mind.

The North appeals to us characteristically in this way, and presents an imagery and landscape very distinctly its own. A peculiar scenery of regions and races rises before us, and the deep shade of an old set of legendary associations has hardly yet left the ground. Vastness is the attribute of the North; poetry endows it with a kind of innate and super-geographical extent. The shadows spread, the forest blackens, the plains widen and expand as we go northward. Beyond the boundary which lovely Thessaly, with its Pierian range, raised to classical ground, the Greek legendary eye saw a vast space and *terra incognita*, to which it assigned gigantic and grotesque forms, animate and inanimate. Her seat of poetry standing midway between the world known and unknown, just conveyed intelligence from this sphere of the supernatural to that of human life and civilization. Beyond Thrace, where the region of wildness and vastness began, tracts indefinite and enormous spread, which imagination peopled with Hippogryphs and Centaurian shapes, half human, half animal, and covered with massive clouds and brooding twilight. In the vapoury air grotesque phantasmagoria flitted and hovered, and it rained feathers. There were curious tribes—the Iazyges, the Agathyrsi, the Perrhœbi, the Arimaspi, with one eye; nature darkened and became eccentric as she approached her boundary; the Hyperborean mountains, in the farthest distance, threw their awful shadows over the earth's edge; and a rolling sea of chaos and vacuity closed the view. On the Eastern side, history let in a misty light, and showed wide spread tracts and wandering hordes of Scythians and Sauromatæ. The shores of the Euxine and Caspian rustled with wild movements, and the flight and pursuit of tribes chasing one another round. A homeless houseless earth stretched out on all sides; and the eye ascended from the scenes of restlessness and scattered nomad life that authentic geography displayed, only to dwell upon immeasurable cloudy solitudes, and lose itself in the gloom of fable and horizon of nature.

Such is the portion of the globe over which the Russian empire now extends. A tradition, reaching back to the remotest antiquity, speaks of a great race, that travelling from Media and the rising sun, turned the corner of the Euxine, and advanced by the straits of Mount Caucasus into the European border. Scythian in origin, the Sauromatæ or Sarmatians, as this race was called, claimed a consanguinity with the numerous Scythian tribes that traversed the whole extent of Northern Asia, from the Tanaïs to Mount Imaus. The rugged defile of the Caucasian straits (the Sarmatian gates, as they were after-

ward named) admitted these Sauromatæ to a district between the Euxine and the Tanaïs, where they settled and ramified, and became the parent stock whence the Sclavonian, Polish, Prussian, Muscovitish, Bohemian, and Transylvanian people and languages were severally derived. The Muscovite and the Sclavonian were the parent tribes of Russia.

Stretching its wide arms over each side of the European and Asiatic confine, Russia thus receives, from her origin and geographical situation, a peculiar mixed character and colour. She shows this in her modern empire: she is European and she is Asiatic both; she brings the two continents together on her ground, and mingles hyperborean and oriental imagery. Spicy gales from the East meet the rude frosts from the North; the snows of Siberia and the Arctic shores unite with the paradisal beauties of the Crimea, and she has Elysium and the North Pole within her domains. We take a leap from the Baltic, and wander along the falls of the Don, with the Cossack steppes around us, wild continued meadows covered with choice plants, flowers, and herbage knee-high, picture the scenery of eastern romance. The forms of Oriental art appear; the minaret and dome decorate the old Scythian regions of cloud and fable; the Mahometan splendours of Kazan and Astrachan rise up before our minds as we see the crowns of the Tartar Khans in the Czar's Treasury; and the old names of Georgia and Circassia carry us back to the scenes in the Arabian nights. A mixture of European and Asiatic pervades the Russian manners, customs, architecture, dress: the long beard of the peasant, his salaam and prostrations, are Eastern; so is the 'gaudy fantastic splendour' of the popular festival: the whole image of splendour in the national mind is an Eastern one. Moscow, with her pointed minarets and domes, towers and spires, glittering in the sun and displaying all the colours of the rainbow, is an Asiatic spectacle; and the mixture of magnificence with the wretched wooden hovels and muddy streets which, till lately at any rate, composed the main part of the city, is not less so. 'One might imagine,' says the traveller, 'all the 'states of Europe and Asia had sent a building, by way of re-'presentative to Moscow, and under this impression, the eye is 'presented with deputies from all countries, holding congress. 'Timber huts from regions beyond the Arctic, plastered palaces 'from Sweden and Denmark, painted walls from Tyrol, mosques 'from Constantinople, Tartar temples from Bucharia; pagodas, 'pavilions, and verandahs from China, cabarets from Spain, 'dungeons, prisons, and public offices from France, architectural 'ruins from Rome, terraces and trellises from Naples, and ware-'houses from Wapping. Nor is the costume less various than

'the aspect of the buildings; Greeks, Turks, Tartars, Cossacks, 'Chinese, Muscovites, English, French, Italians, Poles, Germans, 'all parade the streets in the habits of their respective countries. 'Numerous spires, glittering with gold amidst burnished domes 'and painted palaces, appear in the midst of an open plain for 'several versts before you reach the gate. Having passed, you 'look about, and wonder what is become of the city, or where 'you are, and are ready to ask once more, How far is it to Mos-'cow? They will tell you, "This is Moscow!" and you behold 'nothing but a wide and scattered suburb, huts, gardens, pigsties, 'brick walls, churches, dunghills, palaces, timber-yards, ware-'houses, and a refuse, as it were, of materials sufficient to stock 'an empire with miserable towns and miserable villages.' A very good description, we have no doubt, of an ancient Ecbatana, Sardis, Susa, or Bagdad, as it certainly is for a modern Constantinople. There is something peculiar in the Asiatic idea of splendour. Its most majestic demonstrations and highest triumphs are consistent with unutterable dirt; it does not attend to it, it overlooks and rides over the paltry obstacle; it kindles and glitters, it aspires and ascends, it mingles with the sky and catches the solar blaze itself, it collects all the treasures of earth and sea into a circle, diamonds, and pearls, and emeralds, and jasper, and onyx, and the supernatural brilliancy is in immediate juxtaposition with what offends both eye and nostrils. The imagination is satisfied, and the senses go to the wall. A nation's idea of the splendid, is a characteristic feature in it. The savage rejoices in trinkets, the Gothic race has produced the labyrinthal magnificence of stonework and carving; the imperial East revels in the richness of gold and the metallic glories of earth's subterranean treasury; the ore's burnish and the crimson die empurple and emblazon her ceremonials. Gold and jewels, the very type of transcendental wealth, and the world's capital and crown, distinguished the pomp of Oriental monarchy and universal empire from the subordinate and insignificant feudalities of the rest of the world, and imparted that imaginative supremacy to the Eastern Sultan upon which he used graciously to allow all other monarchs in the world to eat, drink, and sleep, after he had.

It is to the honour of ancient Russia that she consecrated her treasury of colours, radiances, gilding, and jewels, to the Church. The Church of St. Basil, in the Kremlin, painted in glaring colours from top to bottom, with its huge pinnacles, twisted bulbs, and thistle tops, and pyramidical spire, gilded and ·iped red, green, and yellow, and rough and scaled in cactus-m fashion, is a specimen of the national taste. The dark ;yptian interiors of her churches only show off by contrast the

same image of splendour. The shade is the back-ground, from which gilded Icons, pillars and roofing emerge. The lower part of the Iconostasis, in the Church of the Assumption, blazing with sheets of gold, contrasts vividly with the dark brown pictures above; and the four large central gilded columns, the Virgin's jewelled crown, the silver lamps, and huge candelabrum, which the French army did not take away because they thought it must be base metal, the shrines and tombs, with their gorgeous jewelled clothes, shine mysteriously in the sacred gloom. The sarcophagus tombs, one after another in long succession, of metropolitans, and patriarchs, and princes, display a profusion of pearls that astonishes the European eye. Those of the sainted prelates are covered with them; pearls as big as beans, emeralds, each worth their thousands of roubles, appear, and the palls are one silver studded jewelled surface. The pearl was the adopted ecclesiastical jewel of Russia. The robes, mitres, and croziers of the Patriarch were covered with it. The mediæval merchant carried his pearls to Russia to get his price for them; and when the monastic lands were taken by the State, their internal treasury retained its pearls: they still remain in one monastery in sacks. The silver table in one church, the silver shrine in another, the sacred amphoræ and other treasures of the Patriarchal vestry, carry out the image of ecclesiastical splendour, and show the jewelled metallic standard of Oriental taste.

The rise, progress, and fortunes of the Church in those large and wild regions of the North, furnish a subject of great interest to the reader of ecclesiastical history. Over and above the interest which attaches to the spread of Christianity, as such; in the present instance, there is the additional one of seeing her progress upon a different ground, in many respects, from the European one. There is an interest in seeing the way in which the Church accommodates herself to different circumstances and spheres of action; penetrates into the temper of the people she is thrown amongst, and, in turn, imparts to her population a character, and imbibes one from them. It is a remark which every reader of history will make,—how the Church of Rome has imbibed the characteristics of the Italian mind, its subtlety, polish, penetration, and diplomatic skill. This may have been a natural development of the Church's character, though often an abused one, in one particular part of her territory. But the ecclesiastical mind admits of a variety; and different portions of the Church display it differently. A rougher and more simple character pervades the religious energies of the Russian Church. She gains her objects more by the power which simple hearty enthusiasm of itself gives. Her history does not show deficiency of power in her; by no means; but it is the more simple

straightforward kind of power, and has less of the diplomatic appendages to it than the Roman Church exhibits. The same difference marks her great men. Her metropolitans and patriarchs have not the refinement, the internal command, the profundity and masterliness which the great Roman Ecclesiastics show. A vigorous ascetic spirit, a simple-minded enthusiasm, a confidence in their own position and sacerdotal and episcopal power, carries them along; and they are the idols of rude admiring crowds who flock around them. They have skill enough for their situation, and show it when it is wanted; but, as a general rule, they carry their point by heartiness and will. They sway the primitive Sclavonian and Muscovitish hearts by apostolic fervour; and the multitudes, from age to age, bow simply to the men of God, to good strong characters, elevated and invigorated by an ascetic religion.

The work of M. Mouravieff's before us, gives a condensed history of the Russian Church from the time of the first conversion of the country, up to the reign of Peter the Great. It is too condensed, and too much of an historical abstract, to offer much pleasure to ordinary readers. Condensation necessarily squeezes the materials it grasps, and must squeeze them more or less dry; it lets fall those juicy and rich particles of the circumstantial and descriptive, which, more than anything else, make history solid and living. This is not the fault of the author, but an evil resulting from the nature of the work. He relieves it by the liveliness of his style, the warmth and genuineness of his feeling, and the real poetry of heart which is ever breaking out from him. He is a fond affectionate son of his Church, and delights in the task of reviewing her past glories and achievements. A real lover of ecclesiastical power, he takes an evident pleasure in displaying the parental relation of the Russian Church to the empire, and the movements, spiritual and political, in which she was originator and guide. Here and there he dilates a little, and becomes circumstantial, and he always creates interest when he does so, and shows a graphic power that could easily have been brought out more generally, had the nature of the work admitted of it. We shall only hint one thing in the shape of complaint, and that is, that, as he approaches modern times, and enters upon the struggles between Church and State in Russia, he obviously feels himself on tender ground, and does not say all that he would like to say. The majesty of the empire, and the weight of the arm secular, press unconsciously upon him, and he is afraid of exalting the great ecclesiastic who figured at that crisis, at the expense of that political power which s opposed. Without attempting to follow M. Mouravieff rough all the links in his chain of annals, a rough review of

the origin, and some of the principal movements of the Russian Church, as he has presented them to us, may not be unserviceable. He will allow us to make use of his language, as well as his facts, occasionally, as we proceed. We shall attempt little more than a reflection of his pages; and where the incidental mention of miracles comes in, the reader will remember that they are simply part of the history which we are transcribing, and are given along with the other contents of the book.

The great mediæval conversions in all parts took place through the instrumentality of the king, or chief. The missionary addressed himself to him. He was the centre of his tribe, and his conversion produced that of the rest, by a natural and matter of course law, which it is difficult to appreciate at the present day. It is one among those striking phenomena which the progress of Christianity presents to us. An inscrutable Providence has, in different ages, provided different means for the spread of the Gospel. 'All kings shall bow down before Him, all nations shall do Him service,' is a prophecy which seems to point to a period when the kingly office should do some special service in furthering the spread of the Gospel, and when kings should head conversions, and precede the rest of the world in entering into Christ's kingdom. It is of course easy to say that kings had power in those days, and could cut off heads; and that converts were more willing to give up their gods than their lives. But this only removes the difficulty another stage; for it is still necessary to account for the fact, that the sword was enabled to do this. The sword is an instrument equally available for all creeds, and can be appealed to by one side as well as another, by the Pagan and by the Christian, by the Catholic and heretic as well. Whence accrued that swing of Christian strength and impulse to the monarchies of those days; and how was it that the Gospel had so often the advantage of a favouring sword, without the injury of an antagonist one? Pagan nations are naturally attached to their old pagan creed, and a nation is many, and a king is one. How did the many allow the one to dictate a new faith to them, and thousands of heads suffer themselves to quake at a single sword? Was real vital and enthusiastic paganism gone, and had a superior power cowed and prostrated the Gospel's antagonist before the Gospel came? However we may account for the movement, there it was. One spirit prevailed, one impulse had its way. The same unseen influence that had presented a king ready for Christianity, presented a people too; the sympathy spread from the centre to the mass; and one movement, with a subtle electricity and magnetic force, caught and carried along both. In our own country, for example, King Egbert's baptism brought the Anglo-

Saxon crowds, whose descendants are one, to the font. The king was the gate of the national court, the grand arch under which the Gospel passed with solemn triumph into the area within.

Moreover, whether we attribute it to blood, or to education and circumstances,—whether we connect it with the men, or with the position itself, which necessarily elicited and cultivated a certain class of great properties; a decided greatness does attach to the regal families of the middle ages. If there is such a thing as talent going in a family, theirs is an instance. It is as if solid power of mind actually descended from father to son, and son to grandson. Power seems inherent in the race itself, seems to cling to the family as such. It looks like actual nature. So deeply and so esoterically does the world's government accommodate itself to the world's necessities. Where power is wanted it is had, and the helm acts in the hands that have hold of it. When the centre had the power, the centre was strong enough to wield it; it was necessary for the world that it should be. The political changes of later times have now distributed the exercise of that power through the mass; and, as a natural consequence, the character of the centre is debilitated. Where a new political organization has made a certain character no longer necessary in a spot, we immediately miss it. And,—instancing the natural working of the law, that all things are double one of another,—the royalties of the present day neither want masterliness, nor have it; the mediæval ones wanted it, and had it. Throughout European history, they appear on the field with a regal aspect, which it is impossible to mistake, carrying the popular heart along with them, controlling its will, heading its movements. They produce the characters of able men and statesmen, men of sagacity, foresight, and talent for business; just the heads for conducting the affairs, and superintending the progress of a nation. The royalty was the nation's spring and centre, the source of its motion, the seat of its strength; and the change, whether political or religious, spread downward from it.

The royal family of Russia goes back, according to the most authentic legends, to the same source ultimately with our own Plantagenets. The old Scandinavian region of the north sent forth from its mythical islands and coasts a race that was destined to play an important part in the future history of the world. The Runic heroes of the Norwegian mainland and seas, the descendants of Odin and Thor and a long line of Vallalla divinities, dissatisfied with the small amount of booty which their own rugged rocks provided, commenced a southward and eastward movement from their old haunts. A fleet of Norman pirates landed upon the Italian coast, and, with

profound demonstrations of humility, received the fertile territory of Apulia from the Pope's hands. Another settled in Normandy, and gave, in the person of William the Conqueror, a royal dynasty to England. Another, after practising their piracies for some time in the Baltic, landed on its eastern shore, among the Fennic and Sclavonian tribes, and the primitive Russians of the lake Ladoga; and received from them a tribute of the skins of white squirrels, and the appellation of Varangians, or Corsairs. The Scandinavian chieftain, Ruric, ultimately possessed himself of the sovereignty over these parts, and founded the Russian dynasty. His brothers became petty princes, and the main body of the Varangians the class of nobles, and the military retainers of the monarchy.

It was not long before the new Russian power cast a look southward, and saw the meridian sun throwing its splendour upon the luxurious city of Constantinople. The capital of the Cæsars was a tempting sight, and offered a pleasing field, either of invasion or service, to the lean adventurers of the North. They modestly began with the latter. The Varangian nobles having missed the first prize, and seen the monarchy divided among the family of Ruric, grew discontented, hungry, rebellious, and formidable. The reigning prince benevolently pointed to Constantinople, and advised them, as a friend, to try their luck in the Emperor's service, and earn higher wages than the skins of white squirrels, or the pay of so poor a monarch as himself. They took his advice. Arrived at the Byzantine court, they offered themselves to the Emperor, and became his body guard: and thus was formed the celebrated Varangian corps at Constantinople, that continued to the last age of the empire, in spotless loyalty and fidelity to their masters, and maintaining their foreign character, and the use of the Danish or English tongue. 'With their broad and double-edged battle-'axe on their shoulders, they attended the Greek Emperor to the 'temple, the senate, and the Hippodrome; he slept and feasted 'under their trusty guard; and the keys of the palace, the 'treasury, and the capital, were held by the firm and faithful 'hands of the Varangians.'

Paganism was advancing unconsciously within Christianizing influence, and the rapacity of the northern pirates became the instrument of their conversion. Russia kept a steady eye upon Constantinople, and the Cæsars trembled at fleet after fleet from the north, that threatened to overwhelm them. Toward the close of the ninth century, Oskold and Dir, princes of Kieff, collected a large armament. In canoes, built out of single stems of beach or willow, very like the ships in which Agamemnon's armament sailed to Troy, and in which the Cossacks used to

issue forth, two centuries ago, on their piratical adventures from the mouth of the Dnieper, the Russian force set sail; and a sea of barbarians suddenly appeared beneath the walls of Constantinople, to the utter dismay and confusion of the capital. The Emperor was absent. 'In despair of human means,' says our history, 'the patriarch Photius took the Virginal robe of the 'Mother of God from the Blachern Church, and plunged it beneath 'the waves of the strait, when the sea suddenly boiled up 'from underneath, and wrecked the vessels of the heathen. 'Struck with awe, they believed in that God who had smitten 'them, and Oskold and Dir became the first-fruits of their people 'to the Lord. The hymn of victory of the Greek Church "to 'the Protecting Conductress," in honour of the most Holy 'Virgin, has remained a memorial of this triumph, and even now 'among ourselves concludes the office for the First Hour in the 'daily Matins; for that was indeed the first hour of salvation 'to the land of Russia.'

A 'Church of the Prophet Elias at Kieff,' and the labours and miracles of a missionary bishop from Constantinople, were the results of the conversion of the two princes. Light dimly dawned in Russia; and, an occasional conversion of a Varangian at court, and the sight of the treasures and splendour of the Constantinopolitan churches, 'the holy relics and the precious Icons,' diligently shewn to all strangers from Russia, produced their effect. Toward the end of the tenth century, the 'morning star' of Russian Christianity, the Princess Olga appeared. Lifted from a low birth to the control of a kingdom, the commanding mind of the widowed princess made her acts strike home, and tell upon an admiring and idolizing people. 'She undertook a voyage to 'Constantinople, for no other end than to obtain a knowledge of 'the true God; and there she received baptism at the hands of the 'patriarch Polyeuctes, the emperor Constantine Porphyrogenitus 'himself being her godfather. The Russian annalist Nestor 'draws an affecting picture of the Patriarch, foretelling to the 'newly illumined princess the blessings which were to descend by 'her means on future generations of Russians; while Olga, now 'become Helena by baptism, (that she might resemble, both in 'name and deed, the mother of Constantine the Great,) stood 'meekly bowing her head, and drinking in, as a sponge that is 'thirsty of moisture, the instructions of the prelate concerning 'the rules of the Church, fasting, prayer, almsgiving, and continence; all which she observed with holy exactness on her 'return to her own country.' The Emperor Porphyrogenitus himself, has 'described, with minute diligence, the ceremonial of 'the reception of the great Princess.' The steps, titles, and salutations, the banquets, and the presents, which accompanied her visit,

shewed the empire's respect for the new northern power, and the joy of the Christian Church on its converts. The baptism of her uncle, two interpreters, sixteen damsels of a higher, and eighteen of a lower rank, twenty-two domestics, and forty-four Russian merchants, who composed the retinue of Olga, accompanied her own. She took with her, on her return, a priest, Gregory from Constantinople, and by him was buried, without any of the Pagan ceremonies that attended the funerals of Russian monarchs. The people surnamed her 'the Wise' in her life, and blessed her as a saint after her death.

But Christianity had yet a formidable struggle to go through, before it became the religion of Russia. Vladimir was brought up on the knees of his saintly grandmother, in whose care his father, a fierce barbarian warrior, who simply for Olga's sake did not persecute the faith, left him, as he went on his incessant military expeditions. In retirement from the scene of war, and the disorders of a predatory sovereignty, the words of Olga sank deep into the heart of her grandson; but he carried them through a stormy and adventurous early life before he showed their result. On coming to manly years, the young Vladimir forgot his grandmother's lessons, and, carried away by the rude chivalry of his nation, plunged into the thick of blood and adventure. Covered with the glories of barbarian warfare, he even offered up Christian martyrs to Peroun, and multiplied statues and altars to his Sclavonian gods; but the lessons of Olga were working silently within him all the while. The hollow and assumed zeal for heathenism, which worked itself into enthusiasm to conceal its feebleness, neither deceived himself nor others. It became known that Vladimir was no pagan in heart, that his mind was on the move, and that he was on the look out for a better creed. The Mahometan Bulgarians sent ambassadors to him with the offer of their faith, but he dismissed them peremptorily. The Chazarian Jews hoped to win the warrior by a description of the ancient glories of Jerusalem, and the wars, invasions, and heroic achievements of the old people of God. 'But where,' demanded the wise grandson of Olga, 'is your country?' 'It is ruined by the wrath of God for the sins of our fathers,' was their answer. Vladimir said 'that he had no mind to embrace the law of a people whom God had abandoned.' Western doctors from Germany came next, but Vladimir's mind associated Christianity with Byzantium and the East. A Greek embassy won the day. There appeared before the prince a Greek philosopher and monk named Constantine, who discoursed, with the strength of an acute zeal, on the insufficiency of all heathen religions. As his speech went on, he set, with impassioned eloquence, before the prince, the visible judgments of God in this world, the redemption of

the human race by the blood of Christ, and the retributions of the life to come. He saw the face of Vladimir agitated and convulsed, (for the heavy sins of a tumultuous youth weighed upon him,) and he seized the auspicious moment; unfolding a picture of the last judgment, done in the vigour and vivid colouring of the day, he showed the prince the righteous on one side, the wicked on the other; the flowery fields of paradise, and the scorching flames of hell. 'Good to those on the right hand, but woe to those on the left,' exclaimed the overpowered Vladimir. But sensual nature still struggled in him against heavenly truth. He dismissed the missionary with presents, and went back to his council-room. It was resolved 'to send chosen men' to examine the different religions of the world on the very spots where they were professed, and make their report. And so issued forth, from the gates of Kieff, the most simple-minded school of inquirers, and the most original and primitive embassy, that the modern world perhaps has seen.

'The Greek Emperors,' says our author, 'did not fail to 'profit by this favourable opportunity; and the Patriarch him-'self in person celebrated the Divine Liturgy, in the Church of 'St. Sophia, with the utmost possible magnificence, before the 'astonished ambassadors of Vladimir. The sublimity and 'splendour of the service forcibly struck them; but we may not 'ascribe to the mere external impression, that softening of the 'hearts of these heathens, on which depended the conversion of a 'whole nation. From the earliest times of the Church, extra-'ordinary signs of God's power have constantly gone hand in 'hand with that apparent weakness of man, by which the Gospel 'was preached; and so also the Byzantine chronicle relates of 'the Russian ambassadors, "that during the Divine Liturgy, at 'the time of carrying the Holy Gifts in procession to the Throne 'or altar and singing the Cherubic hymn, the eyes of their spirit 'were opened, and they saw, as in ecstasy, glittering youths 'who joined in signing the hymn of the Thrice Holy." Being 'thus fully persuaded of the truth of the orthodox faith, they 'returned to their old country already Christians in heart: and 'without saying a word before the Prince in favour of the other 'religions, they declared thus concerning the Greek:—"When 'we stood in the temple we did not know where we were, for 'there is nothing else like it upon earth; there in truth God has 'His dwelling with men, and we can never forget the beauty we 'saw there. No one who has once tasted sweets, will afterwards 'take that which is bitter, nor can we now any longer abide in 'heathenism." Then the Boyars said to Vladimir, "If the reli-'gion of the Greeks had not been good, your grandmother, 'Olga, who was the wisest of women, would not have embraced

'it." The weight of the name of Olga decided her grandson, 'and he said no more in answer to these words than—"Where 'shall we be baptized?"'

One difficulty, however, still remained, and it was a peculiar one: a crux which neither logic nor theology could surmount. Vladimir's genuine but somewhat partial experience of human life had convinced him that nothing that was good in the world, and worth having, was to be had without fighting for it. The inference was applied with vigour and determination to the subject of baptism. The magnanimity of the great barbarian suspected the peaceful and benevolent aspect in which that heavenly gift presented itself, and could hardly appreciate its reality as so easy a prize. As a thing that was to be had by simple asking, it puzzled, not to say scandalized him; and he longed to give the mild delusion a solidity; to convert the free gift into an extorted concession, wrung by force of arms and mortal onslaughts, amid the cries of besieged cities and devastated fields, from a reluctant and hostile Christianity. He embarked his warriors, and set sail for the city of Cherson in the Tauride, a tributary of Constantinople. After a long and unsuccessful siege, an arrow shot by a priest named Anastasius, from the town, who probably knew the prince's state of mind, and the easiness of the terms which he would impose, told him to cut off the aqueducts which supplied the besieged with water. In great joy, Vladimir vowed, that if he got possession of the town, he would be baptized; and his wish was gained. In possession of Cherson, he sent to the Byzantine court, and demanded the hand of Anna, the emperor's sister. The condition of conversion which the court sent back received the philosophic answer, that Vladimir's inquiries after truth had terminated in making him a Christian; that he 'had long examined and conceived a love for the Greek Law.' The Princess Anna arrived at Cherson, accompanied by a venerable body of clergy; and 'the baptism 'and marriage of Vladimir were both celebrated at once, in the 'church of the most Holy Mother of God. The sight of the prince 'had been much affected by a complaint of the eyes, but at the 'moment that the Bishop of Cherson laid his hands on him when 'he had risen out of the bath of regeneration, Vladimir received 'not only spiritual illumination, but also the bodily sight of his 'eyes, and cried out, "Now I have seen the true God."' Struck by his miraculous recovery, many of the prince's suite followed his example; and the armament that had left the Borysthenes a pagan one, returned a Christian.

Vladimir's return to Kieff was the signal for the overthrow of the old superstition. His twelve sons were baptized first. The image of the god Peroun, dragged through the

mud of the city, and battered by the clubs of enthusiastic barbarian converts, was hurled into the Dnieper. 'The people at 'first followed their idol as it was borne down the stream, but 'were soon quieted when they saw that Peroun could not help 'himself.' Surrounded by a converted court and Boyars, he resolved to strike a decisive blow. The century that had passed since the conversion of Oskold and Dir; the treaties, the intercourse of commerce with Constantinople, Bulgaria, and other Christian powers, had gradually ripened the popular mind. A royal proclamation from Vladimir announced that 'Whoever on 'the morrow should not repair to the river, whether rich or 'poor, he should hold him for his enemy.' 'At the call of their 'respected Lord, all the multitude of the citizens, in troops, with 'their wives and children, flocked to the Dnieper; and without 'any manner of opposition, received holy Baptism, as a nation, 'from the Greek bishops and priests. Nestor draws an affect-'ing picture of the whole people at once:—"Some stood in the 'water up to their necks, others up to their breasts, holding their 'young children in their arms; the priests read the prayers 'from the shore, naming at once whole companies by the same 'name." He who was the means of thus bringing them to 'salvation, filled with a transport of joy at the affecting sight, 'cried out to the Lord, offering and commending into His 'hands himself and his people:—"O, great God, Who hast made 'heaven and earth, look down upon these Thy new people. 'Grant them, O Lord, to know Thee the only true God, as 'Thou hast been made known to Christian lands, and confirm in 'them a true and unfailing faith; and assist me, O Lord, against 'my enemy that opposes me, that, trusting in Thee and in Thy 'power, I may overcome all his wiles." Vladimir erected 'the first church, that of St. Basil, after whom he was named, 'on the very mount which had formerly been sacred to 'Peroun, adjoining his own palace. Thus was Russia Enlight-'ened."'

From the capital the tide of conversion reached the provincial cities. At Novogorod the scene of Peroun's overthrow and degradation was acted again; he was thrown into the Volkoff. In Rostoff and the principal towns the altars of idolatry fell before a strong arm; and the Russian bishops made progresses, accompanied by Vladimir himself. Once begun, the work of conversion advanced rapidly, and spread over the ground. From the principal towns it irrigated the country districts, and proceeding onward and onward from the heart of Russia, gradually ·ded and covered the regions of the far North,—those large extending to the Arctic sea, now forming the upper half Russian empire, but then almost an unexplored field.

The chief instruments of Russian conversion were the monasteries. The monastic system was the great machinery by which the Church's activity worked, and by which her missionary enterprises were forwarded and sustained. The monastic system arose by degrees out of the deep individual impulses and cravings of holy minds, and was fostered by the peculiar character and temperament of the infant Church.

Deep in the heart of the newChurch the hermit spirit was fixed: it arose with the first conversions, and mingled with the popular mind. It was part of a whole character, which her locality and the temper of her people has stamped upon the Russian Church from the first. A profound, vigorous, and enthusiastic spirit, a power, which an intensity of the Christian character rather than its grace and finish gives, marked the character of the primitive Russian saint. He grasped firmly and resolutely the idea of abstraction and separation from the world which the Gospel gave, and carried it out literally and tangibly. Solitude courted him with spiritual attractions; she unfolded her mysteries; she opened out a world. That meditative faculty which fills the soul with awful imagery, keeps her gazing on deep truths, as if on vacancy, deepens the sense of the Divine presence, and reveals God in His creation, seemed her especial gift. A fixed, rooted, tenacious, and single-eyed faith, longed to have nothing to do but look on mysteries; to live in a spiritual world of its own, and be alone with God and that creation which shadowed forth His greatness. There is a state in which thought simply rests, reposes, dwells on its object; the senses simply act; the eye gazes on and on; nature is still and imbibes; and one deep passive continuity bears the soul insensibly along. An interval of pure primordial life appears to come over her; and, all tumult and disorder over in earth, and sea, and air, herself relieved within, and the uneasy machinery of active common thought suspended, the simple motion of the soul proceeds, the soul as she is in herself. Her noisless wheels move on as if they moved not. The mute orbit of the silvery moon, the silence of the planets and the stars, the growth of nature's offspring—plants and trees—faintly picture her still motion. The transparent liquid element of thought rests, like clear water, within its basin, and reflects the heaven above. The noiseless vault and blue depth of ether overhead contains the music of the spheres, inaudible to the outward ear from its very purity, but acting on the inner sense, and touching the secret springs of mental peace. There is a faculty of simply fixing, setting, and planting thought; letting objects fill the mind; a cleaving, adhering, absorbing faculty of simple contemplation. All things under the sun are food for it. The misanthropical solitary of our own Borderland

fame had his own love of nature and earth's beauty. He stood for days and days looking on the green, and on the water: he only looked and looked; he saw the green—he saw the water. Hours and days passed,—the green was green, the water water; they were the same; but he looked on and on, and fixed his sullen intense soul, like solid lead, upon the earth. The hermit translated nature's depth and fixedness into a higher temper, and gave it a religious scene to dwell on. He saw through nature's veil the world spiritual, and carried his heightened vision there. That world was ever before him; he saw its depths unfolding to his religious eye; he gazed and gazed on heavenly shadows, and fed unceasingly on the awful and sublime. He went out into the woods, and left mankind behind him. The sight of man was an interruption to him; if it followed him, he retreated further. A holy ambition courted wildness and desolation, and was only satisfied with solitude's very furthest shore and most inaccessible cavern.

A wildness and exaggeration marks other features of the primitive saint of Russia. He carries the Christian standard into a region of eccentricity, and is not satisfied unless grace assumes heraldic and mystical dimensions. If Christianity be, as has been said, in comparison with the luxurious softness of classical paganism, a kind of barbarism, in no character has its bold peculiarity been more prominent than in the Russian saint's. His intensity rises into a quasi-barbaric, and rude magnitude; he is *omnia magna;* he aims at size; his spiritual world delights in extraordinary formations, and is not content with the tempered expressions that Christian civilization cultivates. The saintly Prelate that wished, after a long life of prayer and self-mortification, to express the depth of his humility, the prostration and horror which his inmost soul felt at the contemplation of itself, could not do it by ordinary language or signs. His humility was ambitious and gigantic; it sought 'within the lowest depth a lower still,' and swelled into a rude barbaric act—a majesty of self-abasement. The dying saint anathematized himself; he forbad his body the rites of Christian burial, and ordered it to be cast out, like the carcase of a beast, upon the desert. He was obeyed; his friends dare not trifle with the awful command. For three days his body lay exposed on the plain to the beasts of prey. But no beast touched the sacred corpse. After the third day his friends came, and his unviolated remains could no longer be excluded from a grave.

Such was the source from which the great conversions of the North proceeded. The Hermit was the missionary of Russia. hermit-spirit, that grew by sympathy, and caught one mind

after another, made its way into the wildest and most unexplored tracts. Solitude flourished upon the social basis: it was the fashion, if we may say so. The impulse penetrated the youthful Church, and formed an atmosphere of its own. The *genius loci* favoured it. Nature's magnificent desolation, and the aboriginal solitudes of a new northern world invited the meditative minds of these primitive ascetics; and the silent forests and the shores of the inland waters of Russia were inhabited by spiritual wanderers, that haunted the scene like beings from another world. They dug out their caves; they built their cells with their own hand in the rock, by the dark rolling stream or cold placid lake. Wherever they went they could not hide themselves; they were discovered; disciples gathered about them. The hermitage now swelled into the monastery, that became the missionary centre of its neighbourhood, and sent out preachers to the heathen tribes around. The adventurous solitary was thus the first propagator of the faith, and scattered the original seeds of conversion everywhere. The monastery was as prolific in its turn, and re-produced the spirit from which it had itself sprung. From the bosom of each new Society the spiritual adventurer went forth, who aspired to greater solitude than a fraternity afforded. He quitted his monastery as he would his home, and rose ambitiously from the monk to the hermit. The cell thus produced the monastery; the monastery the cell. The system spread by a self-expanding power, and propagated itself. The isolated offshoot of the old fraternity was the nucleus of a new one, and the parent monastery planted its colony in some hitherto undiscovered field. The new fraternity worked in secret, under the shelter of their forest home and sanctuary, unseen by the world's eye. Nobody had seen their rude abode; no one knew of its existence. Hunters from Novogorod, and kings, travelling with their suites, suddenly came across a rough fabric in some wild recess, and found it was a monastery. First collecting the Church's resources, and then dispersing them, the monastic system thus gradually irrigated the country, and distributed the waters of its reservoirs by different channels over the northern wilderness; and the vast domains of the heathen were overrun and subjugated by a career of religious adventure and colonization.

Beginning as early as the reign of Olga, when the desolate Island of Barlaam, in the Lake of Lodoga, lodged the two missionary anchorites, Germanus and Sergius; the hermit-spirit of Russia reserved its first regular movement for the epoch of the national conversion under Vladimir. To one great saintly name the movement principally attaches—one of three that seem transplanted from the early ages of the Gospel to attain a second sanctity. An air of spiritual romance is thrown over the birth

of Russian monasticism, as the names of the first Christian anchorites recur, and the first founders of monastic life in Palestine and Egypt re-appear, by the lakes and river sides of infant Russia, in the Sclavonian solitude and forest. The spirit of the first great hermits, Hilarion, Antony, and Theodosius, lives again in the Hilarion, Antony, and Theodosius of the North, the first great monastic exemplars and Hermit Saints of Russia. The vision recurs; the eastern sun has a second rise; history repeats her tale unconsciously, and goes off into a mystic rhyme; ages are prototypes of other ages, and the winding course of time brings us round to the same spot again. We feel as in a dream; even in waking life, we see objects sometimes, and think we have seen them before, and know not where; and the mind revives a primordial recollection and dreamy mirror of the past.

The deep woods that covered the beautiful banks of the Dnieper offered a peculiarly genial solitude to hermit minds. Thither, from the elevation and activities of the metropolitan throne of Kieff, retired the saintly Hilarion. He took an affection to a picturesque site on a hill, where he dug with his own hand the dark cave, which was the germ of all the future religious houses of Russia. There he passed the remainder of his life in solitary prayer and meditation, and, at his death, bequeathed to his Church his holy name and empty cell.

A native of Lubetch, by name Anthony, travelling abroad, and touching in the course of his journey on Mount Athos, received upon that old monastic ground a sudden impulse to devote himself to celibacy. His first wish was to stay the rest of his days in the scene of his casual visit, and live and die amongst the brethren of the monastery. But the hegumen saw a higher destiny in his face and bearing, and told him to return to his country again. 'The humble Anthony obeyed, and brought with him the blessing of the holy mountain.' He went from place to place, but 'his soul thirsting for contemplation, could 'find no resting-place any where, but in the deserted cave of 'Hilarion.' There Anthony established himself; but his solitude could not choke the fame of his holiness. Princes and Boyars found him out; and, partly to express their reverence and ask his spiritual counsel, partly to satisfy their curiosity, persisted in breaking upon his retirement. The Great Prince himself paid him a visit with his suite, and received from the hermit's lips a prophecy of the disastrous defeat which afterwards befell him on the banks of the Alta. Wearied with such irruptions, Anthony would at times retire from the involuntary publicity of the hermitage on the Dnieper, into the thicknesses of the unexplored 'est, and beyond all human track and inquiry, cultivate an ensive and deeper solitude. After such absences he returned

again. The cave of Hilarion drew him by a holy charm, which the memory of the dead, and years of prayer and contemplation, had imparted to it.

Now disciples collected about him, and he supplied a centre to the religious aspirations of an infant church. Twelve pupils formed the original religious community which grew out of Anthony's cell. He himself retired as soon as he found himself surrounded, and would not share the fruits of his own solitude when they took him out of it. Born for sternness and isolation, he kept the new world, that he had himself made, at a distance from him, and preferred to influence men as an exemplar solely, rather than as a companion, however reverenced. He just constructed his new society, and gave them a head; and then, leaving them with his blessing, excavated for himself a new cave, which he never left. Theodosius, the first head, brought the new society into shape, and gave it a constitution. The rule of the Studium Monastery, the very strictest in Constantinople, was adopted. The diet and the ceremonial; the chauntings, bowings, and prostrations, were fixed by it. Theodosius added spiritual instruction of his own on prayer without ceasing, on the means of guarding against evil thoughts, and on mutual charity, obedience and diligence.

Thus, with a founder from Athos, and a rule from the Studium, arose the great Petchersky Lavra, or Monastery, which became the model of all the future monasteries of Russia. All religious eyes turned to it, and its standard was law. The offerings of the faithful, and presents from kings and nobles, flowed in, and the skill of Greek architects soon replaced its humble church of wood, with spacious stone. The Lavra 'shot its roots deep into the soil of Russia:' court and hermitage felt its influence. It supplied bishops and pastors; missionaries and martyrs, doctors and historians to the Church. The Annalist Nestor, at the age of seventeen, retired into its walls. His annals, authentic and almost contemporary, of the sacred antiquities of Russia, the most precious record of herself that his Church possesses, were composed within its walls; and the Petchersky was 'the cradle of Russian history.' The haughty warriors of a semi-barbarian race, visited it with awe. The great Prince Swatoslaus himself, came to the Petchersky; was rebuked for his sins and usurpations; and showed his gratitude to his reprovers, by munificent donations. Royal asceticism took refuge within its walls. The excitements of rude chivalry were abandoned for its devotional rule; and commencing with a son of the great Vladimir, a long line of princely recluses, were inmates of the Petchersky.

The religious movement begun by Anthony on the banks of the Dnieper, spread far and wide in its example and offshoots.

A missionary monasticism attacked the savage Voss and Viatichi, and worked its way along the banks of the Oka. A community of monks, discovered one day upon a rocky and desolate island in the Koubensky lake, were the preachers of the Gospel to the Choudes. A northern offshoot of this settlement sprung up on the shores of the Onega Lake, and the haunts of the Lopars. The monks of the Lake Lodoga converted the Carelian tribes. The forests of Great Perm were penetrated by the fur-hunters of Novogorod: thither the apostolic zeal of St. Stephen carried him. Pained by the gross heathenism of that forest race, among whom his childhood had passed, he went out, a single monk, to overcome it; he formed an alphabet for their language; he set up a Christian station and Church; he wandered along the banks of the Viuma, preaching the Gospel to the natives, and drove the heathen priests before him. 'Thirsting 'after a retreat of absolute quiet, St. Cyril left his own monastery, 'and secluded himself on the silent shores of the White Lake. 'Such a light as his could not remain hid under a bushel. His 'monastery grew and flourished, and became an object of the 'deepest reverence to the Czars, especially to John the Terrible. 'In its turn it became the seed-bed of other houses, which sprang 'up around it both near and far off. From the white waters of 'the lake, St. Sabbatius carried the germ of monasticism to the 'grey waves of the Northern Ocean. There, in the uninhabited 'islands of the White Sea, his fellow-labourer, Germanus, and 'his successor, St. Zosimus, laid the foundation of the Solovetsky 'Lavra, which has stood as a glorious boundary to the north, 'and illumined all the coasts of the sea with the light of Chris-'tianity.' This monastery still preserves its religious name, and is one of the great places to which pilgrims resort. Inaccessible during eight months of the year, from the floating ice which surrounds it, it is visited by crowds of peasants in the summer months, and presents to the traveller's eye a scene from mediæval times.

Stronger at some times than at others, subsiding and reviving again, this vigorous course of monastic plantation runs through the first centuries of Russian Church history, and fills the religious openings as they occur. So late as the early part of the sixteenth century, the scene of the first conquest of Russia was repeated, in the shape of the discoveries and colonizations of the Cossacks. Ascending the courses of rivers, like the Varangians of old, the Cossack armaments emptied themselves upon the wild districts of northern Asia; and the savage inhabitants, awe-struck at the spectacle, paid the old Varangian tribute of furs to their conquerors. Siberia, the new world of Russia, was gained much in the same way in which

Cortez and Pizarro gained the new American hemisphere; licentiousness, cruelty, and rapine marked their progress, and new Russia was one field of worse than heathen disorder; all things were articles of capture to the Cossacks, and wives among the rest. A hermit, named Jonah, appears in the midst of this scene, as a propagator of monasticism. Side by side with the progress of Cossack conquest, barbarous and reckless as it was, Christianity was made to extend too. As each colony was planted, and towns arose in the uninhabited desert, monasteries arose with them; the Church laid her basis in Siberia, and the religious houses of Tobolsk, Tagila, Tara, Verchotoursk, and a number of places, whose magnificent but unpronounceable names would make an idle display upon paper, formed a fabric of ecclesiastical influence, by which she grappled with her emergencies, and Christianized, in some measure, the conquerors and the conquered.

One effect of Russian conversion has not been observed. Besides that of simple conversion, it had incidentally another; it raised a commonwealth, while it founded a Church, and a religious organization was the basis of a political one. Little thought those simple hermits of old, as they lived in the woods, and preached the Gospel to the rude neighbouring tribes, that they were forming the basis of an empire; and that their cells were the sources from which the great organization of the North would issue. But so it was. Each new religious house, as it gained its converts, gathered a population about it. The savage tribe of the forest, that lived without law or settled system, rose into a regular community around it. The town, in natural course, rose about the monastery, and a basis of law and social order was formed, wherever conversion spread. The rights judicatorial which the monasteries enjoyed, made their neighbourhood especially desirable. Ecclesiastical law gave a shelter and support of which men were glad to avail themselves; and the calm benevolence of Church power, in ages of misrule and disorder, attracted special confidence. The monasteries became the centres of rising Russian civilization, order, and unity; they created their own atmosphere around them wherever they rose. The fields began to shine with culture; aboriginal rudeness disappeared, cities and villages sprung up, and a new era, political as well as religious, began. So far from the State founding the Church in Russia, the Church founded the State. The Church was the mother of the empire, and not its tool; and the Russian nation was the issue of a religious colonization. The Russian kingdom, like that of ancient Rome, was a small one in its origin; and, extending far outside of the narrow domain of the Varangian princes, the modern Russian empire consisted then of a vast number of scattered tribes, that owned but little con-

nexion with themselves, or with the Great Prince. The Church converted these tribes, and, in converting them, incidentally united and consolidated them. She brought them under one head. The Gospel was the centre of unity; and one faith made one kingdom and people. She threw up, wherever she spread, a new alluvial soil, and carried a new organization along with her; and the Russian nation is her formation, the work of her constructive temper and uniting creed.

The era of conversion over, we approach an age of civil disorder and anarchy. Russia, for a century and a half, trembles on the brink of dismemberment and dissolution. The bitter feuds of the appanaged princes tore a promiscuous empire, just emerging from barbarism, and made up of different and but superficially connected tribes, into fragments, which hardly promised to come together again. The great house of Chernigoff disputed with the elder one of Kieff for the supremacy, and each enlisted on its side all the fury that could be mustered in a wild and untamed people. The storm invaded even the sanctuary, and the horns of the altar were not respected, where they protected a member of the rival house. The sacred character of monk did not save the Prince Igor of Chernigoff from being torn in pieces by a Kieff mob. The numerous and widely-scattered branches of the Russian royal house, prolonged and sharpened a contest, once begun; and a crowd of petty princes, answering to the feudal barons of the European system, and owning a comparatively loose allegiance to their lord paramount at Kieff, exulted in disturbance and collision. Russia was the theatre of a savage civil war, and the new field of the Gospel was stained with blood.

The Church alone carried Russia through this dangerous and tempestuous period. She was conciliator, peacemaker, and saver of blood. She appeared as an angel of life amid the storm. The rival armies met, and were preparing for the engagement, when the intercessor came forward, and threw herself between them; and the white flag of the Church befriended the besieged city, with its defenceless crowd of women and children, when no other help appeared. Her approach was the signal for a pause, and cessation from the clang of arms. 'The Great Prince lay trembling behind the walls of Kieff,' besieged by his own incensed brethren; the fate of the city seemed sealed; when suddenly, in the hostile camp, the new metropolitan Nicholas appeared, and addressed the besieging chief:—'We beseech 'thee, O Prince, and thy brethren, that ye will not be so unna-'tural as to ruin your own country of Russia.' The fraternal appeal saved Kieff; the threat of an interdict saved the city of Vladimir from the wrath of their besiegers. The only neutral

and organized power amid conflicting interests and mutual hatreds, the Church rose in influence and position throughout this anarchical period, and became the centre and rallying-point round which the loose fragments of a crumbling empire finally gathered, and were cemented again. She commanded the only bond of unity which all felt; her creed was the only impress which all minds had in common. The element of unity, gradually asserted its strength, and prevailed over the incentives to discord and division.

Upon the Metropolitan See especially, a new set of duties, responsibilities, and powers, was thrown. It naturally became the referee or arbiter to which both sides appealed. Its interference was sought, its favour contended for. The Metropolitan knew the secrets of both sides, and, from his advantageous central seat, could command attention and respect. He had the Church at his command, that supplied him with an unlimited number of active messengers and envoys. The monks were the political agents of the day, and passed and re-passed from camp to camp with messages of peace, and terms of arrangement. A Greek by birth, a Constantinopolitan, who had breathed the air of the South, and lived in the city of the Cæsars, superior in arts, accomplishments, and address, to the semi-barbarians amongst whom he was thrown, the Metropolitan combined many different advantages in his situation, and was enabled to take an important part in the political affairs of the day.

The Metropolitan See gained weight from such a career, and assumed a recognised authority and position. It rose not without considerable suspicion and jealousy. An instinct tells the world when the Church is getting power; and even the rude Muscovite had his apprehensions. A prejudice arose against a foreign Pontiff. Their own Metropolitan, said the Russian warriors, should be a Russian like themselves, not a Constantinopolitan, and lettered Greek. An assembly of Bishops met under this political influence, and nominated, on a vacancy, a Russian Metropolitan, without applying to the Patriarch of Constantinople. A struggle immediately commenced; and St. Niphont, of Novogorod, celebrated in Russian story for his defence of Church rights, stood out for the Patriarch, and refused to recognise the intruder. After a nine years' contest, he conquered; and for three centuries after its conversion, the Metropolitans of Russia were, with hardly an exception, Greeks.

A step taken by the Metropolitan See about this time, showed judicious foresight, and was very instrumental in preserving its power. As the tide of conversion spread, and the Church enlarged her domains towards the North, the southern city of

Kieff became an inconvenient seat for the Metropolitan. The activity and life of the Russian empire, gradually flowing in the northern direction, threatened to leave his see stranded and feeble. An able and far-sighted Prelate saw the danger. A new city of promise in the North was then making its appearance, and the Metropolitan, Peter, saw, through the poverty and nakedness of its first settlement, the future glories of Moscow. He persuaded the Czar, John, to lay the foundation there of the stone cathedral of the Assumption. 'If thou wilt comfort my 'old age,' said he, 'if thou wilt build here a temple worthy of the 'Mother of God, then thou shalt be more glorious than all the 'other princes, and thy posterity shall become great. My bones 'shall remain in this city: prelates shall rejoice to dwell in it, and 'the hands of its princes shall be upon the neck of our enemies.' His prophecy was fulfilled. 'In that same temple, in the wall 'of which he prepared for himself beforehand a tomb, in the view 'of his uncorrupted remains, and, as it were, before the face and 'presence of the Prelate himself, are crowned the successors of 'John, now no longer princes of Moscow only, but rulers over 'the ninth part of the globe.'

A meek, steady, quiet ability marks the policy of the Metropolitans throughout these troubled times. Their situation exposed them to much odium, and envy and faction created difficulties, and brought them into straits. They went through these with that easy assurance which simplicity inspires, and which reminds us of our own Anglo-Saxon Prelates, the St. Wolstans and the Oswalds, of primitive English times. Accused by a malignant and rival Prelate, who desired his See, before an Episcopal Synod, the venerable Peter faced his gathered foes with calm tranquillity. 'Little caring to be great 'in this world, the holy man spake thus to the assembly:—"I am 'not better than the Prophet Jonas; if I be the cause of this 'tempest, cast me out of the ship, and the tumult will be still." 'But when his innocence could not be hid, the meek Prelate 'revenged himself upon the slanderer in these words:—"Peace 'be with thee, my son! This was no deed of thine, but his, who 'from the beginning is the envier of the human race, the devil. 'As for thee, take care of thyself for the future; and for the 'past, may God forgive thee!"'

The Russian Church owes much to her line of Metropolitans and Patriarchs. They were a noble, earnest, ascetic line of prelates. They issued from the monastic cell, and its stern discipline, to their see; and they maintained through their public life the severity and devotion of the monastery. They were glorious, ardent, enthusiastic rulers and champions of the Church. They attended to her as their only care upon earth,

and only object of their love. They follow one another in patriarchal order, sustaining each other's steps and labours; and the stream of time carries down the Metropolitan character with its traditionary associations and aims, into the See and its occupier. There is an absence of chance and irregularity in the succession. They differ in degrees of saintliness, and some are more marked and stronger characters than others; but the point to observe is the remarkable absence, as it seems, of bad prelates among them. There do not appear those violent breaks or blots in the line that one expects to see in a long series of high dignitaries. They personify the Church, and her career; they seem identified with her; they bear consecrated countenances, and like a row of Church pillars, they support and are part of the ecclesiastic fabric. High Saints appear among them; men of heroic fortitude and fervour, to whom the whole Church of their day looked. Their lofty Christian flights and ascents in grace, their humility, rigours, and perpetual devotion have been canonized. They looked back with fond regret, in the midst of their splendour and dignity, on the contemplative life they had left, and involuntarily coveted a return to it. Some did retire to cells and hermitages. The Metropolitan Theodosius, in withdrawing from the See, 'took with him a poor feeble old 'man, to his cell, and tended him as a servant, washing his 'sores, as a pattern of Christian humility.' His successor, Philip, wore heavy irons on his mortified, emaciated body: they were discovered at his death, and hung up over his tomb. Miraculous powers are attributed to them. They prophesy; they heal the sick. St. Peter, the Wonderworker, whose staff descended down the line of Metropolitans and Patriarchs as the heir-loom of the Church, St. Jonah, and others, were the awe of their several ages, and the people looked up to them as inspired men. Their sanctity was the foundation of their fame, and in the Russian, as over the rest of the mediæval Church, the saintly character was associated with the miraculous; and the intensity of grace overflowed into the outward world, and acted upon nature.

Meantime the Church enjoyed remarkable privileges and temporalities. By the charter of Vladimir she was independent of the Lay Courts, and possessed a large jurisdiction of her own, secular as well as spiritual. She alone judged priests, and all who, to use the technical term, 'belonged to the Church.' 'These,' says the decree of Vladimir, 'are the persons who 'belong to the Church: the stewards of Church lands, the 'priests, deacons, and their children, the wife of a priest, and 'the whole body of clerks; moreover, the monk, the nun, the 'woman who bakes holy bread, the cloistered pilgrim, the 'physician, the man who, by a holy miracle, is restored to

'health, the slave whom the master releases for the good of his 'soul, the stranger, the blind and the lame; especially the 'monasteries, the hospitals, and establishments for the care of 'guests and strangers. All these are the people who, for the 'sake of God, belong to the Church. Between these parties 'the Metropolitan, or Bishop, is to act as judge, and to arrange 'the offences, disputes, and contentions which take place among 'them.' Particular classes of crimes and civil cases came under the eye of the Church as well: 'divorce, adultery, con-'tests between married persons on the subject of property, 'magic, poisoning, witchcraft, incantations, biting, striking of 'parents, legacy and property disputes between children brothers 'and sisters in law,' and many other cases. 'I command,' says Vladimir, 'all my officers, and judges, and lieutenants in nowise 'to prejudice the jurisdiction of the Church. If any one detract 'from them, he shall be fined with the loss of his goods; and, 'in addition, he shall have to answer for it before God and the 'assembled angels at the last day, where no intercession is of 'any avail, and righteousness alone saves men from the second 'death, from everlasting torment, from the laver of the con-'demned, from the everlasting fire of hell.'

The secular sway and baronial rights of the Western Church thus grew up in the Russian. An independent jurisdiction and large estates brought with them the natural concomitant of power. The monasteries grew rich, and exercised a feudal sovereignty over their districts. The Archimandrite or Abbot of one of the large ones was a territorial prince, and could collect and equip, on occasions, considerable armies. The large monasteries or lavras themselves were huge places, more like towns than single buildings; and the thickness and height of their walls and fortifications enabled them to maintain sieges, and keep armies at bay. The Bishops sat with the nobles in council. They had high temporal rank in their cities. The 'Lords of Novogorod,' as the Archbishops of that place were called, maintained their civil post with some difficulty among the tumultuous population of a city proud of its independence, and the singular privilege of a popular assembly. The uproarious Novogorodians ejected their Bishop, but he returned again. A wave of popular insurrection carried the Church out—its ebb brought her in again; and the threat of an interdict kept the unruly democracy in order. Meantime churches and monasteries crowded the large cities. The great conflagration at Kieff burned down four hundred ' urches, according to the accounts of the old chroniclers. The rt, at any rate, shows what ground the Church covered . The skill of Italian and Grecian architects, and the dour which accompanies increasing wealth, appeared in the

ornaments and style of the fabrics. The minarets, and towers, and lofty domes of the Russian city, rising in almost theatrical beauty and splendour on the vast plain, touched even the heart of the barbarian invader, and he turned away, and could not utter the order for its destruction.

We have arrived at the beginning of the thirteenth century, the fourth of Russian Christianity. We have seen the Church first forming her northern empire, and then keeping it together; first the colonizer, and then the guardian; uniting a number of nations and tribes by the tie of a new faith, and preserving the political unity which had been founded on the religious.

Another age draws on with another struggle; a foreign foe succeeds intestine discord, and a barbarian irruption brings out her characteristic power again. The Moguls appeared. The savage, overpowering, and prolific race, that had already, under Zinghis Khan and his sons, overrun China and Persia, and overturned the throne of the Abassidæ at Bagdad, now presented itself upon the European confine. It came with the terror of a hitherto irresistible march; its numbers were countless, its leaders unrivalled in military prowess, and talent for command. Its course, like that of fate, strong, merciless, and unswerving, had flattened all opposition, and cleared the ground it touched. No exhibition of power that history presents to us surpasses the career of the Moguls and Tartars under Zinghis Khan. He was impersonated empire, embodied invasion, an engine rather than a man, with an element rather than a soul in him. His progress was more allied to the irresistibleness of physical power than the instability of human will; it emulated the laws of nature and mechanism; and the world seemed threatened with the dominion of Manichean evil, inexorable fate, and unconquered matter. The strength of the Moguls was unaccompanied with those ingredients of weakness that enter into the constitution of ordinary nations. Snugness and stagnation, unemployed ease, and large classes, whose sole existence is luxury and pleasure, stuff up the frame-work of the civilized nation, fill up her interstices with encumbering matter, and line her veins and arteries with fat. She moves heavily and slowly, and fetches her breath with difficulty. The Mogul race was all muscle and sinew, and had the anatomy of strength without its excrescences. Every arm whirled, and every finger clenched; the particles of weakness were excluded, and a terrific multitudinous skeleton trod the earth. The work of life was invasion; pleasure was limited to progress; capture was insatiable, because it only enjoyed itself and not its prey. A rigid simplicity kept the Tartars hungry as wolves, amid treasures and plenty; and they banquetted on roasted sheep and mares' milk, while

waggons, by hundreds, of unloaded gold and silver were in the camp.

The census, after the conquest of China, showed fifteen hundred thousand Moguls and Tartars inscribed on the military roll, of which the Great Khan, son of Zinghis, selected a third, which he entrusted to his nephew. A festival of forty days inaugurated the European expedition of Batou. He passed over the immense plains of Turkistan and Kipzack, explored the deepest recesses of Georgia and Circassia, and overran the kingdoms of Astracan and Kazan. With a whole continent, and its mighty rivers,—which his Tartar hosts either swam on horseback, or marched over on ice, or crossed, with all their artillery and baggage, in leathern boats,—behind him; he entered Russia. In vain did the desperate valour of the Russian Princes, who fought as long as they had a foot of ground to stand on, oppose the march of this innumerable host. One after another headed his troops; they fell in slaughter-house fashion; the armies of Batou trampled towns, villages, fields, under their feet: fire and sword did their work, the smoke ascended, and cities became heaps of ashes. Vladimir witnessed a solemn scene within her walls before her fall. 'The 'Bishop Metrophanes, with the consort of the Great Prince, 'her daughters-in-law, and the boyars, shut themselves up in 'the Cathedral Church; there they all received the Holy 'Mysteries and the Schema (the robe of death) from the Bishop, 'and from the Lord the crown of martyrdom, amidst the smoke 'and flames of the burning temple.' The Church allowed a certain shade of martyrdom to rest upon those who perished by the profane heathen sword; and attributing the barbarian irruption to diabolic instigation, and the designs of Satan upon the Christian faith, gave her slaughtered children the pity which a religious cause inspires. And, doubtless, barbarian ferocity, however addressed to simple capture and conquest directly, displayed also, at times, that instinctive hatred which savage, untutored nature must at bottom have to Christianity as such. It hated its victims, for their religious deaths; and the confession of Christ which the Prince Michael, and his faithful boyar, Theodore, made before the Tartar Khan, fired the demon-spirit in his breast, which made him their immolator and their death martyrdom. The Tartar empire established its seat in the west, and Kazan, Astrachan, and the Crimea, became the residence of the invaders. From Sarai, on the Volga, their Russian capital, the Khans ruled, by their lieutenants and emissaries, the tributary Russians; and, reduced to a Tartar fief, the empire for two centuries groaned in bondage; her religion tolerated, but kept under; her cities occupied by Tartar

garrisons, and the Mosque rising up side by side with her Christian Churches.

The zeal and ability of the Metropolitans, indeed, contrived to meet the emergency, and negotiated for the rights and liberties of the Church. They visited the Tartar camps, and bargained with the conquerors. A new Bishop of Sarai performed the office of Metropolitan's envoy at the Khan's court, and watched its deliberations. 'Let no one injure the Catholic Church,' said the Khan, 'the Metropolitan, the Archimandrites, or the Popes in Russia; 'let their lands be free from all tax and tribute; for all this belongs 'to God, and these people by their prayers preserve us: let them 'be under the sole jurisdiction of the Metropolitan, according 'to their ancient laws.' The sanctity of the Metropolitan, Alexis, became known at the Tartar Court, and the Khan, imitating the conduct of the Assyrian king in Scripture, sent to the Czar, requesting the presence of the saint to heal his wife Taidoula of her sickness. After solemn preparation, Alexis went; the cure was wrought, of which the memorial, a ring presented by the Khan to Alexis, is still preserved in the Patriarchal vestry at Moscow; and new favours and letters of exemption for the Clergy followed the miracle. Thus went on a mixed state of things, in which the Church, by her inherent spirit, contrived to keep her footing; though under the shade of infidel domination, she lived in discouragement, gloom, and apprehension.

Another century brought a new spirit and impulse to her aid. An age of ecclesiastical chivalry dawned upon subjugated Russia. A peculiar combination has marked the mediæval ages of nearly all Christendom; the union of the sacerdotal and military. The Western field was especially rich and prolific in this production; it exulted in coalition of character, in variety, contrast, and juxtaposition; in the blended power and mingled colouring. The sacerdotal character threw itself into the world, and gathered the majesty and force of worldly greatness about it: it exchanged simplicity for luxuriance and grandeur: the priest was statesman—the priest was knight: different orders of priestly knighthood replenished the Crusades. The brilliance of the Saracenic conquests alarmed Christendom, and war against the infidel was invested with sanctity and grace. A gleam of this spirit darted now on the rough and broken soil of Russia, The domination of the infidel fired her religion, as well as patriotism. A crusading spirit arose, and the battles of European chivalry with the Saracens were fought over again in the wars of the Russians with the Tartars. A like combat and foe imparted the same spirit to the Christian champion: he fought as a Russian, and as a Christian too. A sense of religious shame came over the

nation, and it felt the degradation of a servitude to the Infidel. The people were roused; their spirit was up; a patriotic crusade began; the Church was the mover; and a race of 'hero-monks' appeared on the field.

In the woods near Moscow lived the hermit Sergius, in much awe and repute for a life of singular sternness and asceticism. A hermit from a boy, he had left his parents' side for the woods, and, in the wild solitude of the forest of Radonege, 'resisted all manner of temptation, and lived among the wild beasts.' The report of his holy life drew disciples around him. He removed to the woods of Moscow, where he received the rank of priest. Here, in the thick of the forest, Sergius built with his own hands, and dedicated to the 'Source of Life, the ever blessed Trinity,' a wooden church, the rude foundation of the grandest and most historical monastery afterwards of Russia, the great Trinity Lavra. He had visits here from princes and prelates; his spiritual counsel was asked by all; his hermit experience was applied to by religious aspirants; and a school of disciples that had gathered around him went forth as teachers through Russia, and carried a monastic revival over the Church. In the religious history of Russia the names of Antony and Sergius go together; and the saint ranks as the second founder of Russian monasticism.

Such was the influence under which the great battle of the Don, which gave the first shock to the Tartar power in Russia, took place. On the spot was the aged Sergius: while the battle raged he prayed, and his uplifted hands called to Heaven for victory. His monks, Peresvet and Osliab, fought in the ranks, with the Schema under their coats of mail; and Peresvet began the engagement by a single combat with a gigantic Tartar, the champion of the horde. The carnage was tremendous. Two hundred thousand, it is said, fell on the field; and the horde received a blow from which they never recovered. The battle of the Don dates their decline. Their power from that time continued to stagger till it fell. With the prestige of their invincibleness, their unity broke up. The one Tartar empire became the three kingdoms of Kazan, Astrachan, and the Crimea. The Khans retained the shadow of an authority without the substance; claimed a nominal tribute, which they never received; and kept a lieutenant in the Kremlin who was a man of straw.

Another age brought the struggle to its conclusion; and two great efforts finally expended the strength of the Tartar empire. In 1462 the Golden Horde once more put itself in motion, and the Khan Achmet marched at the head of a large army to bring his rebellious tributary to reason. He was met on the bank of the Oka, called in the popular legends 'the girdle of the Mother

of God,' from the fact of Russia having been more than once saved upon its banks. As the two armies stood face to face, the old barbaric horrors of the Tartar name revived momentarily, and the Czar faltered. A monk from the tomb of Sergius, however, was at hand. The eloquence of the aged Bassian, archbishop of Rostoff, roused the drooping spirits of the Prince. 'Dost thou dread death? Thou too must die, as well as others: 'death is the lot of all, man, beast, and bird alike: none can 'avoid it. Give these warriors into my hand, and, old as I am, 'I will not spare myself, nor ever will turn my back to the 'Tartars.' Shamed at his own fears, the Czar returned to his camp. Achmet fled without fighting, and Russia was free for ever.

Now followed the triumph over the fallen Tartars; the luxury of conquest, and the excitement of retaliation, when a race of invaders became, in turn, the invaded, and the earth-born monster, that trampled in the energy of its nomad youth upon an old and settled nation, acquired in its turn the weaknesses of time and domesticity, and opposed but an antiquated name to its rival's solid strength and permanent national vitality. Such were the altered relations of Russia and the Horde. No longer the terrible 'Shepherds' of the East, the race that drank mares' milk, that lived in battle, and made the wide plain their home, the Tartars of wealthy Kazan, Astrachan, and the Crimea, had now known for two centuries the pleasures and the improvements of Mahometan civilization. The seraglios of the Khans collected the beauties of Circassia and the East. The public bath, the mosque with its minarets and domes, the marble fountain playing in the courtyard and public square, the gardens with their Eastern scenery and aromatic scents, flowers, and choice shrubs, the stately mausoleum and bas-relief, adorned their cities. They owned a rich and fertile territory, and the masters of the Crimea saw the fabled paradise of their own Prophet around them. The Tartar Khans ranked with the Sultans and Caliphs of Oriental history, and enjoyed the pleasures and the pomp of settled empire.

The weakness of the Tartars suggested a re-union of the divisions of their empire, and once more they assumed an imperial attitude to their rival. A united sally desolated Russia up to the very walls of Moscow; and Kazan, with Astrachan and the Crimea attached to her, threatened all the resources of a new Tartar capital and centre. It was their last imperial act, and the impetuosity of an evanescent revival only preceded a fall. Throughout Russia one note sounded, one preparation went on: the resources of the empire were brought to a head: a series of fortresses guarded the intended line of march, and

hortatory letters from the Metropolitan assembled the Russians for a religious war. 'At length the Czar, John the Terrible, 'set forth. His brilliant campaign had the appearance of a 'crusade: the solemnities of the Church services and ceremonies 'were mingled with the exercises of war. Prayers preceded 'and concluded every movement. The immense camp of the 'Russians was pitched within sight of Kazan, and near the tent 'of the Czar was pitched the ambulatory tent-church. The 'attack and defence were both desperate. A mine was carried 'under the principal tower, and at the moment that, during the 'celebration of the Liturgy, the deacon uttered aloud the words 'of the Gospel, "There shall be one flock and one shepherd," 'a frightful explosion announced that the walls of Kazan had 'fallen.'

'John entered in triumph the conquered city. He himself 'planted in its centre the first cross, and made the circuit of the 'walls in procession with the sacred Banners and Icons, to con-'secrate it to the name of Christ. In the space of a few days 'he built a small church of the Annunciation, which was destined 'to shed the first rays of enlightenment upon the East.' The homage of various princes followed the capture of Kazan; Georgia and Circassia submitted; Astrachan fell, and the East was opened to Russia. Enriched with the crowns and insignia of conquered Tartar kingdoms, the Czar returned homewards. He stopped on his triumphal march at the tomb of St. Sergius, where the congratulations of two aged retired Metropolitans, the representatives of a former age, now awaiting their death in monastic retirement, welcomed him. Another gladder meeting, and more befitting a conqueror, awaited him on his return to Moscow. Macarius, with all his clergy, issued in procession from the gates. 'The Czar, in an affecting speech, gave an 'account of all his victories, humbly attributing them to the 'prayers of the prelate, and, in the overflowing of his feelings, 'prostrated hmself in front of the procession; the clergy, in 'turn, fell at the feet of the Czar. The baptism of the Tartar 'Khan, Ediger, and two of his family followed, at their own 'free choice and desire, the Metropolitan himself examining into 'the sincerity of their conversion.' A bishopric was erected at Kazan; the tithes of the conquered districts and territorial lands were assigned for its support. The new Bishop was accompanied from Moscow to his vessels by a procession, with crosses and banners; and the conversion of many thousands of heathens and Mahometans attested the labours of St. Goury in his new see.

Thus fell the Tartar Empire. The Crimea was still left to e Tartars, and from this last corner of their domain, they

made wild incursions afterward into the Russian territory. But henceforth they were robbers, and not rivals, and the mushroom host disappeared as soon as it had committed its ravages. In the reign of John's pious but inactive son and successor, a characteristic scene took place at Moscow, under one of those fiery assaults, and brought out the old Russian spirit. 'The Russian guards allowed the Tartar army to pass the Oka, and 'from the height of the Sparrow hills, the Khan, greedy of 'plunder, already devoured with his eyes the golden-roofed 'city of Moscow, as though certain of the prey which his innumerable hosts surrounded. But, from the upper apartments of 'his palace in the Kremlin, the pious Theodore looked down 'calmly upon the hostile masses of infidels, and considered that 'fear would be a sin; he took the Icon of our Lady of the Don 'which, in former time, had accompanied his ancestor Demetrius 'at the battle with Mamai. The Patriarch Job caused litanies 'to be sung, and committed it to the assembled clergy to carry 'in procession round the walls; after which, he set it up in a 'tent in the ambulatory church of St. Sergius, our never-failing 'protector in the hour of need, in the midst of the troops, who 'had been collected, and were encamped before the gates of the 'capital. For a whole day, they fought from the walls and 'under the walls, and Godunnoff, with his generals, had the direction of the battle. For a whole day, a fearful suspense 'agitated the hearts of all the besieged, except that of Theodore 'alone, who calmly went to sleep amidst the tumult and storm of 'the engagement, having said first these words, "to-morrow, 'there will be no enemy;" and accordingly, in the morning 'there was none: the Khan had been alarmed by the intelligence 'of the near approach of fresh Russian troops to the capital, and 'had fled, leaving behind him a rich spoil. On the spot where 'the chapel tent of St. Sergius had stood with the miraculous 'Icon, a monastery was founded by the zeal of the Czar, in the 'name of our Lady of the Don, the chosen conductress of our 'armies on that day of victory,'

The name of John the Terrible suggests a digression from our main line of history, and compels us to subjoin a melancholy sequel to a hitherto brilliant and noble reign. A black storm succeeded the sunshine, and the mystery of great but dark character exploded with the force of a volcano.

John presents one of those marvellous and awful mixtures of character that seem to belong to the reign of fable, rather than that of history. Cast in a mould of extreme power, in which warm and generous affections, a commanding intellect, and indomitable passions struggled; his better nature pierced through the wild excesses of a stormy youth, and appeared to be victorious.

The coincidence of a dreadful conflagration, an insurrection, and a murder near home, struck him as a providential judgment, and brought him to himself. In retirement, on the 'Sparrow Hills,' he trembled at his past life, while 'the aged priest, Sylvester of Novogorod, like an accusing angel, stood at his side;' and he returned to his capital again, a public and open penitent. He assembled the Metropolitan and Bishops, and bewailed his sins before them: he assembled the people 'in the public place,' and again bewailed them. He became another man. His licentious boyars were dismissed, his Court was purified, his Cabinet reconstructed. In the Czar's palace, the holy priest Sylvester, the director of his soul; the virtuous Adasheff, his new friend; and the gentle Anastasia, his consort, ruled. And Russia flourished under the military talents and able statesmanship of a devout, conscientious monarch.

After twenty years of almost unparalleled brilliancy in Russian history, during which John had conquered the East, and laid the present basis of the Russian Empire, a dangerous illness brought him near death's door. The boyars took advantage of the opportunity, and revolted; and John, on his recovery, found his throne tottering, and a turbulent aristocracy in arms against him. In a moment that terrible metamorphose took place which gave him his name. Black with rage, he withdrew his presence from his ungrateful subjects, and shut himself up in the village of Alexandroff, eighty-four miles from Moscow. The sense of wrong and ingratitude is strongly allied to madness in some mental constitutions; tragedy has observed the combination, and made use of it:—

> 'Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
> Thou art not so unkind
> As man's ingratitude.'

> 'Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks! rage, blow,
> You cataracts and hurricanoes; spout,
> You sulphurous and thought-executing fires—
> Strike flat the thick rotundity of the world,
> Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,
> That make ungrateful man!'

The deep-seated wound swells, and forms unknown caverns and abysses within the mind that it tortures. Through desperate passes, and over rocks and raging floods, and waves that mount to heaven, and storm and whirlwind, the imagination wanders; she hollows out her own tempestuous boundless world within, in which she rushes to and fro like a troubled spirit, and refuses rest. Struck in the most sensitive part, the mind goes off at a ıgent on that one point; she throws herself violently into one of her nature; the blood rushes in that one direction; she ı into a huge one-sided expansion and enlargement; she gains

concentration from her very obliquity, and her frenzy gives her superhuman strength. The foaming flood, the airy flight, the region of exaggeration and intensity succeed reason's balance; and one violent passion at once upsets, and transcendentalizes her. John was no longer under the holy influence he had been: the aged Sylvester was gone to another world; Anastasia had departed also, leaving him wrenched by her loss; and no friendly or softening hand was over him. The rebellion of the boyars inflamed him to madness. A hatred and disgust at the whole tribe, a boyar-monomania seized him; an intense depth of rage pictured the boyars as monsters, demons, and incarnate evil. He adopted a peculiar mark of satisfying his wrath. He divided Russia into two parts: one, under the name of Provincial, he identified with the boyars, actually abandoning the government of it to them; the other, under the name of 'Personalty,' he called his own. The arbitrary division gave him an imaginary boyar-kingdom to invade. He took care of the Personalty, but ravaged the Provincial at will. Surrounded with a guard of six thousand reckless youths, whom he called his 'Peculiars,' he sallied forth from Alexandroff, and committed frightful atrocities, burning towns and villages, and spreading desolation over the country. The inhabitants of the unfortunate Provincial suffered grievously from their hypothetical position; and John drove his Peculiars or Blacks through them in much the same spirit in which Don Quixote slaughtered the flock of sheep, that represented to his fancy an army of infidels. In vain did deputations come from the capital, entreating him to return. He refused to set eyes on it; and fortified himself with increasing rigour and sternness in his retreat at Alexandroff. 'He built himself cells, with halls 'and a magnificent chapel, and surrounded it with a wall, in 'imitation of a monastery. There, habited in the black mantle of 'a monk, with which he dressed also his bloodthirsty fraternity, 'he zealously followed the rule of the Church. He prayed, and 'inflicted tortures; went out from church, and superintended 'the rack. Strange play of the human heart. The religious 'habits of childhood, the ideas which John had imbibed from 'his mother's milk, the external form of religion which had 'become part of his nature, continually pierced through the 'hard and coarse covering of those passions, which they did 'not tame. Deeply read in the Scripture, and master of a 'powerful style of writing, from his terrible retreat he sent 'abroad fierce letters to the monasteries all around, accusing 'them of neglecting their rule, and relaxing the strict discipline 'of the monastic life, of which he showed himself the most 'zealous maintainer.'

The very affections of religion, in him, twisted themselves into cruelty. There is a morbid pleasure that people take in feeling angry with those whom they love; they like being angry with them because they love them; that is the point of sat-is faction. Madness delights in this contradiction; it revels in the exchange of love for vengeance, in the horrors of contrast and the upset of nature; it is cruel and murderous to its very favourites, and spills the blood that it adores. In the thick of his excesses John retained that love of the saintly character that had grown up with him; the old admiration remained. He had to choose a Metropolitan, and none but a high saint would do for him. He spurned inferior character, and purposely chose one that he knew would rebuke him like an apostle, Born of a noble family, the holy Philip had long forsaken the world, and in the solitude of the Solovetsky monastery superintended the missions that were evangelizing the shores of the White Sea. The Czar knew him for a saint, and summoned him. 'With bitter tears the old man 'quitted his retirement, and, alarmed at the exalted office, en- 'treated not to be torn from his cell, and from the study of the 'holy Fathers.' But the Czar would hear no excuses; the Church was urgent in her entreaties, and Philip consented.

John had courted the saintly frown, with that instinct with which animals court the lash, and he got it. He would have a saint at his side to rebuke him, that he might relish the miserable mad-man's power of martyring him. 'On a Sunday, while Philip 'was celebrating the Liturgy in the cathedral of the Assump- 'tion, the Czar entered, with a crowd of his "Peculiars," dressed 'in strange attire, and presented himself before the Primate's 'chair to receive the blessing. But the Prelate kept his eyes 'steadily fixed on the Icon of the Saviour, and appeared not to 'notice the approach of the Sovereign. The boyars announced 'to him that John was there. "I do not recognise the Czar," 'he exclaimed, "in any such dress; I do not recognise him 'either in the acts of his government. What is this that thou 'hast done, O Czar, to put off from thee the form of thine 'honour? Fear the judgments of God. Here we are offering 'the bloodless sacrifice to the Lord, while behind the altar 'there is flowing the innocent blood of Christian men." John 'boiled over with fury, and tried to stop his lips with menaces; 'but these had no terrors for the holy man. "I am a stranger 'and a pilgrim upon earth," he quietly replied, "as all my 'fathers were, and I am ready to suffer for the truth. Where 'would be my faith if I kept silence?" John left the church 'almost beside himself with passion, but a secret awe restrained him from laying hands at that time on the Saint.' He sulked after us, and avoided Philip's presence till an opportunity presented

itself for getting rid of him. Philip was accused before a council, and, on the testimony of a perjured witness, a party of bribed bishops deposed him from his see. The sentence was conveyed to him by John, with all the publicity that triumphant revenge could summon; and the holy Prelate was allowed once more to perform the service in the church, that he might be carried off in the very act. While standing before the altar, 'quietly offering up his last sacrifice, and ready also to be offered up himself for the name of Christ,' a crowd of 'Peculiars' rushed, shouting, into the church, tore his robes off, and dragged him, with nothing but his shirt on, to prison. 'The old man made 'the sign of the cross, and giving his benediction to the people 'as they were taking him along, only repeated this one word, '"Pray!" At the doors of the cathedral he exclaimed, "I 'rejoice that I have received all this for the sake of the Church. 'Alas! the times of her widowhood are coming, when her shep-'herds shall be despised as hirelings."'

On the next day, in the royal palace, and in the presence of the Czar, Philip's sentence of deposition was announced to him. He heard it unmoved. Once more imploring the Czar to cease from his butcheries, he retired to his monastic prison. A horrible present from the Czar followed him, in 'the bloody head of his nephew.' Philip blessed it, and returned it to the sender. In his narrow cell the once more simple monk passed his time in prayer, till one day, an officer from the Czar stood before him, as if to ask his blessing. 'Execute thy mission,' said St. Philip quietly. The assassin did so, and the Saint was strangled in his cell.

John continued his career of mad cruelty, interspersed with occasional gleams of a better nature and returning instinct of religion. He robbed some monasteries, he enriched others. He felt, in the midst of his excesses, the supernatural horror, and heard the voice from heaven calling him to relent. With a spoiler's purpose, he approached the rich and jewelled shrine of the venerable Barlaam, but fled immediately, struck with a mysterious dread. The simple sound of the matin bell stopped him as he was storming the capital of Rurik; and the rebuke of the hermit, Salos, offering him a piece of raw flesh, humbled him. 'I am a Christian,' said the Czar, in astonishment, 'and do not eat flesh during the great fast!' 'At all events, thou drinkest man's blood,' replied the daring hermit. The Czar did not answer a word. He gave up his butcheries, and passed an interval of tranquillity and devotion. The great horrors of his reign subsided; he released the 'Personalty,' and carried on the government of the empire once more in regular order. But the disease was too deeply seated to be entirely subdued. In a fit of

frenzy he struck his young son with a staff, and only came to himself again over his corpse. Rich alms for the good of the poor youth's soul went to Sinai and Athos, and to the Holy Sepulchre, from the disconsolate father. Alternating from madness to devotion, from devotion to madness, he wore himself out. The disease communicated itself to his body. 'Surrounded by the shades of so many murdered men, he set as a blood-red sun in mists;' and changing from John the Terrible to the monk Jonah, he died with the tonsure on his head.

Such a character is a vivid memento of a great general distinction observable in the nature of evil. Wickedness exhibits itself, on a *primâ facie* view, as the regular growth of some minds, as the disease of others. One bad man is an harmonious whole, and his guilt rears itself up upon a regular basis within him; another appears more to be *visited* with wickedness, and to have a moral distemper inflicted on him, in some such way as he might have a physical. The extreme form of the latter, under the name of insanity, fixes positively and technically the character of disease on the sin, and relieves the agent of his responsibility. Still we cannot wholly divest ourselves of the idea of guilt, in many such cases, or make the person's acts entirely external to him. The moral being does not seem wholly to escape the touch and defilement of real evil, in such acts, at the same time that he is not chargeable judicially with them; and evil seems to come into very intimate contact and conjunction with the human soul, without being absolutely adopted by her. It overwhelms her as a disease, and does not appropriate her as a nature. A future day alone will explain the mystery, will show what really is in man, what guilt and what goodness is actually each's own, identified with himself, and connaturalized with his being.

To return to our history. We have seen the Russian Church in three great periods, swaying the hearts and directing the strength of her people. Another period follows, troubled, stormy, and bewildering, which brings out her old character again, and displays her in her accustomed energy and calling.

A war of succession is a certain event in the history of every nation. It is sure to come one time or another; once, or oftener. A royal family dies away, and its collateral offshoots contend for the vacant throne. It is an era of especial danger and weakness to a country and its institutions. Discord at home brings in the enemy from without; the eyes of foreign powers are upon the scene of agitation, and watching their opportunity. The struggle of parties loosens the cement of ages, and shakes both the religious and the political fabric.

The royal race of Rurik came to a quiet and placid close near the beginning of the seventeenth century, in the person of the

Czar Theodore. In the tempestuous reign of John the Terrible, its strength seems to have expended itself; and the reign of the pious, serene, inactive Theodore succeeding that of his father, exhibited the calm of the grave after a life of struggle and turmoil. His end was happy; 'a holy man appeared to him as if in the act of meeting him at the gates of heaven.' The Czaritza, Irene, quitted, on his death, the throne for a convent; and, for an interval, all the decrees of the empire ran in the name of the nun Alexandra. The Patriarch summoned a council of state in this crisis, for the election of a new Czar; and the boyar Boris Godounoff, a cousin of the late Theodore, succeeded to the vacant throne. He did not enjoy it long in peace. A new claimant started, and guilty ambition brought down the disturber upon its success. An able statesman, and the virtual governor for years of the empire, Boris was the Richard III. of Russia; he had gained his eminence by a like path; and the murder of Prince Demetrius, half brother to Theodore, and the last remaining scion of the family royal, was the expedient by which he had ensured his succession to the throne on the next vacancy.

A peculiar sensibility marks the popular feeling of Russia, with respect to her young princes; little traits in history show it. An early death, especially, excites popular pity: and native purity, before the breath of the world has soiled it, seems to claim a sort of religious remembrance, and to deserve some of the honours of a martyrdom. The violent death of the young Demetrius caused a general lamentation, the more so for the mystery that rested on it, and the impunity of the murderers. Search was made everywhere, and the citizens of Ouglick were sent in whole companies to Siberia, because they dared to be alive on the same spot where the poor youth had died. But the assassin was not found. The interest in the murdered prince took a half romantic, half devotional direction; and years after, when the reigning Czar, to soothe the popular feeling, descended, with the coffin of the Prince on his own shoulders, into its tomb in the cathedral of the Archangel, the burial was actually prevented by the intense excitement of the crowds that rushed to touch the wood; and 'the incorruptible remains' of Demetrius remained in the open church, working 'miracles and healings.'

The unexplained death of this young prince gave rise to an attempt like that of Perkin Warbeck in this country. A certain Gregory Otrepieff, 'one of the "sons of the boyars" who had originally been in the service of the Romanoffs,' pretended to be the lost Demetrius. He is described as a bold youth, who had received some education, and had some sharpness of

wit. In the Choudoff Monastery 'the patriarch Job had 'employed him in copying the canons, in spite of the caution 'given him by the Metropolitan of Rostoff, Jonah, who foresaw 'in the worthless young monk an instrument of the devil.' Gregory had his own view of his unsuitableness for this sacred employment, and hit on a more exciting line. He heard of the unhappy end of the young prince, and of the accidental resemblance which his own person bore to his: he swore that he would be Czar in Moscow. The impudent joke, as it was considered, would have cost him dear if he had not absconded immediately. With two other monks he passed, by secret journeys, from monastery to monastery, spreading mysterious insinuations of his high descent. His open profligacy, however, was an obstacle to his ambition, and imposed a wandering life upon him. He turned Cossack, and then turned schoolmaster; and finally, in the service of a rich nobleman whom he duped, in a fit of feigned sickness he disclosed his pretended birth to his confessor. The credulous Prince believed him; the news spread; the Poles took up his cause, though Otrepieff's own uncle went to Warsaw to swear to his real birth; his friends, the Cossacks, joined him; there were large risings in Lithuania; the whole popular tenderness for the real Demetrius, which had risen up in his favour on his mere appearance, before any evidence of his imposture could be put forward, carried him successfully along; and two battles made him master of Moscow, and Czar of Russia. At the first blush of success his troops rushed into the cathedral of the Assumption, where the Patriarch was assisting, tore off his pontifical robes, and after a contumelious exhibition of him in the public square, dragged him in a cart to his old monastery, where he was imprisoned. Martha, the mother of the true Demetrius, was brought out of her convent, and made to receive the embraces of her pretended son, and publicly affirm his imposture. Boris had died suddenly in the midst of the insurrection, leaving his unfortunate son and wife to be despatched by the usurper, and the new Czar ascended a vacant throne.

It was only a mushroom elevation, and a single night levelled it. Otrepieff gave way to the insolence of success, thought himself perfectly secure, and took no precautions. In the midst of his wedding festivities the midnight tocsin sounded; armed troops poured in upon the palace; and the impostor, in terror, threw himself out of a window—still preserved in the Kremlin—into the court of the granary yard. He was taken up with one of his legs broken, to confront immediately his forced mother Martha, who in solemn public assembly disowned him; and while his trial was going on, two shots from the midst of the crowd killed him on the spot.

But the reign of disorder had begun, and soon produced another champion, and a fresh fight. The party of the late false Demetrius immediately produced another—only a man of straw, that let in the foreigner again. The Poles, who had just had a taste of success, would not give up the pleasing chance easily: they were hungry and rapacious from their temporary triumph; and Russia saw what was a mere internal tumult to begin with, swell into a most formidable foreign invasion, that threatened her very existence as a nation. She saw a partition between Poland and Sweden hanging over her. Under the rising auspices of Gustavus Adolphus, Sweden poured in its troops upon the north—the Poles advanced over the eastern frontier. The Lithuanians, some of the Cossack tribes, the Tartars of the Crimea, and the people of Little Russia, the Don, and the Oural, were in league with the foreigners. The Russian empire, after a long and weakening interval of anarchy and distraction, now tottered to its base, and the vast dislocated framework bordered on a total collapse and dissolution.

The Poles pushed onward, with all their national eagerness and vigour, to the capital; and were speedily in possession of Moscow and the Kremlin. Their possession was marked by the usual rapine and cruelty of insolent and triumphant soldiery. Upon the ordinary principle on which national grudges are formed, the grudge of Russia against the Poles is not surprising. The tables have been turned, indeed, since, and Poland has suffered a long subjugation in return for her violence and rapacity in her day of strength. But the stern voice of history must still deny her, even in her present state, the claim to a very sensitive pity. She tried to conquer Russia, and was not able: Russia tried to conquer her, and was. The alternations of success and defeat in the history of nations, show the variations of power upon the world's stage, and involve the fact that one of the two sides, at the periods in question, had the more able generalship, or heavier dragoons. The difference between them at each turn is material rather than moral; and, the animus of conquest and greediness remaining exactly the same on each side, we have simply men and ammunition, steel and gunpowder, left on which to base any ulterior comparison of the two. It is evident that two nations cannot both be masters of each other at the same time, however much each may wish to be; and this mathematical impossibility has but too often constituted the whole stock of morality in the nation defeated. The judgment acquires an involuntary hardness and severity from such historical surveys; and the thought suggests itself, that while the individuals of the nation are proper objects of compassion in these fluctuations of fortune, the nation, as such, hardly is; that the latter scarcely

ever fails to deserve fully what it gets, and that what is oppression in the conquerors, is strict justice to the conquered. As the eye runs over the world's annals, it meets with a continuous series, from the first, of national wrongs mutually inflicted, grudges equally deserved, and accusations balancing each other. Each nation complains of the other, and each is equally right and equally wrong in complaining. The suffering nation suffers something which it would inflict on the other if it could now, and which it has inflicted mercilessly in some former age. The affection of pity, under such circumstances, confines its emotions to the individuals in distress and affliction, whoever they may be; for the abstract community it has little to say: wave beats against wave, and nation and nation push one another; and pity, with all her gentleness, fears the ridiculousness which would attach to the tear shed over the action of the lever, and the operations of the hydraulic press and steam engine.

The invasion of the Poles brought with it a religious, as well as a national alarm to Russia. The feeling produced by the great schism between the East and West, was as strong on the eastern side of the border as it was on the western; and the Russian Church was apprehensive of an attack upon her independence, and saw in the approach of the foreigner the horrors of a religious persecution beginning, and a cloud hovering over the cherished forms and traditions of the East. The Poles brought Rome along with them; and Rome had mixed herself up with the whole imposture of the false Demetrius, and had had her emissaries at his side. Churches at war act very much like nations in those circumstances; the public cause justifies the ambiguous expedient; the propagation of what each side naturally considers a great religious benefit, viz., the spread of its own influence and power, supersedes inferior considerations, and absolutely nullifies lighter obligations; the end colours the means, and a new and dangerously enlarged morality accompanies the politics of religion. The Court of Rome was of course perfectly aware who Otrepieff was; but he recommended himself as a useful instrument, and she disdained the insignificant question of his being a real or a false Demetrius. The course of anarchy and confusion in Russia thus brought in its train the agitations of religion; and the patriarchal throne felt as much interest in the contest, as the Czars. The danger was not confined to one quarter: if the Poles were Westerns, the Swedes were Lutherans. The Church of the East anathematized the Lutheran heresy with all the zeal and horror with which the Latin Church

rself did: and under the indifferentism of Otrepieff's governt, that introduced and favoured both Romanism and Lutheran, out of no care for either, but simply to create a new

atmosphere of opinion to carry off its usurpation, the latter had crept into the capital, and alarmed the orthodox.

Another danger attended the present crisis. It threatened to throw an accession of power into the hands of the boyars. The class of nobles is generally the one profited by the destruction of an old monarchy, and they were the class that the Church then feared more than any other. A monarchy has often been a real ally and friend of the Church; seldom an aristocracy. The latter comes into more distinct and individual collision with her, and a natural jealousy kindles between the two rival aristocracies, hierarchical and secular. A foreign king is often in the hands of the party that brings him in, and it sometimes answers the purpose of a set of nobles to have him at the expense of a little national dishonour. The struggle between the nobility and the Church in Russia had already begun; and the two felt their sides different now: the Church had every thing to lose by a foreign king, the nobles nothing. And Church and nobles consequently found themselves engaged in a contest for the appointment to the vacant throne.

The scene that took place in the capital showed these two great Russian parties at work. On the one hand were the boyars, who had given up altogether the national contest, and adopted the Prince Vladislaff, the son of Sigismund, king of Poland: on the other hand was the Patriarch, Hermogenes, who stood aloof from the Prince, with the mob of the capital at his command, and ready to rise at his bidding. The boyars feared this, and bullied him: they demanded a pledge that he would keep the mob down. He demanded in turn that Vladislaff should become a member of the Russian Church, and send his Poles away. 'If this is not to be, then I enjoin,' he said, 'all to rise, and absolve them from their oath to the king's son.' The traitor noble, Saltikoff, lifted his dagger against the old man. The Prelate made the sign of the cross over him, and said, 'I oppose this sign against thy audacity; a curse light upon thy head for ever!' The interval of suspense did not last long. An accidental fray with some of the Polish soldiers, issued in a general insurrection of the Moscow mob. The soldiers seized the opportunity for rapine and bloodshed. In the midst of the horrors of a general slaughter, flames broke out. For three days Moscow continued burning; the fire caught street after street, and no efforts could quench it. The Poles raged with merciless barbarity; the inhabitants fled; and at the close of the scene there remained only the Kremlin, blackened by smoke, and rising out of ash-heaps. The Patriarch, Hermogenes, in the midst of the slaughter of his flock, was seized and imprisoned; but every threat to make him

consent to the new dynasty failed, and the inflexible old Prelate was starved to death in his cell.

Meantime the mixed war of rebellion and invasion was raging in the provinces, and the Swedes and Poles were gradually gaining the most important towns and positions in the empire. The Solovetsky Lavra, indeed, held out against the Swedish General, Delagardie. Like some of our own border monasteries, which were 'half church of God, half castle 'gainst the Scot,' that great monastic fortress of the north occupied an important military post. It was well provided with artillery and musqueteers from its dependant villages, and it was guarded by a line of dependant forts along the coast. The Hegumen, an active and resolute man, sent a spirited answer to Delagardie's communications, and contrived to keep the Swedes off from his whole line of coast. But in the interior of Russia, Novogorod, after a long siege, in which the Metropolitan Isidore had encouraged and inspirited his people from the top of the walls of St. Sophia, was obliged to conclude a convention with the Swede; and Tver and Smolensk were captured with their respective archbishops. The rebel forces had already thinned the episcopal ranks. Philarett Romanoff, the future Patriarch of Russia, stood by the poor remains of his Church at Rostoff, when the population, retiring to another town, only left an infirm and miserable residue to await their capture. He was urged to retreat with the rest, but would not stir so long as any of his flock were left in the place. 'He shut himself up in the cathedral, celebrated the 'liturgy, gave the communion to the people, and quietly awaited 'his fate. The rebels tumultuously besieged the doors; still 'the Metropolitan did not cease from preaching until they burst 'into the church by violence,' tore his episcopal robes off him, and dragged him naked and half dead to prison. The Bishops were everywhere the objects of indignities and barbarities; their position put them forward, and made them sufferers. The invaders were thus gaining ground; fire and sword did their work; 'hills of graves,' say the chroniclers, 'rose up over all the land.' Russia was failing, wasting; it had no leader, no head.

In this general paralysis and gloom the Trinity Lavra came forward, and gradually rallied around it the scattered strength and resources of the empire. From its humble wooden origin as the wild hermitage of Sergius, the Lavra had become the largest and richest monastery in Russia. Its estates were cultivated by 106,000 male peasants or serfs. Shorn of its revenues, it still preserves some of its pristine grandeur; and a wall of [illegible]vards in length, flanked by eight towers, rises before the [illegible]'s eye, as he takes his walk after a journey from Moscow

to see the once regal monastery. It rests in peace and resignation after the stormy scenes of action it has gone through, and the fraternity that at one crisis wielded the imperial power of Russia has now the cares of an ecclesiastical seminary attached to it. The Lavra is now half a monastery, half a theological school. It had a very different occupation forced upon it at the present time. Its situation, an easy distance from Moscow, its strength and centrality, as a fortress, made it an important post; and its capture was necessary to the invaders. For sixteen months it suffered a close siege from an army of 30,000 men; it was surrounded with gabions and entrenchments; and a constant fire from sixty pieces of artillery played upon its walls and churches. 'Desperate and fierce were the attacks by the 'storming parties, and no less murderous the sallies of the 'besieged. About all the neighbourhood of the Lavra, in 'the woods, by the moats, and in the ravines, the work of 'slaughter was carried on with fury: the monks, and the country 'peasants of the villages belonging to the monastery, acquitted 'themselves as well as the bravest regular troops: mines were 'carried under the towers, but they were met by counter mines, 'and towers that were upon the point of being blown into the 'air remained unshaken. So evident was the protection of the 'holy Hegumens, Sergius, and Nikon, who by appearances in 'dreams and visions encouraged the brotherhood, of whom more 'than 800 men fell, either by the sword or by sickness.' Even in the very thick of this siege, the resolute Lavra sent out supplies, and twice relieved the exhausted capital with bread. Moscow was taken, its inhabitants slaughtered, its walls and streets burnt to ashes; but the Lavra held out. It received the wounded and sick that fled, and became a hospital for the wretched burnt-out population of the city. All Russia gave way, but it was firm. It held up its head amid a general shock; invited confidence, drew hearts around it; and raised itself to be head of a national revival.

Two men of great ability, unwearied energy, and undaunted courage wielded the resources of the Lavra—the Archimandrite Dionysius, and the Bursar of Russian celebrity, Abram Palitsin. These two divided the public field between them. Dionysius resided in the monastery, received and answered letters, and, despatched information and orders from his home cabinet to the provinces and camps. Even the Russian patriotic generals themselves were at discord, and had no settled plan of operation: none of them knew what the other was doing, and the vague reports of the district controlled their movements. Dionysius brought them to a mutual understanding, put measures in train, furnished supplies, and prepared for a general rising. Jealousies

and dissensions were quieted by bribes, and the rapacious Cossacks, who threatened to disband because they had not their accustomed booty, had the very last treasures of the Lavra sent to them—copes studded with pearls; and prayers and tears urged them not to desert their country. The prayers, coupled with the copes, touched their hearts, and they swore eternal attachment to Russia. The excitement of war was mingled with religious feeling. In consequence of a monk's mysterious vision, all Russia kept a fast of purification. For three days, we are told, 'neither 'men women nor children eat or drank anything, and even children 'were not allowed to take the breast.' While Dionysius wrote at home, the Bursar Abram took the external and travelling department, and was with the armies. He went about from camp to camp, and kept his eye on the generals and their operations.

The tide now turned. Dionysius and Abram pitched on the Prince Pojarsky, who had fought desperately on the patriotic side at the insurrection at Moscow, to conduct the campaign, and brought him to a decided course. The battle of the Daëvichy plain was fought; Abram himself gave the warcry, 'For St. Sergius! For St. Sergius!' and the Russians won the day. The Kremlin was invested, and Abram went round with holy water among the troops to inspire them. Its capture put Russia, though weak and worn out, in a state to capitulate with her two overwhelming antagonists; and a peace with the Swedes, first, was bought by the concession of two provinces in the north. The Poles now remained the only foe; and, under Prince Vladislaff, they made one more attempt. An irresistible impetus carried them up to the very walls of Moscow; but there appearances were discouraging; they saw the suburbs fired; they saw the Trinity monastery fortified for a long and vigorous defence: they listened to a proposal of peace, and were dismissed with the bribe of three provinces. A mixture of quiet policy with energy at this crisis marks the influence of monastic counsels. There is nothing extravagant in the way of success or triumph aimed at; the weakness of Russia is known, and the single object of the preservation of her integrity satisfies. That achieved, she had plenty of time before her to recover herself; and the conclusion of fifteen years of invasion and danger was a solid, though not a triumphant one. With one stroke the Church finished the war, and put her own king upon the throne. Under the walls of the Lavra the peace was signed: within the walls of the Lavra the new Czar was elected. In the young and heroic Prince Michael, son of the now Patriarch Philaret, and the unanimous choice of Russia, the old family of Rurik revived, and the offshoot carried on the character of the parent stem. The meeting of the son and father, at the

Prince's entrance into the capital was a deeply touching one; each wished to fall at the other's feet, and a new scene of restoration and peace shone upon Russia.

The activities of the Church in the political department have for some time kept out of sight her spiritual course and internal arrangements.

One important change had already taken place in her, and she had risen from her dependency on the Patriarchate of Constantinople to the dignity of an independent Patriarchate. A connexion for a thousand years with Constantinople, only once suspended, during which she had received many noble Metropolitans from the mother Church, and formed her whole train of Eastern associations,—had a becoming and Christian close in the visit of the Constantinopolitan Patriarch Jeremiah to Russia in the year 1587, to ordain the first Patriarch of Moscow. He was received with magnificent state by the Czar. A quaint document of the day describes, with characteristic detail, the form of the ceremonial, and furnishes a picture of Church and State in Russia at that time.

'On the twenty-first of June, being Sunday, the Czar desired 'the Patriarch of Constantinople's presence at his Court; and 'the Patriarch accordingly made his solemn entry into the 'Kremlin seated on an ass, and alighted on the elevated pave- 'ment before the Church of the Annunciation, while the Metro- 'politan and the Archbishop, under the conduct of the Czar's 'commissioners, alighted from their horses before they arrived, 'without riding in. The sons of the Boyars, or esquires, and 'the officers of the Courts of Justice, dressed in robes covered 'with gold, lined the steps of the lofty flight of stairs, where 'the Patriarch was to be first met by Tatischeff, a Boyar of the 'Council, and Tiounoff, secretary of the Court; and also the 'passage-room at the middle staircase, where the Patriarch was 'met a second time by the Lord of the Presence, the Prince 'Lobanoff, and the Secretary of the Court of Requests, Sapoun 'Ivanoff.

'In the Beautiful Corner of the Golden Hall of the Sign 'Manual, on a throne of great richness, was seated the religious 'sovereign himself, with his crown on his head, vested in his 'royal robes, and holding a richly carved sceptre in his hands, a 'golden orb figuring the universe lying by his side. About him 'stood all his Boyars, the Lords of the Presence, and the Cour- 'tiers. The Treasurer, Trachanioutoff, announced, with a loud 'voice, the arrival of the Patriarch in these words: "The Most 'Holy Jeremiah, Patriarch of Constantinople, and Hierotheus, 'the Metropolitan of Monembasia, make their humble petition 'to thee, O Czar." Then the Czar rose from his place, and

'advanced about half a fathom to meet the Patriarch. The 'Prelate, first of all, made his reverence to the holy Icon of our 'Heavenly Lady, which shone with a blaze of precious stones 'immediately over the throne, from under a rich canopy: he 'then lifted his hands on high, and offered up a fervent 'prayer for the health and long life of the Czar, that his name 'might be glorious both in the East and West, and that it 'would please God to give him the blessing of heirs to reign 'after him. And having thus prayed, he blessed him, by signing 'over his bended heaven-crowned head the sign of the holy Cross.'

'In his turn, the Czar prayed that he might have the fulfil- 'ment of all the Prelate's good wishes, and thanked him, and 'said, "In a happy hour has thy Holiness visited our kingdom 'during our reign: has the Lord been gracious to thee by the 'way?" The Patriarch replied, "By the mercy of God, and 'thy royal goodness, I have come into thy kingdom in good 'health, and have forgotten all my toils at the sight of thy royal 'countenance."

'On this he offered to the monarch the presents he had brought 'for him, as a blessing; a gold Panagia, with morsels of the life- 'giving Cross, of the Robe of the Lord, and of that of the Mother 'of God encased within it, as well as portions of the instru- 'ments of our Lord's passion, the Spear, the Reed, the Sponge, 'and the Crown of Thorns. Also certain holy relics in a silver 'case, a hand of the Apostle-like Emperor Constantine, which 'Sultan Solyman had brought away out of Servia, and had 'given to a former Patriarch Jeremiah for the Cathedral of the 'Mother of God, and another hand of St. James, one of the 'forty martyrs of Sebaste. Another golden Panagia, and some 'relics of the holy martyrs, Solomonia and Marina of Antioch, 'were destined as a blessing for the acceptance of the pious 'Czaritza Irene.

'The Czar ordered the treasurer, Trachanioutoff, to receive 'these holy presents, and having seated himself again on his 'raised throne, desired the Patriarch to sit down, close by him, 'on a bench placed on the right hand, and the Metropolitan and 'Archbishop at a little interval farther off. Then the treasurer 'brought forth the presents of the monarch:—for the Patriarch 'a double-handled silver cup, and four pieces of figured velvet, 'some damask silk, fourscore sables, and three hundred roubles 'in money; while for the Metropolitan there were carried to his 'lodgings, one silver cup, three pieces of velvet, beside damask 'and mohair, two score sables, and fifty roubles in money. The 'Most Holy Jeremiah having once more given his blessing to the 'monarch, went out from the presence with the commissioners 'and all his suite.'

Jeremiah made a visitation over the Russian Church; before he quitted it; restored and reformed in many quarters, set up new institutions, and started a line of improvement, which was taken up afterwards in more settled times. Constantinople bade an affectionate adieu to its dependency, and left the independent Patriarchate to its own direction.

The middle ages were now over; and the revival of pagan learning, and the rise of a new intellectual spirit in the world, made new defences necessary. The Russian Church began to copy the policy of the Western, and a spirit for founding new fraternities rose. Societies for education were attached to various monasteries. The Fraternity of the Holy Spirit in Wilna, and the Brotherhood of the Epiphany at Kieff, stood as the memorials of Jeremiah's visitation. Academical inns for poor scholars were founded. Private munificence flowed in; the Hetman of the Cossacks ended a life of military exploits in the Brotherhood of Mercy at Kieff, an establishment of this kind, and bequeathed his whole property to it; and a pious boyar founded, near Moscow, the convent of the Transfiguration, the germ of the future academy, where thirty monks laboured in the translation of ecclesiastical books. Under the friendly government of Michael, which made the mortmain acts of a former reign inoperative, the Church lands began to increase again, and the change was favourable for the new efforts.

A great benefactor to the Church in this department was Peter Mogila, son of the Hospodar of Moldavia. He received his education in the University of Paris, and, having distinguished himself as a soldier in the Polish armies against the infidels, renounced worldly greatness, and received the tonsure in the Petchersky Monastery, where he became Archimandrite. He sent scholars hence into foreign countries to study, some of whom afterwards rose to eminence. At the diet at Warsaw he obtained leave to establish seminaries, schools, and printing-presses in the Polish-Russian provinces. Raised to the see of Kieff, he continued his work. A new brotherhood in Podolia was furnished, at his own expense, with an academical inn, a school, a library, and a printing-press: he was senior brother, or patron, and the Kievo-Mogilian academy retained his name long after his death. His printing-press was an industrious one, and issued editions of the fathers, books of services, confessions, and catechisms in quick succession. The Calvinistic heresy had penetrated eastward, and had to be met. A synod, convened at Jassy by the Patriarch of Constantinople, condemned it: Peter Mogila was among the Russian Bishops that subscribed their names, and his Orthodox Confession, adopted on the occasion, received the subsequent approval of all the Eastern Patriarchs.

We arrive now at our last historical Church-era, and a melancholy shade draws over M. Mouravieff's history. The scene of ecclesiastical power approaches its close, and the march of events commences its inroads on the Russian Church. The seventeenth century began a great change in the political strength of the Church all over the world. East and West alike felt it. Rome was obliged to cede her Hildebrandian sceptre and throne, and ceased to be the centre of European diplomacy. The English Church was gradually driven from court and cabinet. The age of statesmen-ecclesiastics, and Church-predominance in the world's counsels, was over; nor have we any signs of a return to it. Amid unquestionable tokens of the Church's spiritual basis, no tendency appears in her to recover her political. Once fairly lost, that position seems lost for good—a stumble, a mistake, a passing cloud, is one thing; the influence of a regular uniform course of events is another. There is an effectiveness in the world's *ordo fatalis*, which no violence has; and the gradual progress of society does, what outlandish attacks and barbarities never could. The kings and nobles of the middle ages chafed and foamed with jealousy at the sight of the Church's power; but these irregular eager assaults could not shake it. The calm strength and compactness of modern state policy achieves far more; and the European cabinets of the present day oppose a dense and firm phalanx to Church power, as superior to the wild onslaughts of the baronial and kingly ruffians of the middle ages, as science is to nature, and reason to instinct. The world has learned the Julian policy of depressing the Church, without martyring her: no innocent blood now strengthens the popular feeling for her; no atrocities overwhelm her for a moment, at the expense of long ages of sympathy. The world is really less barbarous and cruel than it was; and it reaps the reward of its improvement in its greater strength. An universal law rewards with certainty the virtues, whether of the religious or the secular mould; and the world rises and prospers upon its own goodness, as the Church does upon hers. The growth of a sober, moderate, and tempered state policy—the formation of a public opinion opposed to acts of violence, but firm and steady in asserting its own supremacy, presents a world really improved, and more moral upon its own pattern, than it was: and no sudden or chance movement, but the solid course of time, has raised it out of a lower to a more perfect state. All things develop; and the world has developed. It has expanded from 's rude elementary form, into the vast complicated and compact tem which we see now—whose wheels turn with the easy sistible-looking power belonging to first-rate machinery. at a creation since its first small beginning in the garden of

Eden! Who could have foretold its sad, but majestic course—its labours, its arts, its inventions; its scientific, political, imperial growth and consolidation! Onward and onward it has advanced; it becomes more systematic, more compact, daily; and, after a wild growth, exhibits the sobriety, longsightedness, and formidable ability of manhood. It used to want the Church to teach it: the Church read and wrote for it, and was necessary to it, as the village scribe, who had to write the letters for the whole parish, used to be to his simple neighbours. But it can educate itself now. Schools of useful knowledge and scientific institutes supply those intellectual advantages, which the Church formerly dispensed, and the latter's monopoly of education is over. The world is a boy no longer; and the Church can never expect to get its boyish heart again. What is passed, is passed; what time fairly takes away, it does not restore: the world moves on, and does not look back. The ponderous door has shut in upon the mediæval scene; and who will roll it back on its hinges again? Without taking a melancholy view of the Church's prospects, we seem to see in the world's supremacy a natural dispensation, and a state of things through which she must pass. It is in strict course of nature that the world should advance, and should come to its maturity and full height. And this rise of the world must be detrimental to the power of the Church. She loses her princeliness, her feudal empire, and heraldic state, under the change; and descends to the level again. She is placed in a different position; but the new position has its duties, activities, and successes, as the old had; and the Church may yet be cheerful, for she has her divine work to do, and her appointed and victorious course to run.

The period of the decline of Church power, is generally one which brings out some remarkable Church champion. The emergency produces its ecclesiastical hero; some one who tries to stem the tide; and who, if unsuccessful and borne down, leaves, at any rate, his character stamped upon the events of the age; bequeaths a great name and memory to the Church he fought for; and throws a dignity over her humiliation. Almost contemporary with our own Laud, in the middle of the seventeenth century, a great prelate rose up in the Russian Church, who maintained much the same struggle that he did, and who failed as he failed. The weakness of an amiable monarch, and the hatred of a proud aristocracy, were his downfal. The Russian Church regards him with reverential affection; and the memory of her great champion softens the recollection of the struggle.

Nikon was the son of a simple peasant in the district of Nijgorod. As a boy he was seized with a strong inclination for a monastic life, and secretly left his home to enter a

novitiate. Parental entreaty induced him to exchange the life of a regular, for that of a secular: he became a married parish priest. But the original wish of his heart for a life of seclusion, continued amidst the bonds which connected him with the world. He took the loss of all his children as a call from above; and, after being married ten years, persuaded his wife to enter a convent; while he himself sought the severest rigours of monastic life in the depths of the North, amid the ice of Solovetsky. 'But not even did the remote Lavra of Sabbatius and Zosimus 'seem desolate enough to his mind; he found out for himself 'a wilder solitude still, in the neighbouring island of Anzer, 'in the hermitage of the venerable Eleazar.' There he spent many years in prayer, fasting, and the exercises of a severe asceticism. Some proceedings in the Lavra withdrew his affections from it; and 'the hermit of Anzer left his cell with a sad heart, and in a leaky boat committed himself to the waves.' A storm drifted him on the desert island of Kia, where he planted the cross, the sign of a future monastery; and thence, sailing with the wind, he came to the mouth of the river Onega. There, on an island near the monastery of Kojeozersk, he planted his hermitage again, and astonished the brotherhood by his self-inflicted penances and rigours.

A mendicant journey to Moscow was the commencement of his greatness. He went to the capital, to beg alms for the monastery. The Czar saw him. He was 'struck by the noble height, bearing, and manly eloquence' of the hermit. A kind of fascination appears to have attended on Nikon. Without education, or the least acquired knowledge of the world; from the rude life of a solitary, and years, during which thought and sight had been chained to their cave, and the hermit been one with his cell, he suddenly emerged a courtier and companion for a king. The charms of his conversation are spoken of. His talent fitted him for the private and public ground alike; he could advise in a cabinet, and address a multitude; and the pleasing courtier was the eloquent and impassioned preacher. His cathedral at Novogorod was thronged with crowds that came to hear him address them in a style that innovated on the ordinary homilies of the day, which the clergy read from the appointed book; the powers of his oratory charmed the 'itching ears' of Russian audiences; and Nikon was the popular preacher of his time. His taste for music showed a native elegance and refinement: the inharmonious singing in the Russian churches grated on his ear, and he introduced the old chants of Kieff and Greece, the sweet music of the East, into his cathedral and the Czar's chapel. The new style spread, and was adopted by the Church. It still charms the foreigner with its peculiar sweet monotony and flow. 'The

'clear shrill notes of children rising to the dome of the church,' says Dr. Clarke, 'and seeming to die away in the air, had a most 'pleasing effect. It is the same in all the Russian churches; 'and I know not anything with which it can be more justly 'compared than the sounds produced by an Eolian harp. They 'trilled

> "In notes, with many a winding bout
> "Of linked sweetness long drawn out." '

He carried his taste for music into private, and his banquets, as Patriarch, were enlivened by the sweet music of Cossack children. He delighted in the young choristers; and the old Muscovite singers, who for form's sake began, were soon dismissed to give way to the new choir. 'As they began to eat,' says a witness of the scene, (we quote from the Travels of Macarius,) 'one of the Anagnosts began to read the history of 'the saint, according to their custom, at a desk in the middle of 'the room, with a loud, harmonious, and sweet voice. For a 'little while the singers came and chanted; but, for the most 'part, the Patriarch and the Emperor delighted only in the 'chanting of the Cossack children, many of whom the emperor 'brought with him from Poland, and gave them to the Patriarch, 'who dressed them in the finest clothes, gave them pensions as 'his servants, and afterwards ordained them Anagnosts. They 'always took the lead in singing; and their music was greatly 'preferred to the harsh and gross intonation of the Muscovites.' The decorations of the new patriarchal palace at Moscow displayed the first splendour and taste; and Nikon had much of Wolsey's turn for building and fitting up. The 'beautiful stoves,' the 'magnificent chandeliers,' the 'concealed clock in the bulb of the chandelier, which struck the hour,' the 'tapestry,' the 'gilt silver,' the 'ornamental vessels,' the 'blaze of light,' when his apartments were lighted up, excited the admiration of all eyes. Nikon was one of those combinations of character which are made for high callings. The Czar, when he had once seen and heard him, could not make up his mind to part with his company, and the mendicant from the monastery did not return.

Alexis was one of those tender-hearted religious princes that history puts before us, when she is in one of her most quiet, devotional moods. We seldom see such. But it is a melancholy remark that we are obliged to make, that devotional princes are apt not to be strong characters; to fail in that firmness of will and purpose which the worldly monarch has. The real piety, genuine feeling, humbleness, and religious sensibility of Alexis, are described with a beautiful, though amusing quaintness, in the Travels of Macarius. The latter, a monk in the suite of

the Patriarch of Antioch, who came to visit Russia, expresses himself as quite surprised at the things he sees the Czar do. The Czar's love of monks and monasteries, attention to the sick and poor, ecclesiastical spirit, deference to Patriarchal authority, astonish him. 'What shall we say,' he says, with true monastic simplicity, 'of this not human, but angelic prince, who, after 'being a whole year absent from his wife, devotes neither his 'time nor his attention to her, but bestows all his thoughts and 'endeavours on the increase of his churches, monks, and 'convents?' 'On this day,' he begins a letter, 'a strange event 'occurred; which was this:—A Deacon of the Metropolitan 'Mira, whose exile we mentioned formerly, was banished, by 'the Emperor, to this convent. Something, I know not what, 'was observed in his conduct; and the Patriarch Nikon re-'strained him from service. This night, in consequence, he 'presented himself before the Emperor, and, throwing himself 'on the ground, entreated his Majesty to grant him permission 'to say mass on this day. The Czar, however, refused, and 'answered him, "I fear the Patriarch Nikon, who would, per-'haps, give me his crozier, and say, Take it, and tend the 'Monks and Priests yourself. I do not contradict or oppose 'you in the command of your armies; why, then, do you set 'yourself against me in the concerns of priests and monks?"' He observes,—'It is the custom of the Czar, when he is in any 'convent, and sits down with the heads of the Clergy, not so 'much as to taste flesh-meat; but he contents himself with fish, 'and the usual food of monks;'—a practice of which a certain Georgian Princess complains tartly and volubly. 'The Georgian 'Princess assured us, by her own mouth, that when she was 'with the Empress, to escape from the plague, in the convent of 'the Trinity, where they resided four months, during all that 'time no flesh-meat was cooked there.' She added, 'I expos-'tulated with her Majesty, saying, Do you fear God? We, 'indeed, are of age, and grown up; but what has this Vasilo-'poulo Prince Alexius done, who is yet a sucking infant, that he 'should have his heart tormented with fasting?' The Czar's amiableness at a convent-feast is described:—'He called and 'invited the fathers of the convent, each by name, to take his 'cup, and drink, saying, "Sodari Joseph, Sodari Simeon, 'Sodari So-and-So;" that is, Master So-and-So; and not only 'did he call to the fathers and elders, but even to the meanest 'of the monks and cooks.' But Alexis's attention to the sick monks was the crowning feature in him. The scene is the terior of a convent-hospital, where the paralytic, blind, bed-dden, and sick brethren of the society are laid:—'On entering the place, some of us were unable to remain there, for the dis-

'agreeable putrid smell; nor could we endure to look upon the 'afflicted inmates; but the Czar attended to nothing but his 'request to our Lord the Patriarch, that he would pray over 'them the prayer for their recovery; and after the Patriarch 'had prayed over them, the Czar again requested him to give 'them his blessing. As the Patriarch blessed each, the Czar 'came behind him, and kissed the patient's head, mouth, and 'hand, from the first of the patients to the last. And wonder-'ful, indeed, appeared to us such holiness and humility, whilst 'we thought of nothing but escaping, if we could, out of the 'place. Nor did this suffice the Czar; but he would needs take 'our master into an inner cell, where was a sick brother, who, 'we were told, had been for eight years unable to move his feet; 'he had been struck down, and rolled over by a sledge, and was 'continually praying that death would relieve him of his suffer-'ings. When the Czar went in to him, and inquired how he 'was, he answered by an exclamation of desire that death would 'take him. The Czar chid him for his impatience, and en-'deavoured to console him; and then, turning to our master, 'informed him, that in this cell were three or four other suf-'ferers, who had all died before this man, and had left him to 'his misery; and he requested him to say a prayer over him. 'The Patriarch recited several, and wept as he prayed. This 'augmented the Czar's esteem for our master, and he presently 'made signs to his officers, with his hand, drawing their attention 'to the Patriarch's sanctity and humility, and to his pious and 'affectionate tears. Then the Patriarch blessed and consoled 'the sick brother, saying to him, that he should be thankful to 'the Lord for this grace; for that He had melted him, and tried 'him like gold in the furnace. Again the pleasure and admi-'ration of the Czar were increased toward our master; and he 'approached the afflicted monk, to kiss his head, his mouth, and 'his hands, as he had done to the others. On leaving the place, 'we could hardly believe we were so fortunate as to have escaped 'from its dreadful smells.' 'See, brother,' writes Macarius, after a speech of the Czar's, lamenting the death of his monks, of whom, he said, Satan had robbed him by the plague—'what an extra-'ordinary Prince this is, that he should weep and sigh over the 'death of his monks! What a blessed spirit! What a pure 'and holy affection in a Prince to mourn over the death of his 'monks!' Lastly, at parting, 'the Czar requested our master 'to say a prayer over his head, and knelt down before him. The 'Patriarch recited many prayers, and the Czar arose to receive 'his blessing; which, when he had given, his Majesty said, '"Dar ghavi,"—that is, "Bless me again,"—and he blessed him 'a second time. Then he said to him, "Teri," or "thrice;" and

'he blessed him a third time.' Such was Alexis. The devout, affectionate, and noble Prince whom we have here described, yet wanted nerve and courage for his station, and the sweet devotee made a faltering sovereign.

A peculiar contrast of character thus cemented a friendship. Nikon, bold, stern, and resolute, supplied a vacuum in the mind of the amiable but timid Alexis. It is a common observation, that friendships are often helped by contraries, and that minds of a different stamp are each attracted toward the qualities that they themselves have not. The weak loves the strong; the strong the weak; the commanding inflexible mind takes to the amiable and wavering one, that looks up to it for steadiness, with peculiar tenderness and care. Of the two, Nikon was much fitter for Czar than Alexis; and the latter threw himself with confiding friendship into the hands of the abler man. A mutual affection commenced between them, which no external separations and estrangements, that afterwards took place, ever really broke. And the Patriarch and the Czar carried on one of those real intimacies that are so rare in such relations, and which so adorn and soften, where they do light upon, the scene of public life. 'A vow passed between them never to desert each other on this side the grave.' Nikon became godfather of all the Czar's children; and holy and romantic ties joined the two friends.

A new career thus began. The promotion to a monastery in the capital kept Nikon at hand, and ready to advise with the Czar when wanted. For three years he went every Friday and transacted business with the Czar after chapel service: on his way he received petitions from the people, which he put into the royal hands. The promotion to the see of Novogorod caused a necessary absence from the capital on Nikon's part, and suspended the intercourse between them. They managed to see one another, however, once always in the year. At the Czar's request, Nikon came up every Christmas to Moscow, and Alexis saw his adviser and friend, and consulted with him for the year. A new and characteristic house of accommodation was built on the road, to supply Nikon with a midway halt in those long and then wearisome journeys; and on a woody island in the picturesque lake of Valdai a monastery was built. There, half way between his diocese and the capital, the seats of his ecclesiastical and political business, Nikon rested in his journeys, and his memory went back to his hermitage and days of solitude. He took great interest in the new monastery, which was built on the exact pattern of the one on Mount Athos, as if for a memento of the 'Holy Mountain,' from which Russian Monasticism had sprung, and to raise that picture of peace and solitude to which his own natural taste so strongly led him.

In Novogorod, an important sphere of labour, half ecclesiastical, half civil, occupied him. Besides the ordinary powers which the prelates had, he had others from the Czar. The prisons were under his hand, and he could enter into them, and release or retain prisoners upon his own examination, and had a sort of plenary judicial power. In his cathedral he preached, and drew crowds. The pomp and beauty of devotion was carried to its greatest height, and the church plate, furniture, and vestments, dazzled the popular eye. His hospitality was lordly; his charities overflowing. He fed the poor with a paternal hand. A famine desolated Novogorod, and four hospitals instantly arose; and the Metropolitan fed daily all the poor of the city in his own court-yard. A dreadful insurrection that broke out in that stormy place, brought out his pastoral courage and love. He concealed in his palace the imperial commissioner, the object of the people's rage, and went forth himself to meet the insurgent mob. The mad crowd, like a wild animal, turned against its benefactor; blows showered thick upon him, and he was left for dead in the square. His servants lifted him up, and, though fainting with weakness, he immediately marched at the head of his ecclesiastics, cross in hand, into the thick of the insurrection again, and proceeded to celebrate the Liturgy in the very ears of the rioters. He addressed them in our Saviour's words—'Are 'ye come out against me with swords? I have been daily with 'you, and ye did not touch me; why are ye thus come? Do 'you not see how I stand up before you, and do not bend to 'you? As I am a shepherd, it becomes me to lay down my life 'for the sheep.'

But a larger care now awaited Nikon, and the Patriarchal throne solicited his acceptance. It was a day of high pomp and sacred joy at Moscow. King, Prelates, nobles, and people, were assembled at the triumphant translation of the bones of the Metropolitan St. Philip to the Cathedral of the Assumption. The Czar Alexis had begged for them, as if to do special honour to the saint whom his own predecessor had murdered; and Nikon was the messenger sent to treat for them. He brought them from their tomb in the north over the White Sea; he passed once more the island of Kia, and the mouth of the Onega, and then journeying by land, appeared with the sacred corpse at the gates of the capital. The excitement of the scene overpowered the simple Russian mind. One aged Prelate died with joy as he hastened to meet them; crowds of sick and infirm flocked to touch the coffin; and many signs of healing attended the return of St. Philip to his own cathedral. The Patriarchal throne alone stood unoccupied during the ceremonial. Its last possessor had gone a few days before; its guardian was the aged Prelate just

dead. All eyes were cast on Nikon: the Czar entreated him to ascend it. Nikon obstinately refused. He knew what questions were coming on, and saw a storm in the horizon; he knew the feelings of the nobles toward the Church, and the resistance he should be obliged to make to the movement that was certain to come from that quarter. His advantages and his difficulties he knew; he felt sure of the affection of the Czar, but he felt equally sure of the hatred of the boyars, and had more confidence in their constancy than the Czar's. The Czar and the Court actually prostrated themselves at his feet on the church floor, imploring him to take the Patriarchate, and not to leave the Church in widowhood without a pastor. It was long before they prevailed on him. At last, before the relics of St. Philip, he put to all in council and synod assembled two questions, 'Whether 'they would always honour him as their true chief shepherd 'and spiritual father? And whether they would suffer him to 'regulate the affairs of the Church?' They all swore with one voice they would, and Nikon ascended the Patriarchal throne.

A vast political field first arrested him. Placed in the capital, at the centre, Nikon had immediately to assume the reins of government. He knew what he had to do. Just saved from dismembership at the conclusion of the last war, at the expense of whole provinces, Russia had as yet taken no step to recover herself: her disasters had cowed her; and the administration of the Czars since had maintained a safe timidity, without an attempt at improvement. Some head was wanted to give a new spring to her policy: a weak, crippled, and curtailed empire called for restoration; and Nikon's energies rose with his task.

The Ukraine, or south east of Russia, was in the hands of Poland. The province preserved, in the midst of its subjugation, its old national feelings, and longed for its re-attachment to the empire. Its reluctant and forced obedience compelled a rigorous and cruel treatment on the part of its new governors, and the Poles exercised that severity that a government does towards its tributary, when severity is necessary in order to retain it. Their religion did not escape, for their religion carried them to Russia. Bogdan Kmelitsky, the Hetman of the Cossacks, had attempted with spirit the deliverance of the conquered province, and failed. With an army of 60,000 of the best cavalry under his command, he had conducted several campaigns against the Poles; and at last, surrounding the camp of John Casimir himself, dictated terms of peace, which guaranteed to the province a good deal 'independence, and the free exercise of her religion. But just 'his point a treacherous desertion left him without resources. his extremity he applied to Nikon. Nikon saw the opportu-', and instantly possessed himself of the services of a bold

general. The process of an embassy to Poland despatched and rejected over, he declared the re-attachment of the Ukraine to Russia. The accession was achieved without the cost of one drop of blood. Three kingdoms surrounded the province: 'To 'which will you belong,' said Bogdan to the army of the Ukraine: 'to the unbelieving Khan—to the Latin king—or to 'the Orthodox Czar?' The army shouted with one voice—'To 'the Czar!' and the oath of allegiance instantly went round. The recovery of Smolensk was next looked to, and the Polish war of 1654 commenced. Stirred from his mild inactivity by Nikon, the Czar Alexis went down to the scene of action, and a series of brilliant campaigns began. Thirty towns, one after another, opened their gates to the Czar's troops, and Russia recovered her ancient patrimony and name.

In the two years' absence of the Czar from Moscow in this war, Nikon was left in sole charge of the government, and the whole internal business of the empire pressed upon him. As Patriarch and as Regent he governed Church and State. Rarely seen by the people, because he had no time for show, he worked incessantly, and lived, like an Eastern monarch, in his palace. 'He showed himself to the people only in the church, and in 'the short passage from his apartments thither, where he was 'used to receive petitions, which he either decided on the 'spot or the next day.' All public business went on at home. 'In a morning, at a fixed hour, on the ringing of a 'bell, the boyars charged with the administration of government 'assembled in the Cross-room in the palace. The Patriarch 'came out to them, and decided on the business submitted to 'him.' In transacting business he always stood; the attitude of standing was the more expediting one, and a horror of the interminableness of sitting conclaves is natural to statesmen. The title of 'Great Lord,' given him by the Czar, and inserted in all the acts of the kingdom, against his will, increased the jealousy of the nobles, and the affection of Alexis for his minister outstripped prudence. Nikon kept up all the time his monastic character and habits. Power, occupation, and splendour never impaired his asceticism. He fell back in a moment on his hermit life, when he retired afterwards from his post, and, with an emaciated body, worked like a common mason in building a church. His spiritual connexion with his own peculiar diocese was personally attended to; and the minister of the empire was confessor to his flock, and gave ghostly counsel to burdened souls. He was an author, an editor, a patron of ecclesiastical literature. He wrote some dogmatical, and some devotional pieces—the 'Spiritual Paradise,' a 'Litany,' and others. He published portions of his own correspondence with

the Czar; he set going a course of historical and geographical works, and had two presses of his own.

In this position Nikon found that contest coming upon him, which the Russian Church, in common with others, was destined to go through. A growing feeling against Church ascendency was brought to a head by the very fact of the elevation she was now, in her Patriarch's person, enjoying; and the hoarse murmurs and under-current of a century burst into a regular and combined attack upon her.

The conductors of this attack were the boyars. The class of boyars at this time formed the antagonistic power to the Church in Russia, and the secular political principle, with its jealousy of Church influence, resided specially in them. They stood in remarkable contrast with the royalty here, and they appear in the Russian annals from the first as taking a different part toward the Church from the Czars. An ecclesiastical spirit animates, as a whole, the old line of Russian kings. It was in the race. The family of Rurik had a character of its own; the descendants of Olga and Vladimir carried on by a kind of prescriptive traditional law the Church line bequeathed to them, and the parent mind descended down the succession. They were builders of churches and monasteries, and friends of bishops and monks; they were endowers and adorners of the Church, attendants on her ceremonials and rites, and liked to be near her. The old custom by which a Czar, on his death-bed, always received the tonsure, and became a monk, typified the spirit of the line; and the fanatic excesses of John the Terrible took the traditionary mould. On the expiration of the old family, the Church had taken the choice of a successor into her own hands, and had been naturally careful to secure a favourable one. She finished the war of succession, by putting the son of a Patriarch on the throne; and the present family were in friendly, grateful, and congenial relation to the power to which they owed their elevation. But the boyars took a different side, and they were a more powerful class then than they have become since. The present relations between the monarchy and nobles in Russia make us attach no idea of power to the latter; the nobles are shadows now, politically speaking; but this has been a revolution since the age of Nikon: it is since then that the nobles of Russia have suffered a change somewhat corresponding to the fall of the feudal Barons in the reign of our own Henry VII. They were now a powerful class, and a turbulent one: they could threaten the monarchy at times, and make the Czar himself feel insecure. They were, in portion to their power, jealous of the Church, and bent on ling her. It was the nobles who now commenced an attack hurch property, that has since terminated in the general

spoliation of the Church, and, wrenching away all her lands, left every cathedral and monastery in Russia a pensioner on the State. They led the attack, but they did not reap the booty; they lowered the Church to raise, in the event, the crown in domination upon themselves; and in envying a rival, have brought down upon themselves a master.

The spirit of the times, and jealousy of the nobles, had already appeared in some laws on the subject of Church property. A Court, called the 'Monastery Court,' subjected the revenues of all the monasteries to government inspection; and a Mortmain Act forbade their acquisition of more landed property. These measures had been much alleviated to the Church, by the friendliness of the monarchy; and the Mortmain Act had even become obsolete and disregarded. The question now raised was about the operation of this Act. The landed property of the Church had been increasing at a great rate during the last two reigns; the very Czars themselves being her principal benefactors. It seemed likely to go on increasing. The influence of Nikon was alarming, and his enemies declared at his trial, that if he had gone on, he would have got the third part of Russia into his hands. The Council of Boyars (for they had a council, of what precise powers it is difficult to say, but with the right seemingly to debate and recommend) called attention to these facts, and demanded the surrender of all the Church lands that had been acquired since the passing of the Act of Mortmain. Nikon was not a person to give in to such a demand. He had hitherto kept his hold over the Czar's heart, and maintained a complete influence over him. The boyars had long tried to unseat him, and had made no way. He met them now with a firm front, and an indignant answer. They were enraged. A scheme was laid for Nikon's overthrow; and the whole power of a vindictive and offended nobility was arrayed against him. The Morozoffs, Miloslafskys, Streshneffs, the Troubetskoys, Dolgoroukys, Odoefskys, Romodanofskys, and a large circle of powerful families, united in a conspiracy. Stratagem, insult, and slander, were not spared; and every effort was made to undermine the Patriarch in the Czar's affection.

Nikon had points of character which did not favour him in such a contest as this. He had never courted the nobles; and his lofty inflexible bearing had had too much the appearance of disdain. It is the defect of some great minds, that they cannot conceal a contempt of the inferior ordinary tempers and low ways, that the strife of public life brings into contact with them. They are conscious of their own disinterestedness, sincerity, and singleness of view; and when they despise, they feel they do it ethically; their loftiness is not conceit; they do not look down

upon the world from an exalted self, but from a height out of themselves; the feeling issues from their moral nature, and makes itself transparent, because it has no intrinsic cause for disguise. This is a defect. Nikon was just the person to have it. He appears to have kept the boyars at a profound distance; and only admitting them to his presence in the hours of public business, where he had necessarily to attend more to expedition than courtesy, to have encouraged no private or social intercourse with them. When they did not come in time, they had to wait till they saw him; and he kept them in his antechamber for hours. He rebuked a number of them 'aloud in the cathedral, in the presence of the sovereign, calling each one by his name.' A difficult line has to be maintained by a person in such a position as Nikon's. Great power is watched by sharp eyes: if a man's behaviour is not equal to it, he is despised; if it is, he is hated. Some very skilful combinations of statesman-like qualities and arts, steer between the two; but, after all, there is much more nature in great men, than we are apt to think; and their career is part of their genuine character. A man has a sense of his greatness, and acts naturally upon that sense. He does not try to please—he carries himself high. He does many things, which in others would be pride, but which are not in him. It is this character at which the genuine ostracism of human nature rises. It feels inclined to expel him the *orbis terrarum*—to remove him beyond the sun, moon, and stars—beyond the realms of thought and existence; it invokes universal space, and conjures up unimaginable distance and exile against the foe.

An unfortunate turn in Nikon's political career gave the boyars an advantage over him with the Czar. A treaty offered by Sweden, Nikon had rejected. The fair provinces of Ingria and Carelia, with their churches and monasteries, taken by the Swede at the last peace, courted his eye. Past success encouraged him. He made a sudden peace with Poland; and commenced a war with Sweden. The war went on unsuccessfully. The Czar was driven back; and as the blame of such events must rest on somebody, it was immediately laid upon Nikon, and his advice in the first instance. The boyars got to the Czar's ear, and poured in their complaints. The poor Czar, secretly loving Nikon all the while, listened to the accusers, because he had not strength of mind enough to dismiss them. He gradually changed his demeanour to Nikon, became outwardly cool and estranged, and saw little of him.

A strong ecclesiastical controversy, that had been long ating the Russian Church, contributed to Nikon's difficulties; arrayed against him a large party of the clergy. The last years in our own Church, has made us know the strong

feelings that rubrical changes in the Church's service can create. People get accustomed to a routine, and appreciate tenderly the absolute unbroken integrity of the order of things that has confronted their eyes from Sunday to Sunday. The security of the life spiritual seems to rest on the immoveableness of the image upon the retina, and the senses have their own dogmatic tradition and creed. It does not signify how little the change that is made, or how much; for mutation, as such, offends the ravenous appetite for identity. This is natural in a people, but it imposes great slavery on a Church. The force of custom supersedes Church authority: and what is right or primitive gives way to what simply *is*. No examination is allowed; not a step can be retraced. There is no appeal to law or rule; if a Church has got into such a train, she must go on; and principle is lost sight of in fact. Under such an influence a nationalism rises up in a Church; its own precise form and mode pleases it, and nothing else; it loves its own image, and venerates its hodiernal antiquities and prescriptions.

A contest of this kind had risen up in the Russian Church. It had lasted with much vehemence for nearly a century. Amidst ages of disorder the Russian Church-books had become gradually corrupted from their original; uncanonical usages had crept in; some alterations were discovered even in the Communion Service; and an ancient sakkos, or vestment, which had belonged to the Metropolitan Photius, and which had been brought from Greece two hundred and fifty years before, showed a copy of the Creed worked in pearls, which differed from the copy in the Church-books. The more learned and orthodox party were for restoring the Church-books to their original text; but they encountered an obstinate fanatical opposition from the advocates of the Russian books. One side stood out for the traditions of the Eastern Church, the other for Russian antiquity; and a narrow nationalist school excited all the prejudices of the people against the innovators. The popular taste for ceremonial was perverted to this purpose, and a blind bigotry to every letter and tittle of accustomed forms clamoured against the least change, however demonstrably a mere return to the original. Even a commission for re-editing the books in the late reign had been defeated by the fraud of the clergy employed, and the new books had come out with the old faults.

Thus the matter stood when Nikon came to the Patriarchate. Nikon was a reformer by nature; not to say something of an innovator. He had rather a taste for alteration, for remodelling; he liked constructing, introducing. He changed the style of Church music; he altered parts of the Church dress. His temper was rather in the opposite direction, on this head, to

the native Russian one; and his had a natural turn for change, as the other had for custom. He fell under suspicion, and the old Russian mind did not quite understand him, and thought him flighty. He was not particularly tender about offending it; and little changes that came into his head he made, without humouring custom. But custom was a profound part of Russian nature, and could not be touched with a pin's point without offence. It is amusing to see what little straws show the current. Nikon was a man of taste: he saw the Russian clerical cap was flapping and ugly, and that the Greek was light and handsome. He adopted the Greek. The old Muscovite eye fastened on the new cap with alarm, and thought it typical of all sorts of vague revolutionary designs. 'See how he has changed the dress of 'the heads of our clergy, which they received by inspiration of 'the Holy Ghost, from the time we became Christians! And 'does not the earth tremble at his act, who having been hitherto 'dressed as a Muscovite, has made himself a Greek?' However, the undeniable elegance of the Patriarch's 'latia' set the fashion notwithstanding, and took the rising school. New Greek caps rose in the market; large orders issued from the monasteries for the article. 'Those who obtained them,' says Macarius, 'and 'were clothed in them by their own Patriarch, showed faces 'brilliant with delight.' The old Muscovite cap retired into sulky obscurity.

Nikon took up the present question with his characteristic energy, and a strong anti-Muscovite bias. He punished severely the fraudulent editors, and, assembling a council of Bishops, proposed the adoption of new books, and the return to the original Liturgy, 'which the great divines and teachers of the East, and of the 'whole Church, which Athanasius and Basil, Gregory, Chrysostom, 'and Damascene, and the Russian saints and workers of miracles, 'Peter Alexis, Jonah, and Philip,' had used. The monastic libraries of Moscow, the Trinity Lavra, Novogorod, and other places, were ransacked for their liturgical manuscripts: the monastery of Mount Athos sent five hundred; the Eastern Patriarchs two hundred more; and a general collation of the old Sclavonian copies with the modern books took place. Nikon himself worked hard. In the thick of public business his fingers turned, at every spare moment, to the old manuscripts at his side. The new books came out under the sanction of all the Patriarchs of the Eastern Church, and at once ousted the old copies. Murmurs arose; Nikon was abused, as a 'despiser of Russian antiquities;' his books were called, in contempt, the 'new books.' A large party of the clergy impeded the new arrangement; and Nikon had to secure obedience by strong steps: Paul, Bishop of Kolomna, he put in prison.

A generally disordered state of the Church and clergy, after the troubled times of Russia, extorted other severities from him. The Patriarch was a strict reformer of morals among his clergy. 'He severely punished intemperance, according to the custom of 'those times, with stripes and imprisonment, not sparing even 'his own confessor.' The conditions by which he tested the education of deacons and priests at ordination were made into a grievance, especially as he examined the candidates for ordination in his Patriarchal Diocese, himself in person. The beginnings of improvement always come unexpectedly, and appear unnecessary strictnesses, and the position of a reformer is an invidious one. His extraordinary elevation itself excited the jealousy of some higher clergy; and from quarters, high and low in the Church, hostility to Nikon was gathering, and ready to seize the first occasion for an outbreak.

With a conspiracy of nobles against him, whom his Church championship had embittered, and a large party of clergy whom his Church reforms had nettled, the power of Nikon now rested on the wavering stay of the amiable but weak Czar's love. Alexis stood in doubt what to do: he did not like leaving his friend, he did not dare to stand by him: he was first cool and estranged, and then affectionate. They had short moments still of old feeling. Warned by events, Nikon had begun to meditate retirement, and was building three monasteries in memory of the three stages of his life—as Hermit, Metropolitan, and Patriarch. He brought Alexis to see the last of the three, the Monastery of the Resurrection, near Moscow. Alexis looked down from the hill, now called the Mount of Olives, on the picturesque scene, in the midst of which the new fabric arose, and observed, that 'God seemed, from the beginning, to have prepared it as a site 'for a monastery: for,' said he, 'it is as beautiful as Jerusalem 'itself.' 'Nikon, whose heart was moved at that name, gratified 'the Czar, by calling the monastery New Jerusalem, and charged 'the bursar, who was travelling in the East, to bring him a 'model of the Holy Sepulchre, after the pattern of which he 'immediately laid the foundations of a large stone church.'

But Alexis was weak; he let the boyars obtain more and more influence over him; and allowed himself to be more and more estranged from the friend whom he secretly loved all the while. The boyars took good care to prevent him from seeing Nikon, and, at their instigation, he ceased even to attend the church where the Patriarch officiated. As the separation grew more marked, the triumph of the boyar party rose. A dead set was made on Nikon. The envy of a title, which he never claimed, wreaked its petty revenge in coarse and *viva voce* reproaches. Vulgar abuse assailed him; jibes and jokes were played off. One of

the courtiers, Streshneff, called his dog by the Patriarch's name. At a great public ceremonial, at the reception of a foreign Prince, one of the Patriarch's own boyars was abused and struck; and when Nikon asked for satisfaction for the attack on one of his suite, the Czar would take no notice. The Patriarch's decline was evident to all the world, and he remained in the capital an isolated man.

A particular case brought the contest to a crisis. The aggressions of a century on the property of the Church, had brought along with them interferences with her spirituality too; and to secure a hold over Church patronage, the nobles passed over the ecclesiastical institutor, and procured royal presentations to benefices for their relations or dependants, evading the medium of the Bishop altogether. One of these cases now occurred. The Czar, under the boyar influence, issued a ukase of presentation. The Patriarch demanded its withdrawal. It was refused.

Nikon now took a characteristic line. He saw his hold over the Czar gone, and the boyar influence dominant. He took a step which he thought would rouse people to a sense of the Church's danger, awaken the Czar's heart and courage, if he had any left, and show deeply and intensely his own patriarchal feeling. One class of great minds, in his emergency, stays to battle it out with rival power, however much at a disadvantage: another loftily withdraws. Nikon could rule an empire, and he could tenant a cell, but he would not stay upon a middle ambiguous ground of rivalry and struggle; or fight that cause upon the common level, that he claimed to rule from a spiritual throne. He would not condescend to the doubtful tug and tussle; the collision of sinew with sinew; the blow for blow, and gripe for gripe; the actual contact, material and gross, with the unseemly animals and beasts of prey that a regular public strife involves. He resolved to suspend his own functions as Patriarch, to make Russia feel an ecclesiastical hiatus and pause; and, as the Patriarchate was not allowed to act, to vindicate its dignity by a retirement. In the Cathedral of the Assumption, after finishing the Liturgy, he turned to the people, and confessed his sins and his unworthiness. He then placed the staff of Peter the Thaumaturge on the chief Icon of the Blessed Virgin, and declared with a loud voice he was no longer really Patriarch of Moscow. Amidst the laments and entreaties of clergy and people, he took off his episcopal robes, put on a common monk's mantle, and having written, in the vestry, a letter to the Czar, advertising him of his retirement, sat down on the steps of the ambon, and awaited an answer. The Czar's answer entreated him to remain. The people wept, and kept the doors of the cathedral shut; but Nikon would not resume his dress, or return to his patriarchal

lodgings. He went out of the capital, on foot, to his own monastery of the Resurrection, the same he had taken Alexis to see. To the Czar's message, his answer was, that 'he sought for quiet for his soul's health.' Here he continued; the Czar still sending messages, and proposing, at any rate, for Nikon's safety, his removal to a fortified monastery. The Patriarch mistook the offer (which was really meant kindly, for an invasion from the Crimea was expected), and replied, that 'there was another place in Moscow quite as well suited for the purpose, and where he would be even more safe,' meaning the city prison. Within his own precincts of the Resurrection, he went on living an anchorite life, and devoting himself to prayer, fasting, and manual labour. A small strong tower, of four stories, connected by a narrow winding staircase, in the meadow about half a mile from the monastery, is still preserved as his abode.

Encouraged by his absence, his enemies in the capital now ran riot. They broke into his closets, searched his papers, scattered his correspondence: they tore open and exposed to the general gaze the most private documents: even the secrets of the confessor, the inward burden and case of conscience, that had come before him as pastor of his flock, were not spared; and Nikon complained to the Czar that the rights of his own spiritual children had been violated, in the enmity to himself. An invidious display of all the letters from the Czar, in which he was styled 'Great Lord,' was made. His enemies of the episcopal order joined in the assault; and Paul of Kolomna was active. A council of Bishops called him a Haman, and debated the question of his deposition and degradation. But form and canon were opposed to such a proceeding, till the concurrence of the Eastern Patriarchs and the ceremonial of a regular trial had been called in.

Nikon had made, as far as results went, a false step in his retirement, and his inflexible loftiness of temper had led him away. He wanted pliancy. He could not wind, and draw in, and put forth, with that elasticity which keeps the accomplished class of statesmen upon their ground; he made sudden moves, and tried to carry things by a quick turn. His retirement, however, had the effect of reawakening the feelings of Alexis, and so of creating one more favourable opening for himself. It was a good substantial chance for him, though no more than a chance. Among a court of foes that surrounded Alexis he had one friend; from him he had a summons one day to show himself in the capital. Alexis, the letter said, was for him, was tired of his separation, had remembered his vow, and might be regained once and for all. Another letter came, and Nikon still hesitated. It was hazardous, it was awkward, to expose himself to a repulse.

A vision, as he slept in his solitary tower, urged him to go: 'it 'seemed as if the line of Prelates his predecessors rose up from 'their tombs in the Church of the Assumption, at the call of the 'Wonder-worker, Jonah, and gave him their hands to raise him 'a second time to the chair.' He went. He resolved to try once more what his presence could do, and throw himself upon one more personal interview with the Czar. Accompanied by the brethren of the monastery, he arrived in the city over night. In the morning he entered publicly into the Church of the Assumption, saluted the holy relics and Icons, and took his stand in the Patriarch's place, with the staff of the Wonder-worker in his hand. The Bishop Jonah, the guardian of the Patriarchate, and clergy, went up instinctively to receive his blessing. He then sent a messenger from the altar, inviting the Czar to prayer and the Patriarchal blessing. The Czar was astonished; the boyars were alarmed. They dreaded the effect upon the Czar of an interview into which the whole soul of Nikon would be thrown. On the one fact of Alexis seeing or not seeing Nikon, the fate of the two parties seemed to hang. To *see* him was the mischief—to hear the old persuasive voice again, and feel the revival of Nikon's full mind and power. They suggested a *letter* instead. The messenger returned to Nikon with the Czar's answer, declining to see him. He knew all was over, and taking the staff of the Wonder-worker, left the cathedral.

The trial now came on. The Œcumenical Patriarchs arrived from the East, and were received with due honours along the road to the capital. The hall of the Kremlin exhibited Patriarchs, Metropolitans, Archbishops and Bishops, Archimandrites, Hegumens, the Czar, his courtiers, and the nobles, assembled. The Patriarch appeared before them with that awful calmness which the countenance assumes when it looks steadily on a bitter draught. He had prepared for the scene as if for death, and had received 'the Viaticum of the Holy Gifts, and the Unction with oil.' He wore his Patriarchal robes, and the cross was borne before him. On seeing no Patriarchal seat given him, he stood. The sight brought tears from the eyes of the Czar and many of the council. The roll of charges, then produced, spoke of his general ambitious interference as Patriarch with matters out of his province; of oppressive and tyrannical conduct to the clergy in general; of the arbitrary deposition of Paul of Kolomna; his unauthorized desertion of his Patriarchal chair; the ambitious names of his three monasteries, Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Calvary; the arbitrary authority he had exercised in them since his retirement; his robbery and plunder, from the commencement of his reer, in order to enrich the Church. A variety of petty techcal charges followed; trivial acts and sayings were dragged up,

and private letters exposed. The indictment obviously represented the mixed animosity of the boyar and the clerical party to Nikon; and the zeal of the Church champion, and the Church reformer, supplied the principal materials against him. A long day of backward and forward work, charge made and rebutted, and conduct attacked and explained, followed. Nikon answered Paul of Kolomna and his episcopal accusers with indignant power, and defended the necessary strictness of his own Church administration. The Czar, Alexis, then turned to the boyars, and asked for their charges. They had none. All were silent. Their mouths were shut. They envied the Patriarch's power; and Nikon's fault was his greatness. In the pause, Nikon ironically observed, that they might put an end to him with stones, but never would do with words. 'The affectionate heart of 'the Czar could no longer restrain itself. He left his throne, 'and approaching Nikon, took him by the hand, and said, "Oh 'Most Holy Father, why hast thou put upon me such a reproach, 'preparing thyself for the Council, as if thou wert going to be 'put to death? Thinkest thou that I have forgotten all thy ser-'vices, both to myself personally, and to my family, during the 'plague, and our former mutual friendship?" The Patriarch an-'swered him with equal gentleness, exposing all the intrigues 'that had been formed against him.' But he had had experience of the temper of Alexis; and when the Czar talked about peace and reconciliation, he knew the weak prince would do nothing, and Nikon simply replied that he was prepared for his sentence. This was the first time they had spoken for eight years, and they never met again. Alexis, though he had not courage to save his friend, could not bear to see him as a criminal. He sent the Assembly summarily out of the Kremlin, and it adjourned to a small insignificant church in the city for the rest of its sitting.

After a week spent in deliberations Nikon's sentence was read; that he should be degraded, retain only the rank of a monk, and do penance for the rest of his life in a monastery. The two Patriarchs then advanced, and ordered his khlobouk, or monastic cap, which was embroidered with cherubims in pearls, to be taken from him. Nikon offered the compliant Prelates the jewels, to pay for their journey expenses in coming to condemn him. They would have stripped him of his episcopal robe, but they knew Nikon's popularity in the city, and were afraid of an outbreak from the crowd, if they saw the degradation of their Prelate so undisguisedly. Nikon was led away by a guard to the court-house of the province, under the taunts and reproaches of his judges, especially the clerical ones. His destination was to the monastery of Bielo-ozero, on the White Lake. He declined the money and sable furs that Alexis

sent, and set out poorly clad for his prison, though a winter cloak was forced on him afterwards by the Archimandrite of the Petchersky.

A confinement, at first very severe, was gradually relaxed by Alexis. The iron bars and fastenings disappeared from his doors and windows, and he had liberty within the monastic precincts, and a chapel of his own. Uneasy with himself, and haunted by the violation of his vow, without a guide or friend to supply the place of the one he had abandoned, the Czar's thoughts constantly passed over to Nikon's cell. He sent rich alms for the monastery, and sacred vessels for Nikon's chapel. He corresponded with him, and on his death-bed implored absolution from 'his Father,' 'Great Lord,' 'Most Holy Pontiff,' and 'Most Blessed Pastor,' Nikon. The request was made too late for the Czar to have his absolution alive, but it was sent after his death. 'The will of God be done!' exclaimed the Patriarch, with a groan. 'What though he never saw me to take leave of me 'here, we shall meet and be judged together at the terrible 'coming of Christ!'

One, and only one, wish, as regards this life, survived in Nikon's prison. He had an affection for all his monasteries; they were his children; the founder had the feeling of a parent for them. A man likes his own work, feels tenderly toward it. Nikon's monasteries were the hobbies of his devotional mind. Great men are fond of small reflections of themselves; they see their own likeness in some definite erection, and hang over it with an amiable and poetical self-congratulation. Nikon wanted to die in his monastery of the Resurrection. He had prepared a tomb for himself in the Church of the Sepulchre there, under the Calvary, and he wanted to repose in it. He petitioned for this one last favour. But the monastery was near Moscow, and his successor in the see did not relish the idea of an ex-Patriarch in such close vicinity. The request was long rejected. But the sight of Nikon's magnificent church struck the young Czar's heart one day. He went into the monastery; the fraternity surrounded him, with entreaties that he would allow them to possess their founder. He found it a hard matter to manage. Nikon was formidable even at death's door; men dreaded the mere fact of his being near them, though shut up in walls, and were nervous at the bare approach of the awful old man. A council met to deliberate on the question. The new patriarch remained long inflexible; but, in the midst of the sitting, news came that Nikon had put on the Schema, and was preparing for death. The simple favour could be denied no longer, and the messenger carried back the council's gracious leave that Nikon might die in his monastery.

The return of the messenger found Nikon prepared to set out.

A secret presentiment had made him get everything ready, and his religious suite were waiting, by his orders, to conduct him. We will give the rest in our author's own words:—'With diffi-'culty they placed the old man, now worn out with sickness and 'infirmity, in the sledge, which took him by land to a barge on the 'river Shreksna, by which he descended to the Volga. Here he 'was met by brethren from the Voskresensky monastery, that is, 'the monastery of the Resurrection, or New Jerusalem, who 'had been sent for that purpose. Nikon gave orders to drop 'down the Volga as far as Yaroslavla; and having put in to 'shore at the Tolkskoy monastery, he received the Communion of 'the Sick, for he began to be exceedingly feeble. The Hegu-'men, with all the brotherhood, went out to meet him, accom-'panied by a former enemy of Nikon, the Archimandrite Sergius, 'the same that during his trial kept him under guard, and 'covered him with reproaches, but had since been sent to this 'monastery in disgrace to perform penance. This Sergius 'having fallen asleep in the trapeza, or refectory, at the very 'hour of the arrival of Nikon, saw, in a dream, the Patriarch 'appearing to him, and saying—"Brother Sergius, arise; 'let us forgive and take leave of each other!"—when sud-'denly, at that moment he was awakened, and told that the 'Patriarch was actually approaching by the Volga, and that 'the brotherhood had already gone out to the bank to meet him. 'Sergius followed immediately, and when he saw Nikon dying, 'he fell at his feet, and shedding tears of repentance, asked and 'obtained his forgiveness. Death had already begun to come 'upon the Patriarch, by the time that the barge was again 'moving down the stream. The citizens of Yaroslavla hearing 'of his arrival, crowded the river, and seeing the old man lying 'on his couch all but dead, threw themselves down before him 'with tears, kissing his hands and his garments, and begging his 'blessing. Some towed the barge along the shore, others threw 'themselves into the water to assist them, and thus they drew 'it in and moored it against the monastery of the All-merciful 'Saviour.

'The sufferer was already so exhausted that he could not 'speak, but only gave his hand to them all. The Czar's secre-'tary ordered them to tow the barge to the other side of the river, 'to avoid the crowds of the people. There the royal carriages 'and horses were waiting for it. Just then the bells were struck 'for evening prayers. Nikon was on the point of death: sud-'denly, he turned and looked about as if some one had come to call 'him; and then arranged his hair, beard, and dress for himself, 'as if in preparation for his last and longest journey. His con-'fessor, together with all the brethren standing round, read the

'Commendatory prayers for the dying; and the Patriarch, 'stretching himself out to his full length on the couch, and 'laying his arms cross-wise upon his breast, gave one sigh, and 'departed from this world in peace.'

Thus died the great Patriarch, the ecclesiastical champion and confessor of his age. His death softened his foes, and a tardy justice gave him his rights, when he was no longer alive to be afraid of. The pious young Czar, Nikon's godson, pupil and executor, insisted on his godfather's restoration to the Patriarchal name, and had his funeral conducted with ecclesiastical honours. He himself helped to bear his coffin to the tomb; and from the spot where his father Alexis and Nikon had once stood admiring the new monastery, from the Mount of Olives to the tomb under Calvary, the young prince's shoulders supported the holy burden, in atonement for his father's neglect. He would allow no remaining jealousies to interfere with the honour of the dead; and employed the last eight months of a short life—for he only survived Nikon as long—in procuring the recognition of him again from the four Eastern Patriarchs, who 'unanimously received him into their pontifical assembly.'

Nikon's name still impersonates to the popular mind the old patriarchal power, and 'our Patriarchs and Nikon' are coupled together. 'We want our Patriarchs and Nikon back again,' is the under-current still of religious and ecclesiastical feeling in Russia. His name has been kept down by the course of party power since his death, and the subsequent dominion of the secular interest has done what it could to make him forgotten. No anniversary fête-day draws attention to him, and brings crowds of pilgrims to his tomb, as it does to the graves of other great prelates; and the insignia of custom, and honours of time, have been withheld, in a most marked and premeditated way, from him. Yet the name of Nikon is known to every poor man in Russia, and the commonest peasant knows, in his way, who Nikon was, and what he did. His tomb under the Calvary shows none of the adornments of saintly sepulture, no gorgeous pall, no pearls or jewels: it is in a damp, bare corner; but the peasant who happens to enter within the walls of the Resurrection Monastery, and into its chapel, kisses the cold stone with reverence. So fares it with men who oppose the age, and leave the party that they withstand in power behind them. The latter takes good care that their memory has no adventitious helps to it. Nikon's is a party name—the badge and token of a feeling and ·use—and marks of honour to him, would be a reproach and t to a crushing existing power. It survives, however, in the hs of men, and hovers in the air; it has made its own anence, and gained the substantial honours of history; and,

unaccompanied with the appendages of memorial ornament, or grace, a solid name lives upon itself, and enjoys a hard ascetic immortality.

With Nikon died the Patriarchate: he was its embodiment, and it fell with him. 'During the course of his seventy years' 'life upon earth, Nikon was, more or less, contemporary with 'all the Russian Patriarchs. He was born while the Patri- 'archate was still held by Job; he was a boy in the time of 'Hermogenes; a monk under the great Philaret; Superior of a 'convent under Joasaph; Metropolitan of Novogorod under 'Joseph, and a prisoner in bonds during the rule of the three 'Patriarchs that came after him.' The philosophy of metempsychosis would say, that he had animated the Patriarchal succession, and that, when his soul left it, it ceased. He stretches over it like an arch, and seems to occupy the ground, and make it his own. He brings it to its climax; exhibits it in one great energetic stage, and takes it away with him.

The period of Church power comes to a close with Nikon. The State interest continued to advance rapidly and steadily after his time, and soon dominated. The power grew, but it changed hands. The nobles who had commenced the struggle found themselves superseded after it, and the crown swallowed up both them and their success. The commanding genius of Peter the Great trampled under foot the feudal rights of the nobility, and brought all the strength and resources of the nation to its centre. He made the crown all in all. And the imperial power, possessed of a new swing basis and systematized strength, the consolidated political focus of the nation, came down irresistibly upon the Church. It seized all the Church lands, monastic and cathedral, in Russia. The monks and clergy were made pensioners on the State, and received their annual stipend in lieu of the revenues of their estates. Peter the Great was the Henry VIII. of Russia, only a much more politic one. He did not waste the fruits of spoliation, or enrich nobles at the expense of the crown; and the sums that Henry would have squandered over a billiard table, equipped navies, and built cities. The Patriarchate was put down at the same time. It had made itself obnoxious, and had shown itself influential. Centrality gives power to the Church, as it does to civil government: monarchy is stronger than democracy all the world over, and unity than plurality. The very same amount of power is much more formidable in one person than in a mass. The Russian State was unwilling to allow the Church the benefit of this principle any longer than it could help. An individual Patriarch collected feeling, courage, personal affections, about him; gave the Church a greater height of impersonated dignity, and was too much the rival of the monarch. An abstract patri-

archate was put in his place, and his functions were given to a Synod. The 'most holy governing Synod' is now the corporate Patriarch of Russia, and does what its individual predecessors used to do.

The present state of Russia shows two very different tempers and tones of feeling going on under one national surface. She has two elements, an old and a new one. The Russian government or cabinet represents the liberalizing principle and march of mind; it catches at improvements; introduces science, inventions, machinery; it mixes with the progress of civilization and the enlightenment of the age, and copies the arts, elegances, manners, thought and philosophy of the European intellect, and the world's theatre. The imperial power in Russia is especially a modern-tempered one; it idolizes the 19th century. This has been its tone and swing ever since the time of Peter the Great. It is, in fact, over-intensely, determinately modern, even for its professed purpose, and stands too far apart from the feelings and character of the nation at large to have its natural influence upon it. The policy of Peter was impatient and ambitious on this head. He wanted to europeanize Russia all at once, and brought in continental civilization by the neck and shoulders. He would put a new dress on an old nation, and transplanted the court of Louis XIV. to Moscow and St. Petersburgh: French was made the language of the Court and higher society; the Muscovite Boyar became the French Marquis; and science, fashion, and political economy were imported fresh from the European mart. This has been the spirit of the Imperial Government ever since. It is a mistake to picture it an old-fashioned oriental despotism, as English newspapers do: it is no such thing. We English make liberalism and civilization an appendage of a House of Commons, and think that the world cannot advance in its career unless members of towns and counties meet to deliberate in parliament. A House of Commons is certainly one form which the liberalizing spirit in a nation may take; but it is pedantic and ridiculous to say that it is the only form. The latter can animate a despotism, just as well as it can a democracy; and the cabinet of the emperor and autocrat can be as thoroughly modern and scientific as the one which represents the registration lists. The spirit, the line of a government, cannot be determined from its form—from its name and place in the class of polities. Absolute monarchies and democracies ve been liberal, and have been bigoted, both of them: they ve sometimes been one, and sometimes been the other. It is question of fact, which they are. The European absolutisms the French and Spanish Bourbons and the English Stuarts were not liberal ones; and you may find old-fashioned oriental

despotism in Persia, China, or Thibet. That is nothing to the purpose, and does not at all tell us what is or is not the case with respect to some despotism elsewhere. Go to Egypt, and you see a liberal and enlightened despotism engaged in removing superstition, and introducing science, machinery, and roads in its place. Go nearer home. The Prussian monarchy has no House of Commons or public meetings to control it; it is as absolute in its form as you could wish. But what is its spirit? Is not Prussia appealed to as the very standard of a liberally governed nation? And are we not sent to it for schemes of education and intellectual improvement, by hortatives from the 'Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge?' The characters of governments proceed upon more esoteric laws, than those of form and constitution. 'The wind bloweth where it listeth' in the world, as in the Church; a spirit rises, and a standard obtains, we know not how, or whence; we only see the fact: the age comes up, like water from its subterranean springs, at will; and the physiology of the world's government exhibits the varying phenomena of animal life. The Russian is a fair specimen of a modern liberalizing cabinet; 'bigoted,' oppressive, grinding, or cruel to the people, any more than our own is, it is not. Its severities are felt by individual nobles, but not by the mass; and the ominous name of Siberia, which makes our blood curdle, excites very little impression among a harmless population, who know they will never go there. A higher class of criminals go to Siberia in Russia, and a lower class go to Botany Bay in England; but Siberia in Russia, no more than Botany Bay in England, frets the popular mind as such. The Russian Government does for its subjects pretty much what other efficient liberal administrations do. Its intentions are interfered with, indeed, by its subordinates, and bribery prevails to a great extent in the provincial offices. But the Cabinet is known to be against such practices, and is ashamed of them, as blots upon the social system; and though it cannot clear away old abuses at once, the same spirit which is introducing steam, railways, and manufactures, will doubtless, in course of time, ameliorate the administration of justice. It does all this, however, upon the liberal, political-economical basis. It likes system, order, and centralization: it cultivates foreign connexions, introduces foreign skill, and aims at bringing out the strength and resources of Russia, and making her European. It adds an aspiring and aggressive line of foreign policy, an able and practised diplomacy; and a liberal, ambitious imperialism forms the regular modernized basis of a Russian Government.

Such is the new and dominant element in Russia; but the old has not kept up with it. While the government has gone on

keeping pace ambitiously with the march of European civilization and science, the mass of the people are much what they were in the days of their Metropolitans and Patriarchs. They have their old tastes, prejudices, and ecclesiastical simplicity. Peter the Great founded a modern court and state-policy; but that did not modernize the nation. The court was French, but the nation was Muscovite. The intervallum is the same between the two still; and a modernized nineteenth-century government presides over a simple-minded mediæval people. The result is a somewhat centaurian and grotesque picture; and the two characters go on, not blending or uniting, but stuck together, like the horse and the fish in the Satirist. The name of Russia, to our English ears, presents the nation as such—an aggressive one. An apprehensive mind pictures the Russians a fierce barbarian mass, ready to burst out, as the Huns and Vandals did of old, and inundate a world. But this is a false image of the nation. The Russian people is one element in it; the Russian cabinet is another; and barbaric ambition is untrue of both. The people's rudeness is a peaceful and religious one; and the cabinet's ambition is a utilitarian and liberal one. The people are of the old school. The forced and artificial manner in which foreign enlightenment was engrafted, has prevented it from spreading; and the violent and sudden start of the Government at first, has had the effect of keeping the nation back. The Government, with all its liberalizing ambition, does not convert. It exists as a tremendous despotic insulation in the midst of Russia; and, while it commands every spring in the machinery of the nation, is absolutely without influence upon its mind. It can do nothing with the Muscovite mass under it, except rule it, as a police-office would. The people go on in their own way, and are the same nation they were three centuries ago. And this ecclesiastical spirit in the people acts decidedly upon the Government, and is respected. It brings the Government to its ceremonial, instead of going over to the Government's philosophy; and a crown, as internally modernized as that of France or England, is profuse of external demonstrations of Church humility. The Emperor kisses a Bishop's hands when he meets him, as naturally as the commonest peasant would. The long services of the Church are attended by the Court with a patience which tells well for their political tactics; and the Emperor himself stands for hours with the resolution of a martyr. Six mortal hours did the whole Court stand over the grave of the late Archbishop Seraphim, as his funeral obsequies were performing. The people see only the surface, and suspect no [illegible] of difference of interest or spirit between the Church and [illegible]e. The Church has every outward respect shown it, and the

two always appear before them in perfect harmony. But this is a homage to the strength of popular ecclesiastical prejudices. The Government courts the people through the Church, and respects, with scrupulous care, the whole existing ecclesiastical image in the popular mind. No despotism is really quite despotic. The mass is strong where it has a feeling, though its strength is kept latent by being skilfully yielded to. So delicate is the Russian Government of any interference with the religious prejudices of the people, that, to this day, the old style continues in Russia. No Cabinet has dared to introduce the new one, from apprehension of a popular insurrection. The people would find their religious festivals interfered with, and would see the fact, and not understand the explanation.

The relations of Church and State may be gathered from these facts. The Church is strong in the affections of the mass, and is pre-eminently a popular Church. She rests upon the people. She and the people together constitute the old element of mind and feeling in Russia. They are on one side; the Government, on the other, without any of the old religious spirit, bends from its utilitarian basis to the popular devotion. The Church, moreover, wholly as she is without political power, does not provoke its jealousy. Her bishoprics are not places of secular rank and emolument; she has no posts that attract the covetous eye of the world, and make her patronage an object of contest and division. She is consequently not much interfered with, and she has her own way, for the most part, upon her own field. She manages her own internal affairs for herself; and the creation of new dioceses, or new schools, the censorship of the divinity press, education, and the like, are left in her hands. The Bishops are spiritual lords in their own dioceses, subject to the 'Holy Governing Synod.' The 'Holy Governing Synod' meets and deliberates. The President, the senior Bishop, sits at the head of the table, with his deacon behind him. In one corner of the room are the clerks of the Synod, in another the clerks of the Emperor. If the Emperor has any recommendation to make with respect to any Church arrangement, his clerk leaves his desk, when he hears the subject entered upon at the table, and goes up to the President's chair. The Synod nominates the Bishops, sending two names to the Emperor to choose from. If the Emperor has any one whom he wants to promote, he suggests his name beforehand; but the Government does not commonly interfere with the Episcopal appointments. So long, in short, as the Church goes on on her present basis, she has, and is likely to have, as much liberty as she wants to carry out that basis. There is a prevalent mistake as to the relations of the Church in Russia to the State. She is prevented from rising, from getting power;

but she is not interfered with where she is. An eye is upon her, that would note the first attempt at a return to her mediæval power; a powerful arm would crush the first appearance of a Becket or a Hildebrand in her. A strong prospective check is kept upon her; but the check is a prospective rather than a present one. A check is a burden and a pressure, doubtless; but a check is one sort of burden; actual interference is another. The State is powerful; the Church is weak. This is the pressure upon her.

The Church thus still presents, in her large and popular aspect, an old, rough, simple ecclesiastical genius and temper. She puts thronged areas, and faithful poor, splendid pomp and ceremonials, ascetic monks and prelates, and bowing, kissing, kneeling multitudes before us. She exhibits the faults and virtues of olden times. We have alluded to the old church character of the people especially. We go down the streets of Moscow, and know a Bishop from the groups that kneel and cluster about him as he walks. In a Church ceremonial, where the Bishop takes part, you observe, on the Bishop's entrance, a regular hum of pleasure and satisfaction; a buzzing, as of bees, pervading the whole crowd, as it presses upon him. They join vigorously in the Church services, and enjoy the sound of their own voices. They abound in devotional signs, gesticulations, prostrations. They fall upon the church floor, and knock the ground with their foreheads. They give way to their devout feeling, as different parts of the service strike home to them, or recall some recollection, joyful or penitential; and there is much nature and freedom in a congregation. One man does not do exactly like another, and the harmony of the scene is not interfered with by individual motions, and a variating thermometer, and little waves and eddies of feeling. A person asked why all the Saints' days in the calendar were not kept; the answer was, that if they were, the whole population of the country would certainly be all the morning in church; for as soon as they heard the bells going, nothing could keep them in the fields. They are rigorous observers of the Church fasts, which extend over a considerable portion of the year with them, comprehending not only Lent and Advent, but a Midsummer fast also. A religious poor man feels a call, and enters into a monastery; and a serf applies to his master for liberty, that he may follow the religious life. The plea is admitted. An Englishman was struck by the religious air of a Russian servant in an English hotel at St. Petersburgh; he seemed superior to his profession: 'Ah,' said the landlady, 'I am afraid he is going to turn Methodist. We shall never keep him. He will be going into a monastery soon.' The people have their places of pilgrimage, shrines, and tombs of saints, to which

they periodically go; the pilgrimage to Jerusalem is popular. These visits are accompanied, in the case of the better sort, with prayer and confession, and the monks of the place receive the penitents. The parish priest is ordinarily the confessor; but, as in the Western Church, people may choose their own; and the monk is often preferred. When a person of higher rank enters a monastery, he has this duty to perform often to those of his rank out of doors, and has a spiritual occupation thus provided for him.

One, and one only, main sect at present exists in Russia; and it is one most characteristic of the ecclesiastical character of the people. The sect that Nikon's reforms in the Church-books shot off from the Church still goes on, and uses obstinately the old Russian service-books, as they stood before the correction. The greater part have no point of disagreement with the Church except that; they are harmless ceremonialist fanatics, and only show the popular taste of the Church in a ridiculous, eccentric, and perverted shape. They are not allowed to print their service-books; and they transcribe them with immense labour for the use of their churches. This sect has split up since its rise: its different divisions amount to about three millions; an extraordinary number to collect on such an absurd basis. But its numbers are daily diminishing, and it will die a natural death, probably, in course of time.

The Russian Bishops are plain, hard, ascetic men. They come out of the monastic body, and have thus undergone a preparatory discipline, which puts their office in no enviable light to the man of the world, and makes them stand out as an order and phalanx to the popular eye. They reside in the monasteries, of which they are the Abbots or Archimandrites; a few plain apartments, and a frugal monastic table, supply the necessities of themselves and their suites; they live surrounded by bare walls and black monks; and the Church services, and the chanting of the choir, are their chief recreation from the hard work, the correspondence, the interviews, the cares and projects of a diocese.

The monasteries were much reduced in number at the time of the great spoliation; but about half are left. There are now three hundred and eighty-four monasteries, and a hundred and eight nunneries. The three Lavras have each a hundred monks; in the rest, the number varies from twenty or thirty, to forty. Some of these have been founded since the great spoliation, by individual munificence, and have revenues of their own, not paid from the State. The piety of the rich takes a fancy to particular monasteries occasionally, to which an ancestral connexion, or some other motive, attaches them; and one noble benefactress has recently bestowed between one and two millions of roubles, in the shape of endowments and repairs, upon one of tl

monasteries at Novogorod. Another has refounded an old monastery in the North, that the revolution destroyed. The scene of the early conversions, the rude monastic site, that, in the dawn of Russian Christianity, sent out its monks to the barbarous tribes of the North; the mountain top, which the monks fled to and excavated in the time of the Tartars, still appeals to the devotional mind; and the same holy spot is chosen for occupation again. In spite of assistance, however, the spare allowance from the State, given in commutation for the seized lands, reduced since to nearly one-third of its value by the depreciation of money, left many of the monasteries, within the last twelve years, in such a state, that they could not go on. The inmates were positively starving. The Police-Bureau, taking a plain magisterial view of the case, stimulated by a compassion which cost nothing, and not being versed in the canons, procured an Imperial Ukase, settling the difficulty in a very summary way. The inmates that had not positively taken the vows were set at liberty, and told to return to their homes, and earn their livelihood. But the Metropolitan Seraphim, President of the Synod, explained to the Emperor, in an interview, that though the expedient was very congenial with police law, it was not with the canons; that the monasteries could not expel inmates during their novitiate, if they chose to stay; and that the Church considered them her own. The Ukase was in consequence of this remonstrance revoked, and the State applied a more canonical and more charitable remedy to the evil, in the shape of an increased allowance to the poor monks and nuns.

The monasteries perform two duties to the Church; they keep up the monastic life, and clerical training. They are refuges of devotion, and also schools for the Church. They have two classes of inmates to correspond; those who are there simply for the life devotional, and those who take part in the school, or seminary, where such appendages are attached. The services in the monasteries commence at four in the morning; matins begin then, and last till seven. The monks then retire till liturgy, or mass, which begins at ten, and lasts two hours. They then take their first and only regular meal, dinner, during which a religious book is read out. They sleep for an hour, and then it is time for vespers. Some tea, or a crust of bread, is taken by a monk, if he likes, in the evening. Reading, or manual labour, or private devotion, supplies the vacant hours. The services in the larger monasteries are most beautiful and impressive. Singing is an article of education in them; and the alternate choirs of thirty or forty monks on each side take up one another quickly, and their deep musical Russian voices roll like the rich notes of an organ down the nave. The monks come principally out of the lower orders of society; but, occasionally,

a person of rank or wealth enters the religious life. A friend of ours met, in St. Petersburgh, a monk, come to beg alms for his convent, in the same way in which monks did ages ago. He was the only son of a wealthy Russian merchant, and the heir of a large fortune; and he had bright and glowing prospects before him, when he resolved suddenly to quit the world, and become monk. With all the habits that a polite education had formed, he entered a monastery, and went through the menial offices, working in the kitchen and outhouses of the establishment, as the inferior servant-monks do. His Superior paid him no attentions above the rest, and let him go on purposely unnoticed, as a discipline to his humility, and to prevent him thinking he had done any great thing in becoming a monk. At the end of many years, he asked leave to go on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. When he came back, his Superior's remark was, 'Well, so you have 'taken your pleasure;' and the monk returned to his labours and cell again.

The education of the clergy is appended to the monasteries. Every diocese has its seminary, which is put within monastic walls, and conducted by members of the fraternity. Besides these provincial institutions, are four great central metropolitan ones; the spiritual academies of Moscow, Kieff, St. Petersburgh, and Kazan, which receive the promising pupils of the subordinate seminaries, and carry on their education. The spiritual academies supply the learned and scholastic and influential part of the Russian clergy, the Principals and Vice-principals of seminaries, and the higher parochial clergy; they educate the rising race of Bishops and Archimandrites, and other dignitaries. The course of reading there is much the same with that in our own schools and universities. The Greek and Latin poets and historians accompany the line of divinity-reading; and some knowledge of Hebrew is given.

Some of the missionary enterprises of the Russian Church still breathe her old spirit, and have the primitive air of her northern conversions about them. The missions on the borders of the Yénicei, that the Archimandrite Macarius has been carrying on for the last fifteen years; the rapid conversion of the Samoïedes on the Karscœ Sea, and the missions to various districts of the Caucasus, show a zeal for the spread of the Gospel, which, we may hope, would swell to its old northern expanse again, if it had the old North to convert once more. But the most interesting missionary achievement of recent years, has been that of Bishop Innocent, in the Aleeutian and Curille islands, south of Kamschatka, in the North Pacific.

At the close of the last century a Russian merchant-traveller came back to his country, with a description of various pagan islands and tribes in these remote parts, that called for con-

version. His representations were attended to; and a mission of eight monks, with an Archimandrite, set out for the Aleeutian Archipelago. The rigours of a polar voyage, the drifting iceburgs, intense cold, stormy seas, and dangerous rocks, tried the strength and courage of the party. The barren shores yielded no corn or fruits. The very sun of the northern skies seemed to have a curse upon it, says our narrative; and even the natives could hardly live in their climate. After much suffering, half the company were shipwrecked between the islands and the main land. The three survivors, 'Father Macarius,' 'Father Juvenal,' and the monk 'German,' planted the cross, and divided the field of labour between them. Macarius took the islands, where he preached with great success. 'Father Juvenal' established himself on the Cadiac, and soon had a circle of neophytes about him; but his missionary boldness brought a premature martyrdom upon him. He persuaded some of the new converts to let him have their children, to send to the Company's 'Russian-American Schools' for education; and he was departing with his infantine charge, when a furious band of natives, who chose to suppose that he was stealing the children, set up a pursuit, and overtook him. His own party were ready to fight for him, but he would not let them; and he gave himself into the hands of the pursuers, on the condition that they would not harm his converts. They took him, and killed him on the spot. His blood brought horror and remorse to his murderers; and the popular report was that he appeared to them after his death. The monk German erected his 'hermitage' on another part of the coast, and employed himself in instructing Aleeutian converts; and there he died, in 1838, after a long and devoted life.

The reduced mission was unable to do its work, and a pause, says our French document, 'like one of the long polar nights,' followed. The cause received some discouragements. A new Bishop, designed for Kamschatka, was shipwrecked on his way. The nearest Bishop was that of Irkoutsk, and he had too much to do in his own wide diocese to spare any labour for the Aleeutians for a long time. But he kept them in his eye; and, in 1826, the Bishop made choice of 'le Père Veniaminoff,' to conduct a mission there. The latter, after many internal struggles of diffidence and hesitation, accepted the post. 'Arrived at my new 'parish,' he writes, 'after a long and painful voyage, I hastened 'to acquaint myself with my flock. I find myself amongst 'Russians, Aleeutians, Coloches, and Coluges. It gives me 'much delight to see the fervour of the Aleeutians; their doci-'lity, attendance at church; their reverence, their touching confi-'dence in their pastor; the delicacy of conscience, almost too 'scrupulous, with which they confess, and their simple-minded '*empressement* to expose the very least faults they see in them-

'selves. The women leave their homes, and their infants in 'their swaddling clothes, to come and hear the gospel preached. 'A preacher would be a zealous one indeed who was not very 'tired after he had fatigued an Aleeutian congregation. They 'have profited in the school of adversity, misery, and privation; 'it has disciplined them for the gospel. Their compassion for 'others' sufferings is equal to their patience under their own. 'It is quite their character, as a nation. I have seen, in their 'periodical seasons of famine, the poor share their last fish with 'their neighbours. They never revenge an injury, and their 'only notice of it is a stern silence, which often lasts several 'days together.' The 'Coluges' were a more difficult people to deal with; and M. Veniaminoff, after several delays, took advantage of a plague raging among them to go into the thick of them, with medicines in one hand, and the word of life in the other; and a prejudice against Christianity, so great at first as actually to ascribe the plague to the anger of the gods at the new doctrine, was soon surmounted, and converts flowed in. The zealous father then crossed over to the Cadiac, the scene of 'le Père Juvenal's' labours, and found, to his great joy, a Christian nucleus still left in the country, true to the faith, and keeping alive the memory of the martyr. After thirteen years of intense labour, spent in voyaging, travelling, preaching, catechising, and getting up all the different dialects of the Aleeutian language, and translating the gospels of St. Matthew, St. Luke, and the Acts of the Apostles, for the benefit of the converts, the evangeliser left a population of ten thousand converts, a great part of them his own, for St. Petersburgh, to receive a missionary mitre, and the Bishopric of the regions he had converted. He has now returned to his see of Kamschatka; and Bishop Innocent is carrying on and extending, in his missionary diocese, the work he has begun.

The historical career of the Russian Church brings out strongly peculiar characteristics in her, partly native, partly Eastern. She has imbibed much from the *genius loci;* and her saintly standard of rough, earnest simplicity, the character of her hermits, monks, and prelates, shows Christianity upon aboriginal northern ground, and the Catholic element animating a peculiar popular material and mind. A spirit rests upon her forests and lakes, her wide plains and rolling rivers. The Volga, the Don, and the Dnieper, have had their barbaric waters breathed upon: they are what they were, and they show their native spirit, but they show it converted. The genius of the North was certainly caught, and caught successfully, at the conversion of Russia; and the Gospel, while it moulded and spiritualized the natural religion, heart, and reverence of the Northern mind, left at the same time the air of their original upon them.

Christianity does not annihilate nature, but changes her; it allows her genuine stamp to remain, when it is simple nature, and not evil nature, that is the subject-matter; and it brings her under the action of grace, in accordance with her previous state and composition. The Russian Church supplies an instance of this; and we are awed, or startled, or affected; we admire, and are amused; as saintly depths or boldnesses, scenes of pathos or greatness, or eccentricities, or quaintnesses pass before us; but all is in keeping, in harmony; the whole is the multiform result of the material combined with the religious element which has converted it; and while we see Christianity in a character somewhat different from the one with which we are familiar, we may see it genuine, hearty, and aspiring, and feel inclined to allow for differences, and penetrate through the veil of circumstance and peculiarities of outward guise to the real Gospel form and image underneath.

A strong Eastern, as well as native, character pervades her, and she reflects the light which originally illumined her. She goes back, in thought and sentiment, to the source from whence she sprung; and the claims of the East are felt powerfully, and mingle with the religious poetry of the people. Her monastic discipline; her book of saints; the annals of her Metropolitans, and associations, wide and various, all take her to the East. Constantinople sent the missionaries that converted her; Constantinople enlightened Oskold and Dir, Olga and Vladimir, and the old Varangian corps; and the Greek Empire, and Patriarchate of the East, are associated with the earliest dawn of the Gospel upon her. She looks on Athos, and sees the place where her S. Antony revived his mission. The popular pilgrimages to Jerusalem show the Eastern mind. The very names of her saints: her Hilarion, Theodosius, Theognostes, Isidore, Macarius, Cyril, Hermogenes, take her to the East. Her Eastern services and ritual take her back to the very Eastern fountain-head; and were S. Basil and S. Chrysostom to reappear, they would hear in Russia the self-same unaltered liturgy that they assisted at themselves in the fourth century. She has imbibed the dogmatic traditionary spirit and ceremonial taste of the East. She is the child of the East, and she is like her parent. The Eastern sun blends with, and colours the popular visions of Russian glory and conquest; and a deep enthusiasm, which any Russian Emperor could any moment take advantage of, exists about Constantinople. The people look upon it as belonging to them, and grudge its occupation to the infidel. The old legend and prophecy, the popular rhyme, promise them its capture; they look forward to the day. Russia seems the natural proprietor of the Eastern capital; and an invasion of Turkey would, any day, carry people's feeling with it, though the balance of European

power, at present, prevents one. The Russian Church has had the simply nationalist Muscovite tendency in her, going along with the Eastern; but the Eastern has overcome the Muscovite: and large and disproportionate part as she is of the Eastern Church, she, nevertheless, has never absorbed the East into herself, and made it Muscovite, but always belonged, in her mode of thinking of herself, to the East,—not the East to her. She keeps up the filial sentiment, and attaches herself to an Eastern catholicity.

Thus Eastern in her source and antiquities, she yet mingles much of Western sentiment with her system; and the Russian Church, like the country, is half European, half Oriental. She has run through all the popular religious developments of her Western sister, not borrowing them apparently, but producing them out of her herself, and following her own instinct. The 'culte' of the Virgin and the Saints, the veneration of relics, and the rest of the mediæval devotional system, have grown upon her. She has pictures, and the West has images; her people prostrate themselves, and the Westerns bow. Her people abound in salutations and kissings, which the West has not. She is Asiatic in her forms of veneration and respect; but the mediæval sentiment is the same in both. In the same way she has run through the course of political power that the Western Church has; she has had her baronial abbots, her prince-bishops, her castellated monasteries, and armed tenantry; and the same movement that deprived the Western Church of her secular insignia, deprived the Eastern of hers. The two, without connexion, and in spite of animosities, have run remarkably through the same career, and have had the same growth, expansion, activities, abuses. The Russian Church even now, in spite of her weakened position, reaps the effect of that tremendous swing of power which she has had formerly; and she enjoys the prestige of her energetic and effective mediæval reign, in the inherent inbred affections of the popular mass, the genuine product of the labours of ages gone by, and become now the very birth and natural growth of the soil. Providence has exempted the Russian Church from some of the great difficulties of the Western, and she has a more simple people to govern, and the Western forms of heresy do not harass her. It only remains for us to hope that she will not take advantage of her position in this respect to enjoy repose and carelessness; that she will do more than retain her prestige, and live on her past days; that she will add energy to her devoutness, and thought and policy to her sanctity; and prepare herself to meet the trials and aggressions which the progress of the age, the influx of opinions, and the world's quickening circulation may be preparing.

ART. II.—*The Elements of Morality, including Polity.* By WILLIAM WHEWELL, D. D., *Master of Trinity College, and Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Cambridge.* London: J. W. Parker.

THERE are reasons which, in the present day, attach especial interest to ethical works proceeding from the University of Cambridge. It is always a curious study to mark the workings of the human mind, as it toils along amidst conflicting influences, and aims at elaborating unity from the most contradictory materials. But curiosity becomes anxiety, when we remember that we are contemplating the results of a somewhat anomalous system, now actively engaged, at one of England's chief seats of learning, in forming the character of her sons; and this for times which promise little mercy to those, who shall fail to identify themselves thoroughly with their principles, or shrink from urging them to their utmost consequences.

Many true and loyal spirits, whom Cambridge is proud to reckon among her children, freely allow that in one part of her teaching she is far from perfect. To say that she is capable of producing good, as well as great, men, would be asserting what no one cares to deny. A long list of eminent names might easily be adduced to establish, how well adapted are her institutions to foster that goodness, which no human means can originate. Should we inquire what method it is which is found so effectual in the work of education, we may readily conjecture the general scope of the answer. Appeal would be made, and justly, to the combination of scientific pursuits with the study and practice of religion. Where, it might be asked, are we to look for good fruit from systematic mental culture, if it is not to be found in an University, which at once demands trust, and encourages inquiry, by uniting the inculcation of the Christian faith to the formation of habits of the strictest and most rigorous analysis? Nor would it be right to pass over the many indirect influences, obvious even to the most careless observer, which must ever work most powerfully for good in places like our English Universities. It is no slight privilege and advantage to spend even a few short years in scenes full of past associations, which bear directly on the present; where thoughtful minds, indifferent to the common motives of the world, and apt to shrink back when the crowd is pressing forward, can hear a voice calling them to solemn emulation of the dead; where art still breathes much of the spirit which begot her, and appeals far

more strongly to the feelings, than to the taste, or the understanding.

But this, perhaps, would not satisfy an ill-natured objector, or one who should feel it his duty to be critical. The few great minds, he might observe, with which the world is favoured, truly great because truly good, are no proofs of the merit or demerit of the system in which we find them. It would almost seem that the antagonism of evil is as favourable to the development of their powers, as the co-operation of good. Their virtue, as it lies in themselves, so it began there; they are the instruments of Providence for great ends, and have a strength independent of circumstances. The effectiveness of education must be tested at a lower point in the scale of humanity; its chief work lies among those who have neither the temptation of very strong propensions, nor the responsibility of great intellectual power; on such men it may impress a character so deeply, that it seems indelible, and it becomes hard to hold the balance between the force of implanted habits, and the freedom of an accountable agent. Persons of this kind, if not deficient in those powers of inference which are brought into play in the higher mathematics, are often unable to apply the results to any useful purpose; no general habit of investigation is formed; no love of truth for its own sake is elicited: the sum of their conclusions stands alone in its consistency, the plaything of the reason, or the burden of the memory; but, in all that regards their higher being, isolated and unemployed. It is as the stone boulder, heavy indeed and coherent, but sleeping idly on the side of the hill; and not the tree, striking its roots far and wide into the adjacent soil, and deriving fresh strength from the very earth which it knits together. Most men are marvellously wanting in the faculty of mind, which is akin to the process of assimilation in the body. Knowledge must be given them much in the form in which they have to use it, or they will never discover that it is useful at all; and where there is not great talent, or considerable earnestness, indirect teaching will be almost thrown away. The reasoning powers may be cultivated, and the imagination supplied with new and higher ideas, and yet the individual for whose benefit this discipline is meant, shall be little or none the better. It is the duty of authority, and especially of authority employed in education, to inculcate directly those moral truths on which its dominion is ultimately founded.

Now in what manner does the University of Cambridge aim at fulfilling this duty? Where shall we look for the exponent of her practical teaching? Supposing that she places in the hands of her students a work professing to treat of 'that science which teaches men their duty, and the reasons of it;' that

to this work she calls more particularly the attention of those, who from any cause decline to pursue her more abstract course of study, and need, therefore, in her walls, more immediate preparation for the active engagements of life; supposing further, that this manual receives her explicit sanction, by being admitted to a prominent place in her University examinations, what can be more reasonable than to view it as a part of her system, and to hold her responsible for its contents?

Yet, on the present occasion, we feel an invincible repugnance to this obvious course. It is not to be believed that the morality of Cambridge is fairly represented by Paley's Moral Philosophy. That a Christian divine could have written some parts of that remarkable book, is itself sufficiently surprising, without the additional wonder, that a Christian society should have adopted it. Many a youthful mind must have recoiled in astonishment at the first perusal of a treatise recommended by the voice of authority, speaking through some reverend senior, from the first principles of which it requires little logic to infer, that disinterestedness is a mistake, and heroism little short of madness. A religious man, young or old, who has endeavoured, however imperfectly, to follow the evangelical rule of life, will be slow to embrace a system in which he finds no place for devotion or self-denial. The speculative moralist at once condemns it, with its false definition of right, as conformity to a rule self-chosen, not obedience to a law imposed, and its more than virtual rejection of the in-born light of conscience. The practical value of such teaching it is not difficult to estimate. Without heart, or warmth, or instinctive vitality, expressly refusing any credit for dignity, or delicacy, or refinement, it may serve in common times to propel common men along the dead level of expediency; but if ever it claim to have kindled the high and generous spirit, which alone can face unlooked-for difficulties, and rise superior to emergencies, it will have proved too much, and convicted itself of falsehood.

No excellence of oral instruction can ever remedy this fundamental evil. A teacher is placed in an unnatural position, when he is obliged to contradict his text-book. Such a course is indeed often necessary, as well as allowable, in matters of detail; but it becomes an absurdity when principles are called into question. Any doubt thrown upon these must affect the sequel also; and when the premises are rejected, the conclusions may be true, but scarcely trustworthy. That faith in authority, so useful and encouraging to the young learner, is then rendered impossible. Who can wonder, if, with his judgment suspended between the text and the ill-according comment, in his doubt what to believe, he declines believing at all, and reconciles him-

self to the difficulties attendant on either view by an entire indifference to both? Neither, if he reject this summary proceeding, is it at all unlikely that the book will prevail over its interpreter. There is a common impression, it matters little whether well or ill founded, that it is easier to talk than to write. Many too, who have no desire to live under the sovereignty of the press, have a greater respect for the mysteries of type, than they are at all aware of. Again, the apparent unfairness of this mode of assault may gain some allies for the persecuted treatise. Literature is not without its code of honour; the war of opinion should be carried on with all due observance of ceremony. Paley has, as it were, established his position in Cambridge. His assailant is in the place of a challenger, and the challenged has the choice of weapons. A book of any caste deserves a book to answer it.

It is impossible, then, to be indifferent to the treatise before us, coming as it does from the Professor of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge, and that at a time when an author of Dr. Whewell's eminence fills the professorial chair. We should look with interest on the slightest literary straw which marks the course of the current: how much more on a work that may possibly turn the stream! In this case, too, there is ground not only for expectation, but for hope. Nearly eight years have now passed since Dr. Whewell clearly and publicly declared his opinion on the present question. In the preface to his four sermons, preached before the University of Cambridge in the year 1837, he stated his impression, that the evils arising from the countenance afforded by that University to the principles of Paley's system were so great, as to make it desirable that its sanction should be withdrawn from its doctrines without further delay. At that time, however, it appears he was not aware of any system of ethics, constructed on a sounder basis, which he could recommend as a substitute for the justly obnoxious treatise. He alluded, indeed, to Bishop Butler, as the representative of a sounder school, but rightly observed, that he has not in his admirable sermons delivered a *system* of morals. To the construction of such a system as the fundamental idea of a moral law, Dr. Whewell then referred, as both a possible and highly interesting undertaking; while he mentioned the probability, that he should long be prevented from making the attempt by other objects and avocations. But men of a certain power of mind seldom let difficulties not absolutely insurmountable hinder the execution of a plan they have once conceived; and we are at length allowed to welcome two octavo volumes on the Elements of Morality, including Polity, from the pen of the Master of Trinity College.

Of the distinctive merits of this work we shall shortly have occa-

sion to speak. All who are acquainted with the former writings of its author, will be prepared to find the fruits of very general and extensive reading, combined under an idea of method clearly conceived and strictly followed. Yet we must confess, that, at the very outset of these volumes, we could not wholly suppress a feeling of disappointment. The fault was, indeed, our own, in allowing hope to usurp the place of reason, and fix its own interpretation on the title. Old associations deceived us, in our endeavour to anticipate the contents of a treatise on the *Elements* of Morality. From the time of our first perusal of Euclid, we had attached a very different meaning to the adjective, *elementary*, and its corresponding substantive. While the former word suggested a collection of facts,—ill-chosen perhaps, and worse arranged,—or of principles stated in so compressed a form, that it required almost more knowledge than that of the compiler to understand them; the more favoured noun, with all its air of modesty, promised much by implication,—no less than a system of knowledge perfect from its foundation upwards, and never contented with a mere superficial basis, while nature supplied a deeper. Material considerations, perhaps, helped to strengthen the opinion. The four elements, till they were decomposed, exercised a very respectable despotism over the physical world; and now that their reign is over, and an empty title, without half their dignity, has descended to a more numerous and more retiring race, the discovery of a new elementary substance is still a prize for science. To whatever metaphor we look for the first meaning of the word, whether to the letters of a written, or the simplest articulate sounds of a spoken, language; to the first confused material of Chaos, or those primordial forms by which nature reduced the rude mass to order, we are met by the same notion of an ultimate groundwork of knowledge. But it would appear that Dr. Whewell, a high authority on matters of terminology, applies the term to signify a system based on admitted principles, in whatever manner the knowledge of those principles has been obtained. On this subject, and other important points connected with it, his Preface shall speak for itself.

'The Reader will perceive that this Work is not described in the title as having *Moral Philosophy* for its subject, but is entitled Elements of *Morality*. The distinction between the two subjects to which these two terms may be most appropriately applied, is important. Morality, and the Philosophy of Morality, differ in the same manner and in the same degree as Geometry, and the Philosophy of Geometry. Of these two subjects Geometry consists of a series of positive and definite Propositions, deduced one from another in succession by rigorous reasoning, and all resting upon certain Definitions and Self-evident Axioms. The Philosophy of Geometry is quite a different subject; it includes such

inquiries as these :—Whence is the Cogency of Geometrical proof? What is the Evidence of the Axioms and Definitions? What are the Faculties by which we become aware of their truth? and the like. The two kinds of speculation have been pursued, for the most part, by two different classes of persons,—the Geometers and the Metaphysicians,—for it has been far more the occupation of Metaphysicians than of Geometers to discuss such questions as I have stated, the nature of Geometrical Proofs, Geometrical Axioms, the Geometrical Faculty, and the like. And if we construct a complete System of Geometry, it will be almost exactly the same, whatever be the views which we take on these Metaphysical questions. To construct such a System requires labour and thought of quite a different kind from that which is requisite in the discussion of the questions, whether Geometry rests upon Axioms? whether man has a Geometrical Faculty? and the like. But though Geometry is a very different thing from such Philosophy of Geometry, the existence of a Scientific System of Geometry is very requisite for the progress of such philosophy. If we had had no Euclid, we should have had no disputations on such philosophical questions as I have mentioned. It was the familiar possession of a body of Geometrical Truth, systematically arranged and solidly demonstrated, which led men to inquire, in virtue of what conditions, and what human faculties, such a body of truth was possible. Men would never have discussed whether and why Geometrical Truth was possible, if they had not had before them an undeniable collection of such Truth. Or if, without having any certainty or knowledge of Geometrical Propositions, men had speculated and disputed as to whether they could have such knowledge and such certainty; we cannot suppose that they could have arrived at any distinct or stable result of such speculations. The construction of the Elements of Geometry, besides being the creation of a precious and imperishable body of Scientific Truth, was the first step in the Philosophy of Geometry.

'It has long appeared to me that the relation which thus subsists between Geometry and the Philosophy of Geometry, must subsist also between Morality and the Philosophy of Morality. If we had a view of Morality, in which Moral Propositions were deduced from Axioms by successive steps of reasoning, so far as to form a connected System of Moral Truth, we should then have before us definite Problems, if we proceeded to inquire, what is the nature and evidence of Moral Axioms, and what are the Faculties by which we know them to be true. On this account it seemed to me that the Construction of Elements of Morality ought to precede any attempt to settle the disputed and doubtful questions which are regarded as belonging to the Philosophy of Morality.'—Pp. v.—vii.

'The principles which are the foundation of the reasoning in this System of Morality . . . . may be considered as, in some measure, analogous in Morality to the *Axioms* in Geometry. I have attempted to show how we are led to these Principles. But I hope I may once more refer to the analogy of Geometry, and remind the reader, that all the controversies which turn on matters *below* the Axioms do not affect the Superstructure which is built *upon* them.'—P. viii.

We have here a clear statement of the general design of the work. It aims at forming 'a connected system of moral truth,' according to the rigorous method of science. Thus it assumes from the first a deductive character, premising its definitions and axioms, on which the whole weight of the subsequent structure is to rest. The same aspect it preserves throughout, continually referring us, as fresh propositions are advanced, either to the former conclusions, on which they immediately depend, or the yet earlier principles into which these conclusions resolve themselves. The statistics of literature are very deceptive; but in this case it will convey no exaggerated impression of the extent and elaboration of the treatise, to state that it contains, in close and systematic conjunction, the not inconsiderable number of one thousand two hundred and sixteen Articles. The general trunk of morality, to use the metaphor of the author, is divided into the five following branches:—Jurisprudence, the Morality of Reason, the Morality of Religion, Polity, and International Law. Each of these, in its turn, meets with careful consideration; and where learning, in its direct results, can profitably and naturally be brought to bear, no one will complain that it is wanting. Yet we should be disposed, at the very outset, to discover a fault, in what the author probably considers the distinctive excellency of his method. In the attempt to conform an ethical treatise to a mathematical model, he is led to divorce almost entirely the practical system from the philosophy of morality. As this, with the other defects of the treatise, seems mainly traceable to one source,—the overstatement of the analogy between geometry and morals,—we may be excused in making a few remarks on the subject.

There seem serious objections to the statement of Dr. Whewell, that 'Morality, and the Philosophy of Morality, differ in the same manner, *and in the same degree*, as Geometry, and the Philosophy of Geometry.' Allowing, for the time, that the reason, whether employed on speculative or practical truth, can alike elaborate a system, perfect in its structure, and consistent in the interdependence of parts, the most important distinctions may yet originate from the different manner in which these respective systems require to be harmonised with the external world, or the realities of our own being. Now it will be freely acknowledged, that Mathematics in general, and Geometry in particular, viewed as a branch of liberal education, are mainly important as a means of cultivating the inferential powers. The premises are such as the mind, for whatever reason, grants at once without doubt or hesitation. Henceforth, to whatever length the chain of deduction may be drawn, the basis remains unchanged. The conceptions of a triangle and a circle are scarcely more vivid to

the most advanced geometer than to the merest tyro. They are indeed more full and circumstantial, when invested with new associations, and properties before unknown; but, if the definitions were correctly given at first, they are not at all the clearer. Mathematics must still bear the reproach they have borne from the time of Plato, of not leading the mind to the contemplation of principles. Their law is progress in an onward direction, and results are their especial province.

Accordingly, men of only common understanding, and not of a remarkably speculative turn, however fully they may be convinced of the absolute truth contained in a demonstration, experience a far more lively pleasure, if they can verify in practice what they have already demonstrated. With them, problems are more satisfactory than theorems, and applications than problems. A schoolboy, who quite understands the proof in the text of his Euclid, will yet often measure the figure, to try if the three angles of his triangle equal two right angles. The mind is corroborated in its belief of the premises, by experience of the actual truth of the conclusions. When this process has often taken place, it dislikes having called in question the original grounds of its knowledge. The consistency of the intellectual fabric, with itself throughout, and with external facts, when comparison is possible, becomes its sufficient evidence. We could not disbelieve the propositions of geometry, even could it be shown, that the definition of a straight line was insufficient, or that the notion of a point involved a contradiction.

Far different is the natural process of the mind in investigating the idea of morality. The necessity for such investigation arises from the absence of that very feature which characterises the truths of geometry; its rules do not accurately coincide with the course of the world, or meet their fulfilment in the sphere of our observation. In a higher world only can responsible beings conform as strictly to the laws of duty, as matter to those of space. Nor does this imply only a disease of the will; the understanding has her share of the perplexity. The most conscientious persons are not the class who are least perplexed by cases of conscience. The light within does not always burn brightly and steadily; its decisions, when most needed, are often most indistinct and doubtful; and reason, with her general rules, comes to the aid of the moral faculty, unable, without such assistance, to determine the rule of conduct. Thus our very imperfection obliges us to rise above the range of mere phenomena, and so far to methodize our knowledge, that, when perception fails, the experience of the past may stand in its place, and serve for our present guidance. But now, in listening to the voice of conscience, as she assents to these broader propo-

sitions, we are placed in a novel position. Before, the path of duty was that of simple obedience; the guide spoke clearly, and was to be implicitly followed; but general directions should be collated and compared, and referred to the principles on which they are grounded, if we would do justice to their meaning. At this stage, too, the love of system comes in; unconnected truths, however valuable, have little charm for the mind; we love to view them, as they tend to a single point, and join in a higher unity. So reason proceeds, ever intent on tracing upwards the golden chain, which unites the minutest act of conscientious obedience to the highest principles which she has power to recognise; until she has traversed all her lawful province, and resigns her trust into the hands of faith. Morality must at last kneel at the feet of religion; her authority is traced to its source, the direct command of God.

When the whole field of ethical science has thus been rapidly, and of course imperfectly, explored, a new process begins. As it is impossible to ascend higher than the supreme Imponent of the moral law, so, in the reverse order of statement, we cannot descend lower than those particular cases of action, from which our inquiry in fact originated. Thus practical truth is a very insufficient and limited object for the exercise of the simply deductive powers; but for this defect it amply compensates, by the readiness with which it calls into play the feelings and the imagination, and the consequently great influence it exercises in the formation of character. For, with all who do not absolutely resist its beneficial influences, moral teaching must go hand in hand with moral progress. In either case, the rule of development is, on the whole, the same; the outline of a system, and the prominent features of a character, are soon determined; in neither, after a certain time, is alteration of the general aspect, or the addition of fresh parts, an argument of approach to perfection. To harmonize and adjust, not to enlarge or extend, is the ultimate task both of moralist and educator.

And as in the inner life of a truly good man, there can be no feeling or action which rests or terminates in itself, and does not vibrate, as it were, through all the chords of his being; as every evidence of God's presence in the world of grace or of nature is a fresh motive to more exact observance of His will, and on the other hand every act of obedience strengthens and deepens his belief in the Author of the law to which he conforms himself; so, in the mind of the moralist, the highest and the lowest truths have a direct re-action on each other. He dwells little on those intermediate rules, which, without the dignity of abstract laws, are yet too vague for practice; it is sufficient if he has shown their use and necessity, as the connecting links

between the principle and its exemplification. Above, or below these, lies his favourite province; they are either lost in those most abstruse and elevated speculations, which would trace the relation of the moral law to the very nature of Deity, or, if applied as the measure of right and wrong in real or imaginary cases of conscience, subdivide and ramify, till they disappear. Even between these seemingly different subjects the opposition is more apparent than real; if the writer's pen does not express, his thoughts should at least supply, the thread of continuity. No abstract inquiries on moral subjects are to be tolerated, which do not ultimately bear on the actual obligations of life; and minute practical distinctions are worse than useless, if in multiplying details we forget the unity of principle they illustrate. In either case, the object should be the same, to imprint more deeply on the mind the one idea of duty. Hence, perhaps, it is that so much suspicion commonly attaches both to that high range of subjects which connects metaphysics and divinity, and to the far less pretending questions of casuistry. It is hard to separate the character of the book from that of the writer, and constantly to bear in mind, that the plan of the work requires one-sided views. So men are in danger of picturing to themselves the author, either as a bold and daring intruder on sacred things, or as an unfeeling operator on human souls, handling the tender conscience with harsh and careless touch. No writer on morals, who wholly despises the assistance of a poetical or imaginative style, can fairly hope to escape some such imputation; and they are highly favoured, to whom natural impulse suggests the use of these ornaments, so seldom graceful when assumed on calculation. There is then no ground for accusing them, either of ungentle apathy, or of insensibility to the practical claims of life. For poetry, it has been well said, is the 'impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science,' and the apparent absence of connexion between high things and low disappears before the faculty which glances from earth to heaven.

A body of moral truth, therefore, is in some respects like an organized being. Growth beyond a certain point is neither possible nor desirable. It is the presence of a vital principle, and not an obvious similarity in its parts, which makes it a consistent whole. We cannot appreciate its perfection and unity of design, unless aided by some knowledge of the idea it exhibits, and the purposes it was intended to answer; in proportion as these are understood, we shall learn to admire its exquisite symmetry, and perfect adaptation of means to ends. They must be constantly borne in mind, both to give light and receive illustration, unless we are to spend our wonder as on some compli-

cated machine, of which we do not know the object. But, a system of Geometry, like a mass of unorganized matter, may grow indefinitely by accretion; its truths have, if the expression may be allowed, a crystalline structure; they are marked by certain invariable forms, and obey fixed laws of arrangement; but, under these restrictions, there is no bound to their increase. They may continue to progress, and, at each stage of their development, will still be perfect.

Thus, the very air of completeness which belongs to the treatise now before us, becomes a positive fault. We long, in vain, to discover passages which would give a prejudiced reader the opportunity of censuring its author for some of the defects commonly laid to the account of moralists. The book defies such criticism; any charge of unpractical speculation, or sophistical hair-splitting, or unintelligible mysticism, would be wholly untenable and unmeaning. The fabric rises gradually, and in fair proportions, yet it would seem laboriously and mechanically, as stone is added to stone, not as if by inspiration, or to the sound of Amphion's music. The foundations, massive and firmly set, vanish from our sight under the growing superstructure. We are too much reminded of some building framed on a severe ancient model, yet on a larger scale, and meant for different purposes; in which the parts are all distinct, and all unlike the other; each with its peculiar fitness for its place, and its peculiar elaboration of workmanship; but the whole, from its very size and perfection, and the intentional absence of any repetition in all its multiplied details, presses like a weight upon the mind, unable to grasp its meaning. We are not recalled, over and over again, to some leading idea, with which we must identify ourselves if we would thoroughly understand our author; there are no comparisons of great things with small; none of those exhibitions, so common in external nature and the heart of man, of the same typical conception in all varieties of scale and circumstance; none of those most convincing arguments in a circle, when a multitude of conclusions band themselves by one impulse together, and, as loyal subjects, confirm the authority of some bold hypothesis to which they owe their being. We never lose our way in some apparently rude and irregular reasonings, which we follow we know not whither, till at last, they conduct us to the very spot from which they started, having taught us in our wanderings the mutual connexion of a whole array of truths. The work is almost devoid of accidental interest, and must, by common men, be read as a study. Nothing but an effort of the memory is required whenever we have dropped, and would resume, the thread of the argument; and we feel, as we close it, that both in execution and design, with all its truth, and system, and talent,

it is utterly unlike the subject of which it treats—the affections and desires, the feelings and actions of men.

The division of the treatise in which this systematic structure is least decidedly prominent, is that of jurisprudence. Here, besides being less marked, because more in harmony with the subject, it partially disappears among the multitude of legal and historical illustrations. And certainly, the skill and judgment with which these are chosen, is something quite surprising. In a comparatively short space, the rights of the person, of property, of contract, of marriage, and the State, are discussed with an union of fulness and precision, that claims our unqualified admiration. We will give some extracts from the opening of this portion of the work, and the chapter immediately preceding it, which will serve to explain our author's view of the connexion between law and immutable morality. They will afford, at the same time, a not unfavourable specimen of his general argumentative style.

Art. 97. 'All truths include an Idea and a Fact. The Idea is derived from the mind within, the fact from the world without. In the instance of Rights.... the Idea, or Conception of the Right, is supplied by our consciousness of our Moral Nature and its conditions; the Fact, or Definition of the Right, is supplied by the Law of the Society in which we live, and the train of events which have made that Law what it is. The Moral Nature of Man is moulded into shape by the history of each Nation; and thus, though we have in different places, different Laws, we have everywhere the same Morality.'

Art. 105....., 'Law must be considered, in the first place, as positively and peremptorily fixed; it judges everything according to its own legal Rules and Definitions. But these Rules and Definitions may change from time to time; and in the course of the moral cultivation and education of man... do change. Men change their Rules, with the view of making them more nearly conformable to the Supreme Rule of human action; they endeavour to determine Rights more rightly—to make Laws more just; and thus for the moment, at any time, Morality depends upon Law, but in the long run, Law must be regulated by Morality. The Morality of the individual depends on his not violating the Law of his nation; but the National Law must be framed according to the National view of Morality. The moral offence of coveting my neighbour's goods, as well as the crime of stealing, extends to everything which the Law determines to be his goods. But the Law which gives him everything, and leaves me to starve, may be an unjust Law, and if so, may be altered by the progress of time, and by the improved morality of the legislative body.'

Art. 107. 'Of the Systems of Law actually established in the world, two especially deserve our notice, and may throw light upon our subject if we follow them into some detail; namely, the System finally established in the Ancient world, and the System actually established in

our own country. The former Body of Law was that which prevailed when the whole civilized world was one single State; the latter is that which prevails in the State in which we live. I speak of the Roman Law, and the English Law. These two Systems of Law are those in which we are most interested as past and present realities. They are the laws of two nations, both of them eminent for the clearness of their jural perceptions, and their vigorous habits of jural action. We may also take some examples of Laws from the Laws of the Jews, for these are of importance, in consequence of their antiquity, their authority, and their influence upon Christians; and for the reason just mentioned, we shall take into our review some of the Comments of Jurists, as well as the Decrees of Legislators.'

All that is here promised is, in the sequel, more than fulfilled. Perhaps we are wrong in measuring the knowledge of others in legal matters by our own almost entire ignorance; but we are inclined to think that few who have not been called to make topics of this kind their peculiar study, may not learn much from an attentive perusal of this part of Dr. Whewell's Treatise. Entirely free from unnecessary technicalities, it presupposes no more knowledge than a writer may fairly demand from a reader of common education; while it embodies a large collection of facts worthy to be added to the stock of general information, and, which is perhaps of more consequence, reclaims a considerable number of words which, having escaped into the wide world from the pale of professional usage, had lost, in the course of time, that which alone could render them valuable, their definiteness and precision of meaning.

It is in discussing the Morality of Reason, that the defects of our author's method become most apparent. The principles of classification here followed, extend themselves also, as we might expect, into the divisions of Religion and Polity. These Dr. Whewell entitles the *express principles* of humanity, justice, truth, purity, order, earnestness, and moral ends, and assigns them a position analogous in morality to that of the axioms in geometry; we cannot, therefore, better illustrate the groundwork of his system, than by extracting the articles which he devotes to explaining the nature of the moral ideas of which these principles are the expression.

Art. 232. . . . . 'The Supreme Law of Human Action, must be a Law which belongs to man as man; a thing in which all men sympathize, and which binds together man and man by the tie of their common humanity. It excludes all that operates merely to separate men; for example, all Desires that tend to a center in each individual, without any regard to the common sympathy of mankind; and especially, all Affections which operate directly to introduce discord and conflict; as we have seen, accordingly, that it excludes Malice and Anger, and directs

us to Mildness and Kindness. The absence of all the affections which tend to separate men, and the aggregate of the affections which unite them, may be expressed by the term *Benevolence*, understood in its largest and fullest sense, as including all the ties of love which bind men together. We feel and conceive the affection of Love, at first, as binding together the members of the same family, or of the same community: but man is capable of extending his love to all mankind, in proportion as there is unfolded, in his mind, the conception of the community—of their nature and his own; of their common affections, reason, and moral sentiments, in which all mankind participate. With the development of this conception, he is led to a love of man as man, and a desire of the good of all men; an affection in which all mankind are ready to sympathize, and which binds together man as man. This Affection, then, of Love to man as man, is a part of the Supreme Law of Human Action, and the *Idea* of a complete and universal *Benevolence* is a point in the direction of the Ideal Center, or a part of the Idea of Morality .... Again, in the Supreme Law of Human Action, we must exclude, as we have said, all desires that merely tend to their center in the individual, without regard to the common sympathy of mankind. The Desire of Property is, in its original form, of this kind. Each man desires property for himself alone. But the Nature of Morality, as we have seen, points out Liberality and Fairness as the proper guides of action, in opposition to Selfish Covetousness. Liberality partakes of Benevolence, but Fairness may be conceived as the Desire that each person should have his own. And this desire may be conceived in its most complete and comprehensive form as *Justice*, and the *Idea* of *Justice*, thus fully understood, is part of that Ideal Center or Idea of Morality above mentioned.

'Again, among the necessary conditions of a rule of human action, is the existence of a Common Understanding among men, such that they can depend upon each other's actions. Lying and Deceit tend to separate and disunite men, and to make all actions implying mutual dependence, that *is*, all social action and social life, impossible. Such acts are, accordingly, excluded by the Supreme Rule, and Truthfulness and Honesty are pointed out as the proper guides of Moral Action. These qualities, conceived in their most complete form, as extending from the Acts to the Words, and from the Words to the Intentions, may be termed *Integrity*, as implying an entire consistence of internal and external acts; or may be termed *Truth*, as implying an agreement of the verbal expression with the thought; and the *Idea* of *Truth*, in this full and comprehensive sense, is a part of the Central Idea, or Idea of Morality.

'Again, the bodily Appetites and Desires, still more than the mental ones, tend to their centre in the individual, and thus operate to disunite and oppose men. The Affections make the bodily Desires, in some measure, operate towards the union and sympathy of men, but still more towards their conflict and disunion, except so far as both Desires and Affections are governed by Obligations. The Supreme Rule requires that they should be so governed as not even to tend to violate

obligations; that they should be conformed to Precepts of Duty; and, therefore, that they should be controlled and directed by the Moral Sentiments and the Reason. The Control of the Appetites by the Moral Sentiments and the Reason, is recommended to us by Morality, under the conceptions of Temperance and Chastity. In our moral view of the Springs of Action, we conceive the Appetites and Desires as elements which ought to be thus controlled. Appetite and Desire are the *Lower Parts*, Moral Sentiment and Reason are the *Higher Parts* of our Nature; and the Precepts which recommend to us Temperance and Chastity, may be expressed in a general form by saying, that the Higher Part of our Nature ought to control and govern the Lower. We may express this Control and Government in the most general and comprehensive way, by the term *Purity;* and the *Idea* of *Purity* thus completely and comprehensively understood, is a part of the Ideal Center, or Idea of Morality.

Again, the Supreme Law of Human Action, in order to operate effectively upon men's minds, must be distinctly and definitely conceived, at least in some of its parts and applications. But all distinct and definite conceptions of Laws of Human Action must involve a reference to the relations which positive Laws establish. Hence Moral Rules, in order to be distinct and definite, must depend upon Laws, and must suppose Laws to be fixed and permanent. It is our Duty to promote, by our acts, this fixity and permanence; and the Duty, of course, extends to our internal actions—to Will, Intention, Desire, and Affection—as well as to external act. We must conform our Dispositions to the Laws; obey the Laws cordially, or administer them carefully, according to the position we may happen to hold in the community. This disposition may be denoted by the term *Order*, understood in a large and comprehensive sense. But further, not only positive human Laws, but subordinate Moral Rules, are necessary conditions of morality. We cannot conform our actions, intentions, desires, to the Supreme Rule, without having in our thoughts subordinate Rules, which are partial expressions of the Supreme Rule; and to such subordinate Rules it is our Duty to conform our Intentions and Desires. The disposition to do this may also be included in the term *Order*, taken in its largest sense. We thus denote, by this term, a disposition to conform, both to positive human Laws as the necessary conditions of this, and to Special Moral Rules, as the expression of the Supreme Rule. And the *Idea* of *Order* in this comprehensive sense is part of the Central Idea of Morality.'

Art. 233. 'Thus we have five Ideas, *Benevolence, Justice, Truth, Purity* and *Order*, which may be considered as the elements of the Central Idea of Morality, or as the Cardinal Points of the Supreme Rule of Human Action."

The principles of Earnestness and Moral Ends, as standing on somewhat different grounds, are attained as follows, in a later part of the treatise:—

Art 270. . . . 'We do not fully express the import of the Cardinal Virtues of Benevolence, Justice, and the like, without adding some

further principles to those which we have mentioned. Benevolence must be strong, as well as general; vivid in its degree, as well as universal in its application. And the same is true of the other Affections rightly directed. As we have already said, the Supreme Law must not only direct the Affections and Intentions to their proper objects, but require steadiness and energy in them thus directed. The recognition of this condition of the Supreme Rule is shown in the place which Zeal, Energy, Earnestness hold among the Virtues. In order to express this, we may therefore state, as a Moral Principle, that *the Affections and Intentions must not only be rightly directed, but energetic;* and this we may call the *Principle of Earnestness.*'

Art. 271. 'Again, it is not enough for the character of virtue that each person should confine his desire to those objects which justice assigns to him. His desires are not virtuous, if they terminate in the objects themselves. The Supreme Law of Human Action requires us to consider Moral Good as the object to which all other objects are subordinate, and from which they derive their only moral value. Morality cannot allow us to desire external things, as wealth, power, or honour, for their own sake, but only as a means to moral ends. And we may state this as a Moral Principle, that *things are to be sought only as means to moral ends;* and this we may term *the Principle of Moral Purpose.*'

We will not pause to discuss the absolute correctness of the conclusions at which Dr. Whewell here arrives. That they are, at least, part of the truth, all must allow; but it would be exceedingly difficult to prove that they are the whole. A formula might no doubt be devised, from which it could be inferred that these seven principles are an exhaustive enumeration of the primary aspects assumed by the supreme rule of right. But such a conclusion could scarcely be convincing to a mind which distrusted the magic of dichotomy; and those who are aware of the difficulties to be encountered in the endeavour to fix the qualities or ascertain the elements of a mere piece of unorganized matter, will be slow to think that the greatest depth of thought or extent of inquiry can determine to a certainty the number of the attributes of goodness.

And yet, unless this is accomplished, the correctness of Dr. Whewell's procedure must be more than doubtful. The logic of morals more resembles that of art than of science. Except we know every principle that is to be employed, and are thoroughly acquainted with the laws under which it operates, we cannot reduce practice to demonstration. One element omitted, one proportion mistaken, the effects of a single combination left out of the account, would render the whole of the calculations useless. Accordingly, an action may be far from right, though possessing many qualities which we observe to accompany goodness. Earnestness may co-exist with injustice,

and benevolence be indulged at the expense of truth. Thus the express principles, with all their importance, may mislead us as guides of action, except when viewed by the light of the higher principle of duty. They are indeed rules of great dignity, but only rules after all; true under most circumstances, but in extraordinary cases false and deceptive; and then only certain and trustworthy, when reduced to the test of the sovereign and immutable law.

We need then, to ensure the correct application of principles like these, some idea under which to combine them; some reflection from the nature of goodness, ever at hand to show that the parts have not lost the excellencies of the whole, but exhibit them in a less abstract, though a more tangible form. For surely right, as such, has attributes of its own, which, if not certain marks of its presence, oblige us, when they are wanting, to confess that their source also is absent. Minds of different tone will apprehend moral truth, as it were, through different mental organs; but every thoughtful and conscientious man will probably dwell on some one idea, which enables him to approximate more closely to a perception of the unity of goodness. Such assistances are found in conceptions like the following: Beauty, harmony with the course of the world, perfect adaptation to human nature, coincidence with enlightened expediency. We look in vain for some such leading principle in our author's morality; all would be allowed, but none are dwelt upon; and thus nothing is effected by his classification of the duties and virtues but their abrupt separation into classes, which have few or no obvious properties besides those on which the division is grounded, either to distinguish them from each other, or to unite them under that higher principle to which they are all alike subordinate. Dr. Whewell would scarcely tolerate such an arrangement as this in a professedly natural system of botany or zoology.

We before observed, that the express principles introduced by our author in treating of morality extend themselves into religion and polity. Here, it would seem, their application involves him in considerable difficulty. Precepts and duties are forced into unnatural obedience to this system of classification, and confined to a single limb of the division, when from different points of view they would readily fall under several. In consequence of this artificial arrangement the arguments want force and freedom; they have the air of *ex parte* statements, and seem ever liable to be confuted by reasonings grounded on some other aspect of the subject. The mind becomes suspicious when results are attained from an evidently partial survey, and a chain of probabilities is followed out with as much decision as if each link were of cogent necessity. Many questions are mooted, to

be answered in a manner which the author himself could scarcely think satisfactory. Subjects of the most complicated nature are introduced, regarded in a single aspect, and dismissed in a section. This is particularly observable in the case of that class of questions, of especial interest at the present moment, which affect the relations and mutual bearings of Church and State. Here, in little more than thirty pages, Dr. Whewell calls our attention to the following subjects:—The conduct which the State should pursue towards religion; whether it should profess itself indifferent to every form of belief which does not interfere with its customary functions, and hostile to any which does; or should protect and patronize religion as useful, without any regard to its truth; or, adopting the theory of an establishment, should accept the Church as a teacher of truth, and own her as an ally, and admit her to a share of the public administration; or, lastly, should submit to an ecclesiastical supremacy, and acknowledge a head of the Church on earth to which the head of the State is subordinate. In the endeavour to solve these questions, Dr. Whewell introduces within this limited space articles on the following subjects:—The imperfection of education on the voluntary system; its worthlessness, if merely of a secular character; the rights of the State over the Church; the necessity of tests, and assent to liturgies and articles; the difficulties arising from the existence of dissenters, or from the established religion being that of the minority; the possibility of having several established Churches in one State, and other points, which it would scarcely be right to call of minor importance. To say that such limits are altogether disproportionate to this vast array of topics, is no reproach to our author's acuteness of intellect, or compression of style. His remarks, of necessity rather hints than arguments, are often highly suggestive, but cannot serve to convince. We would rather have had fewer questions, and fuller answers. The solutions are sometimes so inadequate, that we regret they have been attempted. We will mention one instance in which this self-imposed brevity has almost committed Dr. Whewell to the patronage of a most dangerous error. We allude to an article entitled a 'Difficulty respecting Prayer,' which we extract.

Art. 714. 'It has been suggested, as a difficulty respecting the Duty of Prayer, that in prayer we desire God to alter the course of the world, in order to comply with our wishes, as if we mistrusted His Goodness and Wisdom. But to this we reply, that the things which we desire of God in our prayers are, for the most part, spiritual blessings. *Forgive us our trespasses. Lead us not into temptation. Deliver us from evil.* The course of things to which these events belong is the Spiritual Government of God, and to that spiritual Government our prayers also belong. In the spiritual world the prayers of believers are events as

real as their temptations, their deliverance, their forgiveness; and the former events may very naturally be conceived to produce an effect upon the latter. There is, therefore, in such prayers nothing inconsistent with our belief in God's goodness and wisdom. And prayers for temporal blessings, as, *Give us this day our daily bread*, are rather to be understood as expressing our sense of our dependence upon God, than our desire that He should direct the course of the world according to our wishes. Such prayers are the expressions by which our mere natural desires show, that, though submitted to the will of God, they are not annihilated. We know that, except through the goodness of God, we cannot receive even our daily bread; and the desire of life, and of the supports of life, which religion cannot, and does not, seek to extinguish, she converts into a desire that God would give us what we need.'

Surely Dr. Whewell cannot mean the argument contained in this passage as more than an evasion of the difficulty. If the history of the Bible contains a single instance of temporal blessings obtained, or temporal evils averted, by prayer, this will be as conclusive against the sufficiency of his explanation, as if every day afforded examples which no sceptic could dispute. It is impossible to restrict the efficiency of prayer to its reflex action on the mind, or, in common phrase, its moral effects, without using as much violence towards the practical teaching of Holy Scripture as ever heretic employed in perverting its doctrinal statements.

Can we then hope, it may be asked, to welcome in Dr. Whewell's 'Elements of Morality' a successful rival to the Moral Philosophy of Paley? Are the merits of this work so great and indisputable as clearly to call on the University of Cambridge to discard a treatise which, in spite of all objections, has stood its ground so manfully? Is it fitted, both in form and matter, to fill the vacancy which would be left in the educational course, should Paley be deprived of his honours? To these questions we can return but a doubtful answer. It is undoubtedly right that the philosophy of expediency should be deposed, but dangerous, by its deposition, to leave room for an anarchy. Changes in education, as in government, should be, if possible, final. The vacant throne should be filled at once, and that by one who can rule with the strong hand, and defend his position against the attacks of opposing claimants. We fear, therefore, that Paley may yet be allowed, for prudential reasons, to retain his ill-deserved dignities. His work is a perfect model of its kind, clear, acute, and plausible; not uniformly exact in the application of its one principle, but never allowing it to be so far removed from sight that it cannot naturally be introduced, whether to solve a difficulty, or itself to receive confirmation. There is no attempt at the construction of a perfect system; but

existing doubts and perplexities, questions of common occurrence, and points of general interest, are treated in a lively and apparently unmethodical manner, which leaves abundant room for the exercise of ingenuity in new applications of its rules, or the discovery of parallel cases. Little, if any, of this description will apply to the work of Dr. Whewell. Its most distinguishing feature is the great, not to say enormous, number of propositions it enunciates. Many of these statements are, from the nature of the subject, self-evident; many, the repetition of trite and acknowledged truths; but these are propounded, as the method of the treatise requires, with as much force and emphasis as the highest generalisations, or the results of the deepest research. We have already expressed our opinion, that the reasonings are cast in a mould unfitted for ethical questions, and are therefore inconclusive, in spite of their accuracy of form, and the appearance of logical sequence. Thus the connexion of facts will be of comparatively little assistance in mastering the contents of the book. Nearly the whole of the labour would be thrown on the memory, which would have to perform its task almost unaided, without the relief of variety, the stimulus of fresh discovery, or the assistance of convincing argument. With neither the feelings awakened, nor the imagination excited, the suffering faculty must toil continually onwards, through a long and dreary array of books, and chapters, and articles. The mind is never surprised by an unexpected digression, cheered by a novel illustration, or interested by the slightest trace of passion. Weary with the dull continuity of thought, it idly resigns itself to its guide, and languidly acquiesces in the conclusions. Hard fate indeed it were to have to learn, almost by rote, a long grammar of morality, dry and technical in its rules, and unenlivened by a single fragment of poetry in its examples.

We may be allowed to observe in reviewing the order generally adopted in writing, and conclude our notice of the work before us with some thoughts suggested by the dedication. Dr. Whewell inscribes his treatise, with expressions of friendship and admiration, to the venerable father of our living poets, Mr. Wordsworth, and gladly acknowledges, that in his poems he found, at the season of life when the mind and the heart are most wrought on by poetry, a spirit of pure and comprehensive morality, operating to raise the reader above the moral temper of those times. But we would willingly think, that this dedication has a deeper meaning, and does not merely indicate the well-founded reverence and affection which one distinguished man feels towards another. We would view it as the expression of the homage which the moral philosopher owes to the poet. Such acknowledgment is justly due in return for assistance, sometimes unintentionally, but more often willingly and cheerfully bestowed,

in obviating new difficulties as they arise, or answering some of those numerous questions, which are ever recurring in different forms, and needing fresh solutions. Moral science cannot be exhausted till the war is over between good and evil. Error is always on the alert, seeking disguises which may conceal its identity; altering its appearance with every revolution in philosophy, or change in our social relations; claiming kindred with prevailing prejudices, and rejecting her old allies as men cease to esteem them. Truth must be also multiform, if she would meet her enemy on equal terms; consciousness of strength, without activity, will not gain her the supremacy. Nor can a single victory, however decisive, be final. While knowledge, and invention, and power of whatever kind progress, the champions of truth cannot have cause to complain that there are no more worlds to conquer. Research is ever discovering new territories; or the conflict of passions and interests is convulsing society, and raising up new islands from the bottom of the sea, which either power may claim. Every feeling which the course of events makes common to large masses of men; every idea which is imprinted on the face of an age in characters which all may read, however indifferent in its own nature, is capable of moral relations, and will become at last an ally either to good or evil. The moralist, at whatever cost, should be ready to make such powers his own, even if his favourite system must be broken up, and its materials re-modelled, to provide a place for these restless new comers. If he will not give them a home, they will find one elsewhere, and, from uncertain friends, become troublesome enemies.

Still it is not easy thus to alter the routine of thought, and reconcile new truths to old. No acuteness of the reasoning powers, no skill in the technicalities of system, will be by themselves of essential service. All that mere argument can do, will be to show that modes of statement and feeling, which apparently conflict, need not be really inconsistent. The imagination must be called into play, if they are to be fully reconciled, and the once discordant conceptions become parts of the same idea. It is not sufficient that a powerful mind, by clear definitions and accurate distinctions, can escape perplexity; all who are liable to the error, or can appreciate the difficulty, should be able to understand the solution. Hence arises the high office of poetry, as the guide and precursor of moral philosophy. She delights to investigate the possible combinations of distant ideas; to draw her materials and illustrations from the most opposite sources, and make the whole world of thought pay tribute to her power. Thus, in ethical researches, which would else be confined to the comparatively small field of observation, she supplies data like in kind, and almost equal in value, to the

results of direct experiment. The moralist cannot argue from the feelings and opinions of the mass of men, discoloured and distorted as they must be, more or less, by the conventional medium through which he is obliged to view them. They rather need explanation than afford it; and he who would solve the problem must find the clue of the solution in himself, in those instinctive workings of the mind which belong less to the individual than to our common human nature. But he may not imitate the practice of some bold inquirers in medicine, and test in his own person the effects of known poisons and doubtful remedies. Such a course, besides its evident sinfulness, would be ineffectual. While making his unhallowed experiments, he would destroy the perceptive power of the organ which was to observe the results. Here it is that the poet, consciously or unconsciously, comes to his assistance. In the exercise of his wonderful faculty, which has been well called the extension of our common humanity, he deals with our thoughts and passions as the chemist with the contents of his laboratory. If a good and true-hearted man, he is permitted, in some mysterious manner, to handle unhurt those powers and desires which we naturally associate with the notion of evil; to invent, to speculate, to build hypothetical systems which embrace the whole world of nature and reason, and to call on others to accept his creations, simply on the grounds of their beauty, and the echo they find in our hearts. Results like these, though unproved, are often of the highest value; the understanding, before at fault, is glad to follow her more active guide, and to bridge across the stream which has been overleapt by feeling and imagination.

Yet, in the present day, Moral Philosophy is likely to be deprived, in an unusual degree, of the customary aid of poetry. She has a task before her, from which her gentler helpmate shrinks back with terror and disgust. There is opening on her view a new and unexplored domain, in the regions of physical science. These have been already occupied, in part, by an ungodly spirit, which must, at any cost, be ejected. The world of matter is making fearful inroads on that of mind. Not that we should regard with suspicion every advance of knowledge in the field of visible nature. Truth is valuable for its own sake; and we owe respect to those who labour to extend it, though in a different direction from that which we ourselves should have chosen. It is only when we consider the acknowledged ends at which this rival power is aiming, that we tremble at its evident progress. It is bent not merely on increasing its kingdom, but on founding an universal empire. Physical science, it proclaims, alone gives absolute truth; nothing but its imperfection has left room for ethics and metaphysics. The immutable distinctions of right and wrong, as exhibited in the

actions of free moral agents, the old antitheses of sensation and thought, body and soul, mind and matter, are to disappear before this new philosophy. One uniform law, varied only in appearance by the circumstances under which it operates, a complete economy in itself, not guided and directed by some more spiritual principle, excluding all interference of Providence, and the direct superintendence of its Divine Author, is to solve the great enigma of the universe. What occasion, then, can there be for research into the rational nature of man, when reason itself will, in course of time, appear to be no distinctive faculty, but subject to the same conditions, though in a less obvious form, as the rest of our natural powers? We speak of a truth flashing on the mind; of the kindling spark of enthusiasm; of the electric speed of thought. Who knows that we are not stating a fact, while we think we are using a metaphor? A better knowledge of voltaic action may cast more light on our intellectual constitution than a whole system of metaphysics. According to this theory, morals may be considered as already disposed of, and the favourite ideas of the moralist rejected as mere creatures of fancy. All notions of the freedom of will, of the possibility of choice, of goodness independent of circumstances, are founded on the gratuitous assumption, that a certain part of our nature does not obey the law of cause and effect. There are no conditions of succession, it is argued, peculiar to mental phenomena; our faculties and dispositions must act of themselves, without our control, if sufficient objects are presented to excite them. The supposition of a moral alternative has originated from the fact, that individuals of different natural constitutions, are differently affected by similar causes, and therefore act differently. Could we but learn the law according to which external things necessarily influence our inner being, practical science would be fairly on the road to perfection. But such an inquiry must be conducted according to a purely physical method, if there is to be any chance of success. The problem proposed is simply this: given the character and circumstances, to determine the action. When men are thus looked upon as machines, education may approach in its character to certainty. But such approximation will be indefinitely hindered if we persist in the old phraseology of morals: words, such as duty and obligation, must be taken to express nothing more than that we have an organ of conscientiousness, and that this, like our other organs, conveys to us a sense of pleasure when it attains, of pain when it falls short of, its object. It is unmeaning to say that virtue and vice *deserve*, respectively, praise and blame, approval and disapproval; all that we can safely assert is, that these conceptions, when presented to the mind, excite, by the law of our nature, the corresponding feelings. The notion of merit

must not enter into our minds, as we call a man good or bad; the terms apply to him in exactly the same sense as to any other natural or artificial production: he owes his peculiarities to the constitution he received from his parents, and the position he has since been placed in. 'Ought' is a word which can bear no higher sense in morals than that which it allows of in art.

These fearful opinions are widely diffused, and are still spreading further among all classes of society. The moral philosopher has a difficult part to play in opposing, in common with all good men, this new development of evil. He may not repose in quiet on the consciousness of his own better and sounder creed; his duty is not to garrison the citadel, but to defend the outworks. He must labour, in the first place, to prove that no continuity of physical sequence can overthrow the fabric of ethical truth, or shake the confidence of a well-regulated mind in the ideas of duty, the supreme law of moral action, and its foundation in the attributes of its Divine Author. But his triumph will always be imperfect, if he cannot exhibit the results of a successful invasion in spoils brought from the enemy's territory. As vindicating the rights of a higher power, he must not shrink from acting on the aggressive. He must take the facts which physical inquiry alleges, so far as searching investigation shall allow their truth, and prove the harmony of these new conclusions with all that the good have hitherto believed of goodness; he must show that if the analogies, drawn in former times from the visible world, are imperfect or incorrect, these new discoveries also must, like the opinions they have supplanted, pay homage and tribute to more sovereign verities.

In this task, we have already observed, he has comparatively little to hope from the poet. Poetry has taken offence at the utilitarian devices and perfection of mechanical contrivance, which have most strongly recommended the new power to the favour of the multitude. There is nothing to captivate her in the steam-engine and the railroad; the straight line and the dead level; the unvarying regularity; the uniformity of character, and absence of incident, broken only by occasional touches of the grim and horrible. Nor is this prejudice likely to be removed by further acquaintance; she would have the objects of her affection remain as she has always known them, and will not be conciliated by any abstruse account of their nature and origin, or, what is worse, an offer to analyse them. Philosophy, on the present occasion, must labour without her aid; but the subject is a noble one, and may itself supply enthusiasm. Few men, indeed, are equal to the undertaking: could Plato return to earth, we should be sanguine; as it is, we can but hope. No slight praise will be due to any who shall venture on the attempt; all honour to him who shall accomplish it.

ART. III.—*Diary in France, mainly on topics concerning Education and the Church. By* CHARLES WORDSWORTH, D.D. London: Rivingtons. 1845.

HERE is a tourist's small volume, of less pretension and more value than most of its fellows. The name of Dr. Wordsworth is a guarantee for good sense, scholarship, and fidelity of report of what he saw. It is seldom that men of his stamp and standing publish notes of their tours, the ordinary run of travellers displaying an ignorance of literature and general history which is apt to cast a suspicion, often unjust, on their personal observation; while others, again, overload their pages with cram repetition of familiar history, and their style with schoolboy allusions and trite quotations.

We have thus stated the good qualities which we think distinguish this Diary; we cannot say that the actual amount of information it furnishes is very large, or its substance very novel,—to those, that is, who are likely to read it. But it is neither the facts detailed, nor the opinions advanced in it, which have determined us to devote an article to this little volume, so much as the tone in which they are expressed, and the direction in which they point. This is, as far as we know, the first published attempt by an English clergyman to understand the Catholic clergy of the Continent, to appreciate their real position, and to measure himself and his Church with them and theirs, with a practical aim. Dr. Wordsworth has got over the repugnance an English clergyman feels for the *soutane*, and found out that priests are men; has even penetrated into the Rue des Postes, and talked to a Jesuit! And what is a still greater advance, he sees, and has published this book in consequence of so seeing, how very practically important are the religious disputes now pending in France; how analogous the difficulties the clergy there have to meet with our own; how instructive for us their present relation to the State,—in short, how much may be learned from studying, in all its bearings, the actual condition of religion in that country. This is an opinion we have already more than once expressed, and we hope that Dr. Wordsworth's Diary may contribute to arouse the supineness with which we are so apt to regard all that passes beyond the limits of the four seas, and to show those who really feel the present to be a very anxious time, and are desirous of all the lights and experience within their reach, where they may look with profit.

Dr. Wordsworth says—

'It is not the object of this journal to refer, by any direct application or parallel, to the warnings which this state of things reads to us in

England ; but they are too striking, and too numerous, not to excite the most profound sentiments of gratitude and apprehension in the mind of every Englishman who contemplates with seriousness the condition of public affairs, with respect to Education and the Church, first in this country and then in his own. One of the greatest blessings which it seems to have pleased Divine Providence to confer upon England is, that it has placed before her for her warning the example of France.'—P. 47.

Not only is the past history of the Church written for our instruction, but its actual fortunes, besides the superior interest and sympathy we must always feel for the present above the past, its existing phase, as exhibited in different parts of the world, forms a chapter in Church history that should never be omitted, and which is, indeed, the indispensable complement of all that has gone before. Nay, more ; it is with ecclesiastical as it is with civil history ; 'the past is reflected to us by the present ; so far 'as we see and understand the present, so far we can see and 'understand the past ; so far, and no further. How can he 'comprehend the parties of other days who has no clear notions 'of those of his own ? What sense can he have of the progress 'of the great contest of human affairs in its earlier stages, when 'it rages around him at this actual moment unnoticed, or felt to 'be no more than a mere indistinct hubbub of sounds, and con-'fusion of weapons ? What cause is at issue in the combat he 'knows not. Whereas, on the other hand, he who feels his own 'times keenly, to whom they are a positive reality, with a good 'and evil distinctly perceived in them, such a man will write a 'lively and impressive account of past times, even though his 'knowledge be insufficient, and his prejudices strong.'[1] And it might easily be shown, that these remarks are still more true of the history of the Church, than of that of states. For the material of Church history,—the religious spring and motive ; the hidden source of the outward movement ; the spiritual idea which is embodied in the institutions, enactments, provisions,—in short, all the visible action of the Church in any particular age, lies much more deeply beneath the surface, and requires more patient attention, and, still more, a certain moral disposition, to discover it, than in the case of civil history. And this fact gives rise to a very peculiar illusion in the study of Church history, which is this :—In reading of early or middle-age times, and tracing, by the help of the historian, their varied revolutions, we seem to see so clearly the hand of Providence leading and disposing the whole series, and to watch, from age to age, the application to varying circumstances of the same unvaried prin-

[1] Arnold's Lectures.

ciples, that the men, the actors in the scene, the form and dress disappear, and we seem to see the great outlines and lineaments of the Church herself absorbing and overshadowing all that is individual. When, then, we shut the book, and look into the world about us, to inquire what the Church is doing there, or what is become of her; and when we see all individual, personal, party, sectarian; a struggle without dignity, without distinct object, a thousand sects, all having apparently nothing but the name in common with those of past times whom they profess to represent, we are bewildered—we seem in a different world—the Church has vanished from our eyes—we have lost the clue which had guided us through the labyrinth of the past, or it seems no longer applicable to the present. But if the promise, 'I am with you unto the end of the world,' be true, the Church's existence no more terminates with the eighteenth than with the seventeenth, or with the sixteenth, or with the fifteenth centuries. And as her tenure of life cannot change, if she be in existence; as all the very same principles which we recognise in S. Ambrose, or S. Cyprian, or S. Irenæus, not only ought to be, but *must actually be*, at this present moment, in living energy somewhere or other; we have no choice between either asserting the death of the Church, or finding a body which not only admits that it ought, but which practically does, act upon principles which, if they be those of the Christian society, must, *therefore*, have been in uninterrupted operation, through all its duration from its first formation.

We have been led to these remarks by observing the close connexion that subsists between the past and present; between history and life. And if the present must be understood, if we would read to any good purpose of the past, it is equally true, that the present will be viewed with the eyes with which we have viewed the past. Whatever is our peculiar way of viewing early and medieval history, we shall extend the same to the events that happen around us.

Now, though we have gratefully acknowledged that Dr. Wordsworth is free from the prejudice which refuses to look at or to acquaint itself with anything that bears the name of Rome—a prejudice not confined to members of the Church of England, but extending to all sects of Dissenters, even to those who boast themselves as peculiarly and exclusively liberal—yet is he not free from the prepossessions of another school, which give a colouring to all that is brought before him. The book, however, as we have said, consists mainly of facts and statements, and does not deal much in inferences and judgments. Dr. Wordsworth is too experienced an observer not to know of how very little real worth and value are the judgments formed by the mere passing

traveller, on all points that do not lie within the immediate range of the senses. On the arrangements for travelling, the speed of a steamer, the convenience of the currency, and such like matters, a tourist may pronounce with confidence; but on all social and moral topics, and, still more, on religious ones, no opinion worth much, no views going much below the surface, can be framed by passing observations; it requires a protracted residence in the country, and an habitual mixture in its society as a domestic member of it, and not as a stranger, to whom everything is *shown*, to do this. It is like acquaintance with the language. The ear soon gets sufficiently accustomed to the accent to be able to convey the general meaning of what is addressed to it; but a much longer probation, and the experience in it and with it of a wide and diversified range of situation and feeling, can alone impart a knowledge of the more delicate shades of meaning, which make the real power and strength of a civilized language—can alone give the true value in the colloquial currency of the day, of epithets and adjectives, which, to the uninitiated, seem perfectly synonymous. Travellers' accounts of the moral and social conditions of a people can never be implicitly trusted to, because we know that we could not trust our own first impressions, had we been the travellers instead of the readers. They are ever liable to the criticism of the counsellor in the Utopia, 'You have talked prettily for a stranger, who hath heard of many things among us which he hath not been able duly to consider.' Everybody must have felt this in French and German descriptions of England; and we have no reason to think our comprehension of their manners and ideas more penetrating and infallible than theirs of ours. And even when they confine themselves to facts, and abstain from promulgating crude theories and hasty impressions, we are not always safe. For facts, in the class of subjects we are now speaking of, are not like physical, or commercial, or other material facts, which can be seen, and touched, and counted; moral facts are, after all, our inferences from data, or, at least, are our way of looking at and describing an event. Or, as they are in a traveller's notebook more often what were told him, they are, in that case, the inferences and judgments of his informant; and their value will depend on that informant's knowledge and good sense. This is certainly a considerable drawback on the information presented in the Diary. So much of it was given by word of mouth, and is a mere repetition of what he, the author, was told. For example, Dr. W. walked with M. Gondon to S. Sulpice, and, 'on the way 'thither, he gave me an account of the constitution of the French 'University, and its relations to the Government, the Church,

'and the country.' And this account follows as taken down from M. Gondon's mouth. However well-informed the informant may be, it is obvious that, in such a complex subject, the notes of a half-hour's conversation or description are many degrees removed from that full and complete knowledge which would enable the traveller who had made himself acquainted with this constitution, relations, &c. to describe it to his readers as from himself. And this is far from a singular instance; it is a feature of the book, which consists, in great measure, of such conversations.

We will now proceed to give our readers some specimens of the facts which Dr. Wordsworth gives from his own observation. The following is one in the truth of which all who are acquainted with the interior arrangement of the churches in Paris must concur with regret:—

'The chairs in the churches seemed to me to have greatly increased in number beyond what they were ten years ago, and barriers have been fixed in the churches, preventing the free ingress of the people beyond the mere entrance, and the side aisles of the church. The payment for admission within these precincts is three sous, and it varies according to whether the mass is high or low; this *impôt* is nominally for the chair; hence, though the congregations have been greatly augmented in numbers, they consist mainly, in the body of the church, of the wealthier classes alone; and it can hardly be said, that "to the poor the Gospel is preached;" for the margins of the churches, to which the poor are relegated, are hardly accessible to the voice of the preacher. M. B. answered me, that the tax upon the chairs is absolutely necessary for the maintenance of the fabric, and for the provision for the necessaries for public worship. It is much to be regretted, that there should be no public means for supplying these requisites, without making uncatholic distinctions between rich and poor, and depriving the poor of those privileges which belong to them as members of the family of Christ.'—P. 54.

This fact is of more importance than it seems at first sight, for it points to a truth which is but too evident in the present religious movement in Paris, viz. that it is confined to one class, —the middle class, the *bourgeois*. Religion hardly reaches the poor, or operative class; nay, they are further off even than heretofore, for to the indifference of the times of the Restoration, is succeeding a new coinage of infidelity, and a fresh access of the revolutionary fury against the priests, which grows as they emerge from the shade, and are gaining ground in another direction; a hatred which is eagerly fed by a host of mercenary *feuilletonists*, of whom the well-known author of the 'Wandering Jew' is a respectable specimen, and who are ever ready to

supply, to any amount, whatever species of garbage the popular appetite of the time may require.[1] We speak now of Paris alone, both because that is the chief locale of the Diary, and because its religious condition is quite peculiar to itself, and cannot be included under any description that would apply to France generally. Few or none of the lowest class of the operatives are to be seen in the churches, but, as is the case among ourselves, in our town parishes, the whole of the congregation consists of well-dressed persons, chiefly women ; and there is just the same fuss and preparation, and 'getting ready to go to church,' as among ourselves, and which gives to the proceeding, there as well as here, so much the air of the formal discharge of a duty required by social position, rather than the voluntary resort to the house of prayer. And in the disposition observed in the Madeleine, St. Roch, Notre Dame de Lorette, and the other fashionable churches, all the well-known evils of our own pew-system are repeated over again with chairs, with even a little extra disorder and confusion, to be ascribed to the payment at the time, and the continual passing and repassing of the person who collects it. Whole rows of chairs, and always the front rows, are appropriated—hired, that is, for a period—and made as comfortable and as splendid as a chair will admit of by coverings, cushions, and paddings of velvet. Add to this the strutting of a consequential and (often, as we have experienced) insolent beadle, not even wearing any ecclesiastical garment, but dressed out like a livery-servant, with an enormous cocked hat always on his head, and there is quite enough to scare away any of the poorest class from intruding into what is so evidently not intended for them.

But this, we fear, would be but a shallow account of their absenting themselves. The real truth is, they do not want to come. The Church of France so far shares the character, and is influenced by the spirit, of all the institutions in that country,—it is the Church of the middle classes. The crowds—and they are crowds—that fill the churches, are of the same class that fill the rooms of the Louvre, and the other exhibitions,—they are not of the operative class. There are no churches for them. There are enormous districts, in the faubourgs and the banlieue,

[1] In case any of our readers should be so far behind the world as not to know what is meant by the *feuilleton*, we subjoin Dr. Wordsworth's explanation : 'a 'certain quantity of subsidiary matter, ranged in dwarf columns in the lower part of 'three sides of the paper, the subject of which is taken from real or imaginary life. 'Thus the public is presented, day by day, with a great number of romances, pub-'lished by instalments, which form the habitual study of the greater part of the male 'and female population of Paris. In this way, newspapers, not only as containing 'news, but as supplying works of fiction, have become the literature of the country.

without a single church. And the clergy belong equally to this middle class. Out of it they come, and for it they serve;[1] they have no acquaintance with what is beneath. The mass of the population of Paris never come near them. We often hear the expression 'religious instincts' used, and are apt to think that nature implants in every breast some glimmering knowledge of right and wrong, some indistinct consciousness of the being of a God. This is true; but the impulse of uninstructed human nature is to hate the right, to shrink with fear from the God it knows not. Some sort of religious teaching there must have been (humanly speaking) if the man is ever to turn again to a God whom he has lived without for years. A Spaniard, however abandoned his life may have been, is said ever to turn on his death-bed towards religion, and to seek, at least, to die the death of the righteous. But then it is because he remembers that he once learnt his catechism; as a child, he heard something from the priest, which, long shut out from his heart, comes back again now; now he knows, what he has often, from time to time, feared, that it is true. But vast masses of the population of Paris have received neither instruction nor sacrament of any kind—have never heard the name of God, and can hardly be said to know the meaning of the oaths they use. They cannot be said to be excluded from the churches; they have no wish to enter them. This is by no means the fault of the priests; they do what they can, and even more; for their strength hardly suffices for the discharge of the duties that already fall upon them. And their deficiency in knowledge, and general weakness in theological learning, which Dr. Wordsworth often experienced, is to be, in great measure, ascribed to this honourable cause,—their whole time and strength is expended in instruction, and preaching, and confession. Something is being done for this unhappy class, the offspring of the Revolution, by the evening adult classes of the *Frères Chrétiens;* and the confraternities under the Abbé Desgenettes. And small as all that is done is, compared with the greatness of the evil, it is, at any rate, the only real remedy; when the masses shall have been Christianized, then they will present themselves at the churches, and they will be admitted; and devotion will no longer be an aristocratic privilege.

Meanwhile, the Chamber threatens to interfere to remove the barriers in the churches, which become a political offence in the eyes of liberal members. A short conversation, which took place in the Chamber of Deputies, in the month of June of this year,

[1] It is considered, that not above five hundred out of the whole number of the French clergy are men of any birth: the rest come from the middle ranks.

is enough to justify Dr. Wordsworth in his remarks on this subject.

'*F. de Lasteyrie.*—"I wish to call the attention of Government to the manner in which the floor of certain churches in Paris is enclosed. The Catholic, like other forms of worship, being paid for by the State, the State has a right to require that all who belong to it be treated on terms of perfect equality.

'"Every one must have observed those shameful barriers which are erected in the churches to separate the rich from the poor. It is true, that the barriers are no new introduction; but, originally, they only served to prevent the services and sermons from being disturbed by noise; and all parts of the church were then open to poor and rich alike; there was nothing to hinder the poor from praying by the side of the rich, and having the consolation of approaching the altar with all his brethren of the same faith.

'"But it is not so now. At the entrance of the barriers I speak of, we find, not only the servants of the church, but the agents of the public police. And, several times, when I have been entering to be present at a marriage, on presenting myself at this entrance, I have been readily allowed to pass, because I was dressed as all of us here present are drest, but let a working man in his working dress attempt to follow me, and he was stopt. This is an abuse—a scandalous abuse—to which I call the Ministers' attention.

'"I am aware that the internal arrangement of the churches belong, principally, to the *Curé* and the fabric committees; but, after all, the Government has the right of interference with the mode in which the religions which it salaries are exercised; it has the right to require that rich and poor be treated on a footing of equality. I am not now ascribing any blame to Government: I am only directing its attention to a specific abuse."

'*M. Le Garde des Sceaux.*—"The observations which have been addressed to the Chamber are perfectly just. I have already anticipated the honourable member's wishes, in respect of certain intolerable abuses which have crept into certain of the Paris churches. I have addressed the Archbishop on the subject, and his reply was, that he would make arrangements, in concert with the *Curés* and the fabric committees, to put an end to them."'—P. 215.

The honourable deputy's ingenuous confession, which appears by the way, that he himself only visits a church when one of his friends is to be married, throws no little light on the spirit in which this undoubted evil of the barrier system is felt, and the grounds on which resistance is made to it. It certainly does not follow that M. de Lasteyrie never goes to mass; perhaps he may, now and then; but a deputy could not confess as much as this in the face of the Chamber, without exposing himself to ridicule. For though we have represented the religious movement now taking place, as showing itself chiefly among the

middle class, if the term, indeed, be not a misnomer where the aristocracy is so limited and unimportant, it must not be supposed that it pervades that class, that it carries all before it, or is popular, even in that class. And the zeal exhibited is, no doubt, subject to the sort of optical illusion which we have seen remarked of the irregular activity which characterises our age, in which everything, good and evil alike, seems to be gaining ground—seems to be marching towards victory. It is the splitting up of society into sections, the minute sub-divisions of opinion and aim, which gives this false appearance of energy. 'Enter the saloons, and you will fancy that the taste for an un-'intellectual voluptuousness, a glare and noise which passes for 'pleasure, a juvenile luxury, a gross magnificence, and all the 'trivial toys of a life of amusement, from which mind is excluded '—that all this is growing every hour. Pass to the Bourse, and to 'judge only by what you see there, you would conclude that our 'age was, of all ages, the most covetous, interested, money-making 'age that has ever been; that its whole life and energy were ab-'sorbed in the one pursuit of gain; that the worship of mammon 'was rapidly spreading. But visit our academies: fall into some 'of the public courses of lectures, and you might persuade yourself 'that all the world were students; that an activity before un-'known, was being put forth in every branch of science. And 'so, when you visit the Church, at the sight of the crowds who 'flock thither, becoming every year, not only more numerous, 'but more thoughtful, recollected, and fervent than they were the 'preceding; when not the pulpit alone, but the altar, and the 'confessional, of which the bare mention once provoked a smile, 'gather their hundreds and their thousands around them,—you 'will hardly refrain from drawing the conclusion, that religion 'is the dominant power in France, and that the Church is fast 'rallying the whole nation under her banner.'

With all this real zeal then, and apparent prosperity, it must ever be borne in mind, that religion, that Catholic views and sentiments, sway but a small minority of the French nation. It is not easy to understand how this can be the case, when the very first article of the Charter of 1830 declares, and no doubt truly, that the Catholic religion is the religion of the majority of Frenchmen; and when we hear so much of the Catholic party, and find them so much the object of popular attention, and occupying such a prominent place in the polemics and questions of the day. But still it is true, that the Catholics, as a party, as making themselves heard publicly, as having wants and rights, and enforcing them upon Government in the ordinary way, are not only a numerical minority in the kingdom, but, what it is

still more important to observe, a feeble minority, feeble in influence, and in that which constitutes the great source of political influence in France—talent. Their recent circulars to the electors show this; they speak of themselves as a small middle party, able to turn the scale either way between the contending parties. It is not that they have not a good cause, and justice on their side, even as the law now stands, or that they are wanting in resolute and persevering defence of their position. But they have not the intellect of the country on their side. In the country of all Europe in which intellect is most powerful, they are fighting without this ally, or rather, with it enlisted on the other side. The mass of the talent of the country, as well the studious and solid, as the clever periodical writer, are on the rationalistic side. At other times and places, we often see the intellectual superiority on the losing side; its still and calm voice being drowned by the roar of a passionate and unreasoning mob. This is confessedly the case among ourselves at present, both in ecclesiastical and political matters. A mob majority in the House of Commons, finding a voice in the dexterous sophistries of their leader, have put down the expression of all political and constitutional principle; while the less select mob of Exeter Hall, which has not even one sophistry to offer in its defence, has silenced, for a time, reason, learning, precedent, and common sense, all united against it: but, in France, just now, it is the reverse. It is felt that the Church party, though on some minor points it may be that its claims are technically just, yet does not command the mind of the country. The present French intellect is not Catholic, nor moving in a Catholic direction. We are obliged to admit the truth of Dr. Wordsworth's verdict on the want of learning among the clergy: nay, even M. Michelet's sneers at the seminary education are not exaggerated. It is almost as inferior, in an intellectual point of view, to the English public school, and University education, as it is superior in its discipline. 'What 'is done in these seminaries so vigilantly shut against the law, 'we only know by the absolute nullity of results. The only other 'thing known about them, is their books of education, super-'annuated, refuted a hundred times, given up everywhere else, 'but pertinaciously inflicted on the unhappy young priests. 'How can we be surprised to find them coming out as ignorant 'of science as of the world? They feel, from the first day, that 'they bring nothing with them that can be of use to them in it; 'and the most judicious among them hold their tongue.'—*Michelet des Jésuites*, p. 5.

It is true—to anticipate here an objection that may have occurred to some readers—that the intellect is but an earthly

weapon, and one with which religion can therefore dispense. But we are only speaking now of the visible empire of the Church, and its struggle for political freedom,—a struggle which must be maintained by means and arguments intelligible to those with whom the contest is waged. This the French Catholics themselves feel, when they show so much anxiety to make the most of the amount of attainments they possess among them. Hence their perpetual appeal to '*ces grands nommes*, Fénélon, Bossuet, Leibnitz,' &c. living, as it were, on the reputation of a past age. But let the Catholics once get the mastery of the French mind; let them once show themselves able to cope with their antagonists on their own ground, and many of their external difficulties will vanish. The education-question, among others, will then be simplified. When they are qualified to teach the youth of the country, half the opposition to their doing so will drop. There will still, undoubtedly, remain the opposition of those, who, like M.M. Michelet and Quinet, really dislike the religious, while they pretend only to despise the intellectual, standard of the seminaries; but the opposition of the large body of the moderate and good sort of people, who have not courage to consign their children to the intellectual inferiority that they think awaits them, under the hands of the clergy, will cease at once. Such parents are, at present, in this delimma; they dread the immoral and sceptical influence of the University Colleges on the one hand, and, on the other, the inefficient instruction in the higher branches of science and literature, which alone the clergy can supply. No doubt a consistent Catholic would not hesitate a moment between the two; but, for ordinary persons, the choice is difficult. When the Jesuits monopolized education in France, and almost in Catholic Europe, it was not by royal privileges and grants, but because they took the lead in the intellectual movement. The education they gave was the best that was given; and, in consequence, they possessed themselves of all the universities. 'Consule scholas jesuitarum; 'nihil enim quod in usum venit his melius,' is Lord Bacon's advice.[1]

Meanwhile the Catholics retort the charge of incompetency on the University: and Dr. Wordsworth says of the whole system:—

'The subjects which are proposed for examination and reward, are almost as special and numerous in all the Colleges; from philosophy, rhetoric, Greek, and Latin, down to chemistry, and the English and German languages. This speciality, if I may so call it, of study and

[1] Aug. Scient. vi.

distinction, has evidently a tendency to distract the mind of the student, and to produce bad moral results. A young man is rewarded simply because he may have acquitted himself well in one of the numerous branches of study, and one only. He is thus tempted to forget the universal harmony and connexion subsisting among the various objects of intellectual pursuit, and is induced to substitute in his own mind, as his intellectual *plenum*, some one technical and material science, as chemistry or botany, in lieu of the *prima philosophia* of human and divine wisdom, which unites, animates, and elevates all sciences, and makes them profitable and ennobling subjects for human study, and fit instruments for human education.'—P. 68.

This is the general evil of the University system; but if we are to believe M. Thiersch, who has written an elaborate report on the subject, even these special subjects are not well taught. French knowledge of Greek may be set down at *nil;* and the Bishop of Langres asserts, that Latin is now neglected in the Colleges of the University, from anti-ecclesiastical motives.

Meanwhile, on what is far the most vital part of the subject, there is but one voice. We shall here give Dr. Wordsworth's evidence :—

'I have made inquiries in various quarters concerning the moral character of these Parisian schools, and I regret to say, that in no case has the report been favourable. . . . In giving utterance to this judgment, I am not only recording the result of private inquiries, but am echoing, and that very faintly, the language of the official report of nine Chaplains of these Colleges, to their ecclesiastical superior, in the year 1830, the terms of which are so serious and fearful, that it may well be considered a matter of surprise, that these Colleges should now be overflowing with the vast number of students who resort to them—indeed, that they should be the accredited places of education for the youth of this great country. This fact, which one can hardly call other than a symptom of parental infatuation, can, I apprehend, be only explained from the circumstance, that education in one of the Colleges is the avenue through which a young man must necessarily pass, unless he is brought up entirely under the roof of parent or guardian, to enter upon a career of professional life. The following are extracts from this report : —" My lord, the Chaplains of the nine Royal Colleges have the honour to transmit to you the report which your lordship has desired them to furnish, of the moral and religious condition of the above Colleges.

'" We are filled with sentiments of despondency and horror, which no words can express, when we reflect on the almost utter futility of our office, although we have spared neither pains nor study to render it effective. The youths who are committed to our charge, are scarcely admitted into the Colleges, before the good principles which they may have imbibed in their childhood begin to evaporate; if any of them remain faithful to their first impressions, they seek to conceal them;

and when they have reached the age of fourteen or fifteen years, our efforts become wholly abortive: we lose our religious influence over them so completely, that, in each College, among the united classes of mathematics, philosophy, and rhetoric, out of 90 or 100 students, there are scarcely seven or eight who are communicants at Easter.

'"Nor is it indifference, or the force of passion, which leads them to a general forgetfulness of God,—it is positive infidelity. In fact, how can we expect that they should be believers in God, when they see such contempt for religion, and when they listen, every day of their lives, to lectures of so contradictory a character, and when they find Christianity no where but at chapel, and there too an empty Christianity of bare form and technical routine?

'"They arrive, then, at fifteen years of age, without any rule for their thoughts, and without any aim for their actions, except an exterior discipline which they abhor, and masters whom they treat as mercenaries; and, at length, when the course of their studies is complete, of those who issue from the Colleges, the average number of the students who had preserved their religion to the end of their career, does not amount to more than one student from every College in each year. Such is the calculation which expresses our hopes of the future in the University, and the result of our own professional labours!

'"Some of us have passed our youth in these Colleges, and we have seen, as students there, that which we now behold as functionaries; and we have never thought on our education without extreme disgust, and we shall never reflect on our present office without sorrow. We are, my lord, with respect,"&c. (Signed by the nine Chaplains of the Government Colleges.)

'To this may be added the testimony of a liberal deputy, and a member of the Council of Instruction itself, M. St. Marc Girardin:—"We do not make citizens, any more than saints, in our Colleges. What do we make, then? We instruct—we do not elevate; we cultivate and develope the mind—but not the heart."

'The following passage is transcribed from "Histoire de l'Instruction Publique," par M. Riancey:—"It is difficult to represent the state of moral depravity to which the youth of France was reduced within ten years after the foundation of the University. One fact will suffice. Several students committed suicide in the Parisian Colleges! The most recent of these suicides has thrown great light on these awful mysteries, and notwithstanding the attempts to conceal it from the public, the whole of Paris resounded with the fact for several days. A government student, of fifteen years of age, quitted his College without leave. On his return he was condemned to solitary confinement for three hours. On entering the place of confinement he attempted to hang himself, but without success. After several attempts, he tied his cravat to a chair, and strangled himself by straining against it. The same day his comrades produced his will, written by his own hand. The following is a copy of it:—'I bequeath my body to the pedants, and my soul to the manes of Voltaire and J. J. Rousseau, who have taught me to despise

the vain superstitions of this world. I have always acknowledged a Supreme Being, and my religion has ever been the religion of nature.' This will was immediately circulated among the Colleges of Paris. Copies were eagerly made of it, and the students joined in admiration of this appalling crime, as if it were an act of the most heroic devotion."'

On reading this account — and it is really a very inadequate one—of the dreadful state of these schools, our only astonishment is, that such efforts should be made to preserve such a state of things; that a great majority of the nation should choose to continue such a system, rather than admit the intrusion of the rules of religion, and the control of the discipline of the Church. We are not aware that the numbers of the scholars in these Colleges, have at all diminished during the late dispute; while there is a steady annual decrease in the numbers who seek admission to the seminaries for the clergy; and this while there is such an apparent growth of religious zeal, and while there is so miserable a deficiency of priests for the service of the country parishes. To mention only two dioceses: in that of Versailles there are 80 churches, in that of Rheims 115, without a priest. But, no doubt, there is a certain feeling that they cannot have a modified form, or a limited quantity, of the Catholic system, just enough to keep the worst vices at bay, and retain the rest of the heart for the world. They see that they must have all or none. The scholars must be unreservedly submitted to the Church, or they will be as though they were not submitted at all. The half measure of appointing a Chaplain who is without authority, has been tried, and is an entire failure; and they have now only the option of a thoroughly religious education, or no religion at all. Not that the Catholics would desire that the whole instruction and direction of the Colleges should be wholly in the hands of priests. There would be certainly no objection to this; but the lecturers and functionaries might be, if it was desired, laymen, provided that the *élèves* were not, as now they actually are, prevented from being brought up as Catholics. For it must not be supposed that all the lawlessness and brutality of the interior of these schools, arises from the want of discipline. It may, on the contrary, be said to be the result of the very strict discipline observed.

' The *internes*, or boarders, are subject to a vigorous restraint; they are not allowed to go out of the precincts of the college (Louis le Grand) more than twice a week, that is, Sundays and Thursdays; their amusements, therefore, ordinarily are confined to these quadrangles, which have a very dull and monotonous appearance. . . . And not

merely are they thus confined in space, but they are never left to themselves without the presence and superintendence of either a professor, when they are *en classe*, or a *maître d'étude* (a very ill-paid and subordinate functionary), when they are preparing their lessons. Their recreations also are under similar control, which does not cease at night, for, at each end of their bed-rooms, which are long and spacious, is a bed for a professor, and the room-door has an aperture through which a sergeant on guard during the night is bound to look every hour, and to see that all is quiet and orderly in the apartment, which is lighted by a lamp.

'The bill of fare for a fortnight, which is hung up in the kitchen, did not exhibit a very various or copious supply of viands. Friday and Saturday are invariably observed as *jours maigres*, i.e., no meat is then allowed. The breakfast is limited to bread and water, which is taken at eight o'clock, the students having risen at five. The dinner is at twelve, supper is at eight, bed-time half-past eight.'—P. 71.

It is instructive to observe, that this severe discipline, for such it is compared to an English school even, and much more to that of a college in one of our Universities,—is not only ineffective, but is the very cause and source of the evils produced. It is simply mechanical constraint, and not discipline; it is the body without the soul; it is imitated, in fact, from that of the Catholic seminaries, which, in its form, it closely resembles; or rather it is the old discipline of these very colleges, handed down by tradition from the time when they were administered by jesuits or priests. But the life is fled; the system is now administered by functionaries who know nothing of the minds of those they so vigilantly watch over, who regard the students as so many prisoners; they, in their turn, treating the master as their gaoler. It is a police necessary for the security of the governors, not an affectionate discipline of the governed; a prison, not a school. For it is just the same with severity in education, as with asceticism in religion. Check the exercise of the affections, the internal support of the soul, and asceticism becomes mere physical torture, a 'bodily exercise, which profiteth nothing.' The silent system of the American prisons is Trappist rigour, without that which alone makes such rigour endurable to human nature; and its natural consequence is—madness. So the discipline of a Parisian college is conventual austerity, without an object; the body is pained, but not for the purpose of expanding the heart; the heart is, at the same time, crushed. The rules, which become an object of fond attachment to the elève of a Jesuit seminary, are mere cruelty when administered by such hands. And they would end much more frequently in suicide than they do, were it not for the various means and opportunities of compensating to themselves, for these enforced

severities, which the inmates of a French college have devised. Evasion, dissimulation, lying and fraud, are the inevitable produce of a harsh education without love. Among the improvements of the present age, whatever they be, education cannot reckon as one.

And over and above this severe *surveillance*, the form or force of external religion is kept up. 'The French Professor informed me,'—we quote the words of another traveller, [S. S. Hill, Esq., 'The Tiara and the Turban,' London, 1845,]—'that, as by 'the still extant laws or customs of the University, his pupils 'were obliged, like good Christians, to go to mass every Sunday, 'he, of course, conducted them to the church; that as soon as he 'had entered, he placed them within one of the recesses, of which 'there were several railed in from the side aisle, and after locking 'them up, that they might the better amuse themselves as they 'thought proper, returned home, where he remained till the usual 'time of the termination of the mystery, at which hour he 'returned to liberate them; and what he told me he was accustomed to do, I once, at least, saw him perform."

Home education, before the college life commences, is little better.

'The usual practice for French parents is to bring forward their children as much and as fast as possible, by associating them with grown-up people, and conforming them to their ways and habits. Thus, you see children of five or six years old taking their meals with their parents, faring on the same food, and listening to their conversation, and stimulated to take a part in it, to show how *spirited* they are. Hence arises premature independence, and impatience of parental authority. I have heard it said, that another consequence of this encouragement of display in children, is a disregard for truth,—cleverness and show of wit in their offspring being preferred by the parents to veracity.'—P. 142

This brings us to a point, which it would be impossible to lay down this Diary without noticing, and to which we alluded at the opening, in saying, that there were some parts of what he saw which, in exception of his general fairness, were unhappily distorted by the theory with which he left home; for though education forms the main object of his inquiries, yet, singularly enough, he quite mistakes, as it seem to us, the real footing on which the education question is being agitated in France. He condemns the clergy for their mode of proceeding in the question.

'I asked [my friend] whether, as a Catholic, and therefore believing one religion, and one only, to be true, he did not think it to be the duty of the State, for the sake of its own happiness and safety, and for that of the people, especially the poor, to maintain that religion

as far as was compatible with the principles of toleration, and to discourage dissensions, and to promote unity? and whether it was not its duty to God, who had promised that nations and kings should be the champions and nursing fathers of His Church, to endeavour to bring about the fulfilment of the Divine prophecies in its behalf?'—P. 56.

If this only means, that the Catholic clergy should endeavour, by properly religious means, to convert the whole French nation, and bring them over by preaching, prayer, instruction, &c., to the faith—this, of course, it is their continual endeavour to do. But, if it means, that in politically treating with the Government, they ought to endeavour to prevail on the Government to give over the whole education of the nation to the Catholic priests, it is an egregious misapprehension of the condition of France, and of the footing on which its Government rests. France is not a Catholic country. The majority of its people are merely nominal Catholics; but there are Protestants, Jews, St. Simonians, Phalansterians, every possible shade and denomination of each. And it is the fundamental law of the Constitution, and the first article of the Charter, that every citizen is equal before the law—is an integral part of the State. The Government is, officially, of no faith in particular, but bound to protect all alike. To go then to this Government, and ask it to patronize, encourage, subsidize, or establish one creed to the detriment of the rest, would be to ask it to overthrow the very foundations of the State, to destroy the social edifice which it is appointed to protect. The clergy are often enough suspected and charged with want of patriotism, in their supposed leaning to the exiled Bourbons; but they would be guilty of the veriest folly and madness if they were to propose it as their avowed aim and purpose, to do away with the so jealously guarded liberty and equality of the Charter, and that in their own favour. No, they have taken the much wiser course, the only one, in fact, possible under the present state of things; and all they ask is, that this liberty be extended to themselves, to the Catholics, who (the conscientious ones) are the only persons who are excluded from the full benefit of it. In the words of M. Gondon (p. 56), 'the Catholics have no expectation or desire of encouragement 'from the State; they only hoped for liberty and toleration. It 'would be preposterous in them to claim the right to educate 'the children of parents of other creeds, when they are not 'at liberty to educate their own.' For, as our readers no doubt are aware, no one can obtain a degree, which is the indispensable passport to certain offices and employments, without a certificate of having attended certain courses of lectures by Professors of the University: therefore the son of a conscientious parent, who cannot suffer him to attend the lectures of an atheistical (perhaps)

Professor, is quite excluded from what is open to all the rest of his fellow-citizens. All the Catholics ask then is, that this exclusion and compulsion should be removed; that they should not be interfered with in bringing up their children as they please, *libérte d'enseignment* for themselves. They do not wish to interfere with others; they only want to be put on the same footing as all other sects; and they appeal to the Charter, which promises this. At present rationalism has a privileged monopoly of education.

'Do we want,'—we quote the words of Count Montalembert,—'to force religion on the Colleges, to jesuitize them, to use an expression employed in the other Chamber? No! The only remedy we wish for, for what we complain of is, that which the Charter, and the social condition of our country demand, as certainly as the voice of the Church—liberty. Keep your University; manage it as you like best; but allow those to whom its spirit is repugnant, the right to look elsewhere for the bread of understanding; let the sceptic and the indifferent have the undisputed right to protect their children against the perils of religious zeal, only let us not be condemned to leave our children among them.

'Much is said of ecclesiastical encroachment and domination, as if it was a monopoly for the clergy we were claiming. But, every bishop who has spoken, as you well know, have demanded liberty for *all*. "Every exclusive privilege to educate," says the Bishop of Langres, "is, at the present day, illegal; and would be as illegal if granted to the clergy, as if granted to any other class or creed." This declaration, repeated and confirmed, in a manner the most solemn, by all the bishops, is a triumphant response to the odious calumny which reproaches us with wishing to substitute our monopoly for that of the University.'—*Speech of April* 26, 1844.

Yet this 'odious calumny' would be a just reproach, if they adopted the course Dr. Wordsworth thinks the right one. But such a course would be simply impossible under their circumstances, and, as matter of policy, even if possible, would be the very worst they could adopt. Nothing hurts the cause of the Catholics more, or makes the French look with greater mistrust upon the clergy, than the suspicion they cannot get over, that their hearts are with the exiled Bourbons. And popular opinion has too much reason for thus identifying the Catholic with the Carlist party. A recent traveller writes from Lyons:—

'As soon as I came to Lyons, great was my surprise to find that Catholicism was subjected to a sort of test under the name Legitimism. "How is it possible for a man to be a good Catholic if he do not look upon the present king as an usurper?" Such is the question that some influential people here have more than once put to me. It must be allowed that, in Lyons, the most devout and charitable men belong to that party called Carlists by the French. It must also be allowed that,

in Lyons, there are hardly a few exceptions to the rule, that a supporter of the government is necessarily an infidel and a usurer, who believes in nothing but pounds shillings and pence. And what I am now saying of the second city in the kingdom, may be asserted of the South of France. . . One of the parishes in Lyons is principally inhabited by persons of rank and fortune. In order not to take the oath of allegiance, they have abstained from voting in the elections. Their number amounts to no less than 200 in this single part of the town.'

Now, if there be any portion of the Catholics who incline to Dr. Wordsworth's view of the duty of the Church, to claim the education of the children who belong to other religious sects, it is just that portion who yet cherish the traditions of the old *régime*. With such persons, political and religious ideas are so mixed up in their minds, that they are unable to distinguish between them; and it is no wonder, when the Church in France was so long in intimate alliance with the monarchy, that the two should be thought inseparable. Under Louis XIV. this was the case; but to hold up Louis Philippe as the object of the same loyalty and consideration on the part of the Church rulers as Louis XIV., is a most puerile and unpractical doctrine, and one which could not be acted on for a moment. The King of the French is not only not a Catholic officially, but he is bound officially to present the same face to all sects; it is part of the tenure of his throne, that he must show no favour to one above another. The crown (not the individual wearing it) is of all religions. A Communist is as integral a part of the State as a Catholic. Dr. Wordsworth wishes that the Catholic clergy should consent to become the tool of a Government which *must not* be Catholic, to secure the orderly submission of the people to it. He complains that now, as it is, they are only martyrs to the *Charte*, and he would have them martyrs to the old monarchy, to the principle of establishment; to the doctrine, that the Church is co-extensive with the kingdom of France; to an accident which, in Dr. Wordsworth's peculiar point of view, is become an essential of the Church. He expresses no sympathy for the peculiarly hard position of the Catholics in France, viz. that they are the only one of all the religious communities, the free exercise of whose religion is forbidden or curtailed by the law. To have these restrictions removed; to be put on a footing with the other sects; to have given that liberty for the exercise of their worship which the Charter promises, is all the independence they ask. And it might appear strange, if the source of his prejudice were not so obvious, that Dr. Wordsworth should grudge them this independence.

'M. Gondon,' he says, 'did not seem to apprehend, that in 'asserting their complete independence, and effecting their abso-'lute emancipation from all civil power in their own country, they

'might fall under the thraldom of an extra-national, and anti-'national despotism of a spiritual and unlimited kind.' But a truly spiritual authority is no more a thraldom to the Catholic, than is the law of virtue to the virtuous. The good man seems to the wicked to be a slave to his principles, because he wants the liberty to do evil; so the statesman thinks obedience to spiritual authority the same restraint that obedience to the civil authority is, not knowing that spiritual authority is but the expression and form of the law of conscience as enlightened by the Gospel: a help to the conscientious to ascertain his duty,—to find out what, when found, it is his single desire to do.

Dr. Wordsworth's continual complaints, that the Church of France has become unnational, or anti-national, are equally unfair; and we really do not understand what he wants it to be. He is not content, as we have seen, that the clergy should rest satisfied with the present constitution, but wishes them to claim the right of superintendence over the children of other sects. This would be to be indeed anti-national, and would be falling back upon what is the object of the greatest jealousy—the political doctrines of the ancient monarchy. The only party whose doctrine on Church and State Dr. Wordsworth would agree with, as far as we can make out, is that represented by M. Dupin's book, which has been condemned formally by all the French bishops, which is a revived Gallicanism—a doctrine which, even under Louis XIV., savoured far too much of a superstitious and adulatory deference for earthly powers, but which, when applied to the present monarchy, is an unsubstantial phantom, and is, in fact, only maintained in France by a ministerial party, for ministerial purposes—a party who have lately begun to effect a hypocritical deference for the Gallican Synod of 1682, and to wish to enforce upon the clergy the very ordinances of Bourbon despotism, which they have so energetically repudiated for themselves. At times, indeed, Dr. Wordsworth seems to feel this, and he is once inclined to allow, that 'it is not to be wondered 'at, that their sympathies are rather with the Vatican than with 'the Tuileries: that their tendency is to regard themselves as 'ministers of the Church, rather than as citizens of France, and 'that their energies are directed to support the chair of the suc-'cessor of S. Peter, rather than the throne of the King of the 'French.'—P. 39.

Even here, indeed, his 'friendly annotator' seems to have thought that he was speaking ironically; and this is not the general tone of the book. In the last page we find him quoting with approbation the opinion of the Edinburgh Review, that 'had 'Louis Philippe been sure of his throne, no one can doubt that 'his high intelligence and abilities would have led him to see the

'true salvation of France, in reanimating the freer Catholicism 'of better days among his people.' To pass over the vagueness of the high-flown phrase, 'freer Catholicism of better days,'—expressions to which, perhaps, the reviewer himself did not attach a very definite meaning,—it really seems as if Dr. Wordsworth thought that religion was at the beck and call of a king, and would appear and disappear, could be diffused or withdrawn, as it suits the purposes of a government. It is quite humiliating to hear a Christian minister talking in the undisguised way in which Dr. Wordsworth does, of making the Church subservient to political ends—and such an end, too, as that of maintaining Louis Philippe on his throne.

'What would not Louis Philippe give for a National Church, founded on the solid basis of evangelical truth and apostolic discipline, devoted to the monarchy, and untrammelled by Rome! And why should he not endeavour to restore to France the Church of his forefathers? Why should he not attempt to revive the Church of S. Hilary and S. Irenæus? If he could effect this, he would have nothing to fear from the Jesuits; he would have *his* eighty bishops devoted to his throne.'—P. 157.

Thus the restoration of the Church of S. Hilary and S. Irenæus is desirable, because it would secure the branch of Orleans on the throne! But S. Hilary and S. Irenæus will not come because Louis Philippe wants them; and if they did, we fear they might not be found such docile instruments in his hands as would be required for his purposes.

ART. IV.—1. *Amy Herbert.* *By* A LADY. *Edited by the Rev.* W. SEWELL, B.D. *Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford.* 2 vols. Second Edition. London: Longmans. 1845.

2. *Stories Illustrative of the Lord's Prayer. By the Author of "Amy Herbert."* Second Edition. London: Burns. 1844.

3. *The First Voyage of Rodolph the Voyager. Edited by the Rev.* WILLIAM SEWELL, B. D. London: Burns. 1844.

4. *The Second Voyage of Rodolph the Voyager.* 1844.

5. *The Mission; or, Scenes in Africa. Written for Young People. By Captain* MARRYAT. 2 vols. London: Longmans. 1845.

6. *Abbeychurch; or, Self Controul and Self Conceit.* London: Burns. Derby: Mozley and Sons. 1844.

7. *The Birthday. By the Author of "Gideon," "Josiah," &c. &c.* Second Edition. London: Burns. 1845.

8. *Little Alice and her Sister.* London: Burns. 1843.

9. *Stories of Cottagers. By the Rev.* EDWARD MONRO, M. A. *Perpetual Curate of Harrow-Weald, Middlesex.* London: Burns. 1843.

10. *Tales of the Village Children. By the Rev.* F. E. PAGET, M.A. *Rector of Elford.* Second Series. London: Burns. Rugeley: Walters. 1845.

11. *The Bird-keeping Boy.* Derby: Mozley and Sons. London: Burns.

12. *Magazine for the Young*, 1842, 1843, 1844. London: Burns.

THE production of books for the young has long ago claimed and obtained a distinct place in the field of authorship. It has been for some time admitted that children have as much right as the men of science, taste, or amusement, to create their own peculiar demand, and obtain a corresponding supply in the literary market. But a considerable change has taken place, or rather, is still in progress, in this department, not only in the amount, (where the most careless eye may detect it with no further observation than the advertising columns of a newspaper will supply,) but also, and even more, in the character of its stores; for, while it has received great accessions, both in the number and talent of its contributors, it has lost somewhat of its distinctive features, somewhat of its original intention. The writers of the books in which our own childhood delighted, Mrs. Barbauld, Miss Edgeworth, and even Mrs. Hofland, wrote most evidently for children, and for children only; now, on the contrary, many books written professedly for children, are such as

will afford perhaps greater instruction and amusement to an elder class of readers. 'Harry and Lucy,' or 'the Parent's Assistant,' or the 'Court of Oberon,' are not often the recreation of any more advanced age than that for which they were originally designed, but most of our readers will be able to recall modern 'children's books,' which they have read with as much zest and enjoyment as if they had appeared in the authorized shape of a three-volumed novel. Nor is this mentioned as a necessary ground of complaint; on the contrary, the book which pleases a more cultivated mind, endowed with the fuller knowledge and more extended experience which must be supposed to accompany advancing years, is so far of a higher character than one which rests contented with the approbation of a younger intellect; nor is it necessary that one which pleases the former should be injurious or ill-adapted to the latter. But though not necessary, no one will deny that this result is possible, and even probable; and if it require a skilful hand to collect and shape the materials so as to suit the palate, and advance the health of any one class of persons separately, far more careful must be the selection, and more delicate the touch, of the author who aspires to write for several at once; and though one would not wish to discourage the attempt, it may not be useless to throw a strong light upon the dangers incidental to it. Some of these will appear in a more detailed survey of the books at present before us; some more harmless instances, however, of the confusion of thought thus induced, are suggested by a more cursory observation; for, as the individual book is often adapted, and therefore we may venture to say intended, for adult as well as younger readers, so the general name appears to cover a wider range than its terms fairly import. With most persons, the mere names, or at any rate the exteriors of the books before us, would be enough to stamp them at once with the name of 'children's books,' and yet there are several among them which probably do not claim that title for themselves. The 'Stories on the Lord's Prayer,' which is a pleasing endeavour to bring out its petitions into a fuller meaning, by connecting them with the events of a poor widow's life, seems to be intended rather as a tract for the poor than a tale for the young. And the object of the 'Stories of Cottagers' is, as the writer himself tells us, to instruct the upper classes in the condition of the poor, by an exhibition of the tragedies of real life which occur among them, 'of very much greater interest 'than the most highly-wrought tales of fiction—scenes which 'call forth the true, deep feelings of men, who, owing to circum-'stances, seldom express them, yet as truly possess them as many 'who make greater profession.' Nor is the writer deceived in his estimate of these 'Annals of the Poor;' several of these

stories would excite a touching interest as fictions, and when known to be truths, they awaken more serious reflections. 'The Cottage in the Lane' is a sad, but well-written account of the misery occasioned by mere indolence and indecision of character. Perhaps, the following extract from 'Annie's Grave,' will give the best idea both of the principles and the style of the book. The subject of it, Wilson, an unsteady and proud man, but withal of quick and tender feelings, had been sobered by the illness and death of a beloved daughter.

'Annie had been buried some months, and the summer was fading into autumn, when I was able to place Wilson in a position of some importance and trust in the parish, from which he was able to earn a sufficient livelihood without injuring his health. For a while he continued thankful, calm, and contented, striving to serve God, and to bear the trials he had had with patience; but, after a while, there was a change, a slow gradual change. He was occasionally absent from church, and when he was there, his dress was above his station; his manner careless and inattentive. He seemed less willing to ask advice on subjects of religion, and more inclined to excuse his faults. When he did speak, he seemed to be strongly impressed with the importance of still advancing in good things, and showed, on all occasions, great feeling on the subject of religion. For a few days, after a conversation, when his faults had been placed before him, he was more watchful; but he, by degrees, began to depend too much on conversation to keep up his religious efforts. Our religion must depend more on sacraments and prayers,—less on the excitement often produced by intercourse with men.

'Such changes were painful to watch. Wilson, I knew, was naturally proud: his religion had been too much one depending on feeling, and he was not able to stand against prosperity. He could endure adversity, for he had deep warm feelings; and indulging them, when affliction offered opportunity, pleased him: days of success were different. He had begun to think, that if he could cry at the death of his child, and long to be with her, it was a sign he was serving God from the heart. This is not all that is needful,—far from it.

'I learnt that he had formed a small society among a few more steady men in the village, who met at his house to sing hymns in the evening; and he read aloud to them. I feared there was vanity mixed up with it all, and my fears were true. Singing hymns became, amongst them, a common occupation, carried on in a careless, irreverent spirit, when most out of season. More than once, by the influence of Wilson, the whole party were seen in the church of a neighbouring parish on Sunday, having gone there to display their own knowledge of singing hymns. All this was bad; and when, at len his lungs compelled him to give up his sing interest in the society of those whom he but too plainly that vanity had been subject was religious, and he th

himself on it. So, by degrees, he fell away from the path of right. He had mistaken the true use of trouble; he had thought it had done its work when it had made him *feel* the importance of religion—the shortness of life. This is *not* all its work; it must lead us to act also. From thus leaving off his attention to the external occasions of religion, Wilson went on to make it a mere tool for his vanity, and from that to almost giving up the profession altogether. Often and often has his wife come to me, with tears in her eyes, to beg me to speak to him, and try to bring him back to the feelings he once had, and which he had now so forsaken. Words *had* a great effect upon him. Perhaps those who are easily worked upon by words, and who need constantly that kind of outward support, are the least satisfactory cases we have to do with. A mind stayed on the use of means which accustoms itself to find grace and encouragement often in the use of prayer and the holy communion, in the sweet calm of public worship, and the awful quiet of self-examination, will be in far more hopeful condition, though the feelings be less excited, and the hope less high, than the mind which always needs the persuasion of personal intercourse.'—*Annie's Grave*, p. 10.

We may now pass on to the books more avowedly destined for children; and these are of three kinds—the Imaginative, where the scene is laid openly and professedly in an ideal world; or that in which a moral lesson is conveyed through the incidents of ordinary life, which may be called the Imitative; or lastly, the Didactic, which aims solely, or principally, at the communication of merely useful knowledge, sweetened up, to conciliate the youthful palate, with what may be deemed a sufficient admixture of the merely entertaining. As Captain Marryat's 'Mission' is the only book on our list which properly belongs to this last class, we will assign it the first place in our consideration. Here the useful portion consists of a history of the Cape settlements, and some stray propositions of natural science, while the entertaining is, we suppose, to be sought for in the form of the narrative, and the personal characters of the interlocutors; the anecdotes of animals, which are by far the best part of the book, might be considered as a neutral ground on which the opposing principles are allowed to blend in amicable union, if it were not that the speaker perpetually reminds us of his character of instructor, and warns us that 'all for our content, he is not here,' by the apology with which he generally thinks it necessary either to commence or to conclude his anecdotes; and which serves as a continual notice to the readers, that, however amusing they may find the tale, they are not to content themselves with mere gratification, but are carefully to imbibe the precious drops of valuable information which it contains. The thread on which these pearls are strung, is the 'mission' of a young man to Southern Africa, to ascertain whether his aunt (who had been wrecked on the coast many years before, and whom later tra-

vellers had reported to have become the property of a Caffre chief) was either yet alive herself, or had left him any Griqua or Amaquibi cousins. He finds, to his great joy, that she had undoubtedly perished either in the shipwreck, or the disasters that ensued; and having thus satisfactorily discharged his mission, he makes a longer sweep through the interior, to contemplate and shoot the wonders of that marvellous region. The narrative itself is jejune and wearisome, and the efforts to maintain a semblance of natural conversation and individual character, ineffably tiresome, while there is an unattractive clumsiness in the mode of appending occasional scraps of religion, which betrays the character of an extraneous decoration, rather than an integral part of the design; but some of the anecdotes are new, and occasionally curious. The following is an instance:—

'Once, when I was travelling in Namaqua Land, I observed a spot which was imprinted with, at least, twenty spoors, or marks of the lion's paw; and, as I pointed them out, a Namaqua chief told me that a lion had been practising his leap. On demanding an explanation, he said, that if a lion sprang at an animal, and missed it by leaping short, he would always go back to where he sprang from, and practise the leap so as to be successful on another occasion; and he then related to me the following anecdote, stating that he was an eye-witness to the incident:—

'"I was passing near the end of a craggy hill, from which jutted out a smooth rock, of from ten to twelve feet high, when I perceived a number of zebras galloping round it, which they were obliged to do, as the rock beyond was quite steep. A lion was creeping towards the rock, to catch the male zebra, which brought up the rear of the herd. The lion sprang and missed his mark; he fell short, with only his head over the edge of the rock, and the zebra galloped away, switching his tail in the air. Although the object of his pursuit was gone, the lion tried the leap on the rock a second and a third time, till he succeeded. During this, two more lions came up and joined the first lion. They seemed to be talking, for they roared a great deal to each other; and then the first lion led them round the rock again and again. Then he made another grand leap, to show them what he and they must do another time." The chief added, "they evidently were talking to each other, but I could not understand a word of what they said, although they talked loud enough; but I thought it was as well to be off, or they might have some talk about me."'—*Mission*, vol. ii. p. 228.

The following story reminds us that we have to do with the author of 'Peter Simple;' a solitary gleam of old recollections seems now and then to have illumined the Captain's altered occupation:—

'A Bushman was following a herd of zebras, and had just succeeded in wounding one with his arrow, when he discovered that he had been

interfering with a lion, who was also in chase of the same animals. As the lion appeared very angry at this interference with his rights as lord of the manor, and evidently inclined to punish the Bushman as a poacher upon his preserves, the latter, perceiving a tree convenient, climbed up into it as fast as he could. The lion allowed the herd of zebras to go away, and turned his attention to the Bushman. He walked round and round the tree, and every now and then he growled as he looked up at the Bushman.

'At last the lion lay down at the foot of the tree, and there he kept watch all night. The Bushman kept watch also; but, towards morning, feeling very tired, he was overcome by sleep, and as he slept he dreamed: and what do you think that he dreamed? he dreamed that he fell from the tree into the jaws of the lion. Starting up in horror from the effects of his dream, he lost his hold, and falling from the branch, down he came with all his weight right on the back of the lion. The lion, so unexpectedly saluted, sprang up with a loud roar, tossing off the Bushman, and running away as fast as he could; and the Bushman, recovering his legs and his senses, also took to his heels in a different direction; and thus were the "sleepers awakened," and the dream became true.'—*Mission*, vol. i. p. 271.

Before quitting this book, may we venture to ask, whether it is an advisable thing to accustom 'young people' to look with indifference on such wholesale slaughter of the brute creation as these African shooting expeditions generally exhibit? 'The Mission' certainly does not display this in its worst form. We are glad to find that the carcase of the hippopotamus, or elephant, is a real boon to the Hottentots, or half-starved Bushmen; and there can be no doubt of *their* right to destroy them for their own support. But when we read of 'large herds of brindled gnoos, quaggas, 'and antelopes, covering the whole face of the country as far as 'the eye could reach, moving about in masses to and fro, joining 'each other and separating, so that the whole plain appeared 'alive with them,' (vol. ii. p. 215;) and are informed, that 'their 'numbers impeded the animals in their flight,' so that 'every 'shot told, for it was hardly possible to miss,' we are compelled to ask, whether such wanton havoc can be indifferent in His sight, who remembered the animals in the ark, and regarded the cattle of Nineveh?—whether destruction, for the sake of mere amusement, is not, in any form, a tyrannical abuse of that dominion over the inferior creation, which was bestowed, by the Divine assignment, upon man?

We turn with pleasure to the more numerous class of books before us, which we have styled the imitative, not only because the scenes and events are such as may be supposed likely to occur among the multiform appearances of actual life, but also because the characters are composed of that fair intermixture of good and evil, or rather are actuated by that alternation of superior

and ordinary motives, in which we recognise one of the most obvious features of truth. Among these 'Amy Herbert' claims our first attention, both as the most finished specimen of the kind, and the most engaging and successful work. We have here a conception of Christian childhood so pure and beautiful, that it might seem a creature of another sky, ready to close up and wither at the first cold breath of the common air, if the author had not intermixed it so skilfully with the plain duties of life, and surrounded it with associations so simple and natural, that we cannot entertain a doubt of its practical reality. Amy cannot have a better introduction to our readers than the opening pages of her history will afford:—

'In a remote picturesque village, on the borders of one of the few remaining forests in England, was situated the home of Amy Herbert. It was a lovely cottage, with a thatched roof and latticed windows, covered with creepers and roses, and standing upon a smooth velvet lawn, which gently sloped to the edge of a clear stream, that flowed sparkling along at the bottom of the garden. A small, but very beautiful pleasure-ground, divided it from the forest, which stretched far away behind for many miles, whilst, in the front, it commanded a view over the village of Emmerton, with its scattered dwellings, and its grey church-tower, and the distant country beyond. The interior of the cottage consisted of a drawing-room,with windows opening upon the lawn, a small study, a dining-room which looked out on the most retired part of the garden, and several bed-rooms; and it was here that Amy Herbert passed the earliest and the happiest portion of her life: and, though to some it might have seemed that her pleasures could have been but few, as she had no companions of her own age, not many servants to wait upon her, and no money to expend on whatever might be the fancy of the moment; yet it may be doubted whether any of those who have been brought up in the midst of luxury, have ever spent so happy a childhood as hers. For Amy lived in her quiet home with the mother who, to her, was all in all; and when she sat by her side at work, or read to her aloud, or walked with her, or listened to her sweet voice as she sang her favourite songs, she had not a wish for any thing else that the world could give. In the summer, Amy's mornings were employed in learning from her mother all that was considered necessary for the education of a lady; for Mrs. Herbert, besides possessing a well-cultivated mind, understood both music and drawing, and spared neither time nor trouble in endeavouring to give her child a taste for the same pursuits. The afternoons were often spent in an arbour, shut out from the view of every passer-by, where Amy read to her mother the books which most interested her; and in the evening she generally walked with her into the village, either to inquire after some of their poor neighbours, or to pay a visit to the rectory, where the affection with which she was received was always a source of enjoyment, though there were no children to be her play-fellows. Occasionally,

also, Amy would persuade her mother to wander with her into the forest, and there, leaving her seated on the trunk of some old tree with her book or her work, she would search amongst the thick underwood for wild flowers, or wood strawberries, and return to her triumphantly laden, as she said, with spoils; and when the falling dews, and the gathering twilight told that it was the hour of rest, Amy, kneeling in her chamber, repeated her evening prayers, and, after receiving her mother's last fond kiss, and her fervent blessing, laid her head upon her pillow, to dream of the joys of the past day, and the interests of the coming morrow.

'The winter also brought its delights: the warm fireside in the morning, and the quick walk in the middle of the day, when the sun was shining, and the earth glittering with the frost, and the tales of days and people long gone by, with which Mrs. Herbert would amuse her little girl in the dusky twilight; whilst in the evening came the bright lamp and the hissing urn, to make them forget that there was anything like cold or discomfort to be endured without. And so Amy's childhood passed tranquilly on; not that it was entirely free from interruptions and disappointments, or that she was always able to follow her own inclinations; for there were gloomy days and causes of vexation, and she had faults which, at times, interfered with her happiness; but her annoyances were soon over, and whenever she gave way to any evil feelings, either of ill-temper, indolence, or carelessness, the sorrowful expression of her mother's countenance, and the grave tone of her voice, never failed to recall her quickly to a better mind.'—*Amy Herbert*, vol. i. p. 1.

Emmerton Hall, a large house in the neighbourhood, whose dark rooms, grim old portraits, and deserted chapel, have often impressed Amy with feelings of awe and interest, is the property of her uncle Harrington, to which he returns after a long absence, with his daughters, Dora, Margaret, and Rose; and the interest of the book lies in Amy's intercourse with her two elder cousins, for Rose is still a child. They are both older than herself; both, too, very differently brought up; for Mrs. Harrington is described as a woman of 'good judgment, su-'perior sense in all worldly affairs, and a never-failing activity. 'Her establishment was the best ordered, her dinners were the 'best dressed, her farm and dairy were the best supplied of any 'in the county; all was in a style of first-rate elegance, without 'any pretension or extravagance; but when she attempted to 'apply her sense and her activity to the management of her 'children, she failed essentially, for the one thing was wanting '—she had no real principle of religion.'—Vol. i. p. 42. Dora has a haughty and overbearing temper, but deep and generous feelings, and the foundation of far higher qualities in an uncompromising sincerity; while Margaret, though more attractive at first sight by the apparent warmth of her affections, is soon dis-

covered to be better supplied with words than feelings, of which, indeed, she scarcely possesses any beyond a selfish vanity: What uncongenial elements they are for poor Amy to assimilate with, will be seen from the following specimen of one of their earliest conversations. It is the young ladies' first visit to Mrs. Herbert.

'In her aunt's presence, however, Dora was rather subdued, and did not venture to remark upon any thing, though Amy, who watched her carefully, noticed the inquisitive look she gave to the furniture, as if she were determined to know exactly what every thing was made of; and when Mrs. Herbert left them, her first question was, "So, this is your largest room, Amy, is it?"

'"Yes," said Amy; "and we have a dining-room and study besides."

'"And, is that all?" added Margaret.

'"All but the bed-rooms," replied Amy.

'"Well! how odd it must be to live in such a tiny house!" continued Margaret. "I should get so tired of it! To have lived all one's life in three rooms! Fancy, Dora, how strange it must be."

'"But," said Amy, "it does very well for mamma and me. You know many poor people have only one."

'"That may be all right for poor people; but *you* are a lady; you are our cousin."

'"Oh!" said Dora, "it does not signify when people are accustomed to it. And now Amy will be able to come and see us at Emmerton; and she can walk about the grounds; and sometimes, I dare say, mamma will let her have a drive in the carriage, which will make a nice change."

'Amy was extremely inclined to say that she never wished to do anything of the kind, for she remembered that, only a week before, she was able to walk all over Emmerton, both in the house and the park, without any person's permission being required but her mamma's.

'"You will like that very much, shan't you, dear?" said Margaret, giving her a kiss.

'The kiss was not returned; but Amy coloured, and only replied, that she did not want any change.

'"I declare you look quite offended," exclaimed Margaret; "doesn't she, Dora? Well! I would not be so touchy for a great deal."

'"I don't wish to be offended, and I am sure I could not bear to be touchy," said Amy, with tears in her eyes; "only I am very happy with mamma."

'"Of course," said Margaret; "but then you need not be angry with us merely because we wish to give you a little pleasure; besides, it is so unkind. I thought you would be fond of us, instead of getting so cross in a minute."

'This was rather more than poor Amy could bear, for she had never been blamed unjustly in her life, and believed that she must be in the wrong whenever any fault was found with her. She was conscious, too, of having felt angry; and sorrow for this, added to a slight remaining irritation against her cousins, made her tears flow fast.

'"How silly!" exclaimed Dora. "We never meant to vex you:

you will get us all into a scrape if you cry, for my aunt will be back in a moment."

'"No one gets into a scrape with mamma," said Amy; "but I am sure it would be me she would blame now; and I am so sorry I was cross."

'"Never mind anything more about it," said Margaret; "just look natural again, and then we shall not care." '—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 75.

We have not space to follow out the details of the story, nor should we wish to make our extracts full enough to supply the place of the book itself, to such of our readers as have not yet perused it. We will, however, add, that the silent influence of Amy's unconscious example gradually, but surely, works a great and beneficial change in Dora's character, though Margaret's levity and inanity are proof against every species of instruction, direct or indirect. But we must not quit the book without noticing one merit which this writer possesses above many of her class: we mean in the portraiture of evil. Too often, besides the necessary pain arising from the perception of the evil itself, we are conscious of an additional feeling of disgust, called out by the act of its description; as if evil were doubled or reproduced by the fact of its being embodied forth in word. We involve the writer in the guilt of his characters, and impute to himself, however unjustly, some sympathy for the error he describes. Nor will even the most carefully marked disapprobation avail to shelter the unconscious fault. Whatever may be the metaphysical explanation, whether it be that there is real coarseness in the description, or that the writer enters too heartily into the character, or betrays too lively an affection for the offspring of his own mind, such as a parent may feel for an unworthy child, we certainly do constantly, in reading of evil, feel more pain than is due to the mere perception of its existence, and which, therefore, we attribute to the manner in which it is treated. From this fault the author of 'Amy Herbert' is free. Her bad and foolish characters are by no means unreal, nor are we ever inclined to condemn them less than we ought. The author is always free from the indignation her characters excite.

We are not sure that the same praise can be awarded to a book which, nevertheless, possesses great merit as a good and spirited production. In 'Abbeychurch,' we feel an unpleasant, jarring sensation, while reading of the Hazelbies, wholly distinct from the moral disapprobation which their conduct is intended to excite. Nor are the lesser faults of the heroine herself, Elizabeth Woodbourne, exempt from the same charge. Our readers may remember to have experienced a similar feeling in the case of a character not altogether dissimilar, and bearing the same name, Elizabeth Bennet, in Miss Austin's 'Pride and Prejudice.' Both

are hasty and rough, keenly sensible of meanness or insincerity, and both—though we would plead a nameless atoning grace in extenuation of Miss Austin's heroine—somewhat inclined to despise the conventionalities of polite life; but here the parallel ceases; for the characters are developed in two different spheres of thought and action. Elizabeth Woodbourne is actuated by an habitual reference to Christian principles, which Miss Austin did not feel it her province to bring out in her works, so much as to deal with character on the natural ground. Elizabeth Woodbourne, with strong, deep feelings, which peculiarly wanted guidance and control, had lost her mother very early, and had grown up under a step-mother, who, though very amiable and gentle, was yet destitute of that strength of character requisite for the direction of a mind like Elizabeth's. The following is a conversation between Elizabeth and her cousin, and chosen friend, Anne Merton, a remarkably pleasing person, who unites perfect gentleness with great firmness and decision:—

'When they went upstairs to bed, Elizabeth exclaimed, "Oh! that horrid new bonnet of mine! I had quite forgotten it, and I must trim it now, for I shall not have time to-morrow morning. I will run to Kate and Helen's room, and fetch my share of the ribbon."

'As she returned and sat down to work, she continued, "It is too much plague to quill up the ribbon as the others have theirs. It will do quite well enough plain. Now, Anne, do not you think that as long as dress is neat, which of course it must be, prettiness does not signify?"

'"Perhaps I might think so, if I had to trim my own bonnets," said Anne, laughing.

'"Ah! you do not think so, Anne, you, who have every thing about you, from your shoestrings upwards, in the most complete order and elegant taste. But then, you know, you would do quite as well if the things were ugly."

'"If I wore yellow gowns and scarlet bonnets, for instance?" asked Anne.

'"No, no, that would not be modest," said Elizabeth; "you would be no longer a lady, so that you could not look lady-like, which I maintain a lady always is, whether each morsel of her apparel is beautiful in itself or not."

'"Indeed, Lizzie," said Anne, "I cannot say that I think as you do, at least as far as regards ourselves, I think that it may be possible to wear ugly things, and still be lady-like; and I am sure I honour people greatly who really deny themselves for the sake of doing right, if any one can seriously care for such a thing as dress; but I consider it as a duty, in such as ourselves, to consult the taste of the people we live with."

'"As your mother said about my hair," said Elizabeth, thoughtfully. "I will do as she advised, Anne, but not while she is here, for fear mamma should fancy that I do so because aunt Anne wished it, though

I would not to please her. I believe you are right; but look here, will my bonnet do?"

'"I think it looks very well," said Anne, "but will it not seem remarkable for you to be unlike your sisters?"

'"Ah! it will give Mrs. Hazelby an opportunity of calling me blue, and tormenting mamma," said Elizabeth; "besides, mamma wished us all to be alike, down to the little ones, so I will make the best of it, and trim it like any London milliner. But, Anne, you must consider it as a great improvement in me to allow that respectable people must be neat. I used to allow it in theory, but not in practice." '—*Abbeychurch*, p. 54.

Elizabeth is very clever, and so well versed in all sorts of reading, as to have obtained within her own circle the somewhat doubtful distinction of a learned young lady; but she is also the managing person of the household. She teaches the younger children at home; visits the schools, and reads to the poor abroad; and, amid the multiplicity of her really useful occupations, it can scarcely be wondered at, if she occasionally feels angrily, and expresses sharply her impatience, at the more frivolous pursuits of her sisters Helen and Kate, who afford her but little assistance in the discharge of her varied duties. We must own ourselves, however, to be occasionally pained by the sharpness of tone permitted among the sisters; not an ordinary characteristic, we are sure, of family conversation among us. Helen has but just returned from a long visit among friends, who have made much of her; and is, consequently, more sensitive than ever to her sister's careless expressions and intentional sarcasms. We will give some specimens of the book:—

'"When I was at Dykelands," said Helen, "every body was talking of a man who had married —"

'"Never mind Dykelands now, Helen," said Elizabeth; "and do put down your pencil. That drawing was tolerable before luncheon, but you have been making your tree more like Mr. Dillon's Sunday periwig every minute since I have been here. And such a shadow! But do not stop to mend it. You will not do any good now; and here is some better work. Mamma wants us to help to finish the cushions. We must do something to earn the pleasure of having St. Austin's Church consecrated on St. Austin's day."

'"What! do you mean that I am to work on that hard velvet?" said Helen, who was a little mortified by the unsparing criticism on her drawing.

'"Yes, I undertook that we three should make up the two cushions for the desk and eagle. Mrs. Webbe's hands are full of business already, but she has explained it all to me, and Kate will understand it better than I can."

'"I thought Sarah Webbe was to help?" said Helen.

'"She is doing the carpet," said Elizabeth. "Oh! if you look so lamentable about it, Helen, we do not want your help. Dora will sew

the seams very nicely, and enjoy the work too. I thought you might be glad to turn your handiwork to some account."

'"Really, Lizzie," said Helen, "I shall be very glad to be useful, if you want me. What shall I do?"

'This was said in no gracious tone, and Elizabeth would not accept such an offer of assistance.

'"No, no,—never mind," said she, putting a skein of crimson sewing-silk over Katherine's out-stretched hands, and standing with her back to Helen, who took up her pencil again in silence, and made her black shadows much darker.'"—*Abbeychurch*, p. 6.

Again—

'About half an hour afterwards, the young ladies assembled in the inner drawing-room to drink tea. Helen, however, remained in the outer drawing-room, practising her music, regardless of the sounds of mirth that proceeded from the other room, until Elizabeth opened the door, calling out—

'"Sweet bird, that shunnest the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy,

come in to tea, so please your highness."

'"What can you mean?" said Helen. "I am sure I am not melancholy."

'"I am sure you shun the noise of folly," said Elizabeth.

'"I am sorry you consider all our merriment as folly," said Anne, hoping to save Helen.

'"Indeed, I do not," said Elizabeth. "It was no more folly than a kitten's play, and quite as much in the natural course of things."

'"Helen's occupation being out of the natural course of things," said Anne, "I should think she was better employed than we were."

'"In making a noise?" said Elizabeth. "So were we; I do not see much difference."

'"Oh! Lizzie, it was not the same thing," said Helen, exceedingly mortified at being laughed at for what she considered as a heroic piece of self-denial; and so it was, though perhaps not so great in her as it would have been in one who was less musical, and more addicted to the noise of folly.

'"How touchy Helen is this evening," thought Elizabeth. "I had better let her alone, both for her sake and my own."

'"How foolish I was to interfere," thought Anne. "It was the most awkward thing I ever did; I only roused the spirit of contradiction, and did Helen more harm than good. I never will meddle between sisters again.'"—*Ibid.* p. 143.

Anne, as may be seen from this last extract, had taken upon herself the character of mediator between the sisters; and the reader will be glad to learn that her efforts were rewarded with tolerable success. There is, however, one character against which we feel it our duty to enter a protest, as it is evidently intended

to occupy rather an amiable position in our estimation, though in right of what qualities it is not easy to determine. Rupert Merton is introduced to us very early, as a subject on which to exercise our expectation. In the first chapter Anne is writing to him to hasten his return, with a warning from his mother not to lose his keys as usual; presently afterwards, our curiosity is excited by a notice of his '*recherché* air,' and our knowledge of his character improved, by Helen's reminiscences of his teasing propensities; and finally our interest is raised to the highest point, by his non-appearance at the expected moment. The only excuse he pleads, is the destruction of his sister's letter, with the last page unread,—a circumstance which will also account for the inefficiency of his mother's warning about the keys; and, from all that is recorded of him, we can only discover that he is rather clever, (though even here his cousin Elizabeth is his superior,) but very conceited withal, thoughtless of others, and incapable of sacrificing the opportunity of a witticism, either to his sister's entreaties, or his own sense of rectitude. We do not mean to say that these faults are unacknowledged, or greatly palliated, by the author; but the character is evidently intended as a whole to conciliate our good-will, rather than to excite our censure; and we have just cause for complaint, if the impression produced by intellectual abilities, as a counterpoise to grave moral defects, be favourable rather than the reverse. Nor can we doubt that the author would agree with us in this opinion; and we can only explain the circumstance on the theory, that the writer, who evinces such thorough familiarity with the thoughts and actions of the young ladies that figure in her narrative, takes only an external view of the young gentlemen; and regards them, as their sisters are somewhat apt to do, as creatures who are to be petted, humoured, and, if possible, admired, during their short periodical sojourn at home; but the display of whose real character, in its depth and earnestness, must be looked for on a different stage. On this hypothesis, we are content to see in Rupert's domestic manners the exhibition of a Socratic irony, (though we think his indifference to his sister's letter beyond the reach of even this excuse,) and to give him credit, not only for the possession of numerous undiscovered virtues, but for no inconsiderable humility in the design, and a masterly power of self-restraint in the execution, of their concealment. But, whatever we may think about Rupert, the chief merit of the book will remain untouched, which lies in the inculcation of the active and conscientious discharge of the domestic duties in all mutual charity and forbearance; and we welcome 'Abbeychurch' as a valuable addition to that increasing class of fictions, which teach how

'The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask—
Room to deny ourselves—a road
To bring us daily nearer God.'

'The Birthday' is equal, probably, in intention, but certainly inferior in execution, to the two we have just left. The principles are good, some of the characters (we would especially instance Edward and Mary) well supported; and the interest of the story sufficiently maintained to carry the reader on to the conclusion. But it is too transparently instructive: its principles are conveyed too directly through the medium of lectures, which are sometimes scarcely disguised under the form of conversation. The obvious objection to such a mode of instruction is the easy separation of the useful and the entertaining, the potion and the sugar. We can fancy the long passages between inverted commas in this book, answering the same purpose to the young reader, as the capital letters 'MORAL' in the fable-books, both being understood to mean 'this may be skipped.' That we may not, however, produce a more unfavourable impression of these instructive, and often clever conversations, than we intend, we will give a specimen:—

'*Fitzmaur.*—"I dare say you think us very wrong not to like Augusta; but you would not, if you knew the reason. She is so tiresome and teasing. I do not mean that she intends to tease,—I dare say she does not,—but she always thinks so much of herself: she will have her own way, and makes such a fuss about every thing. One day, when she was staying with us at Oak Park, we had all set out to take a nice scrambling walk; and we were all obliged to turn back again, because the path through the wood was rather dirty, and Miss Augusta had her best silk frock on, and was afraid of spoiling it. She thinks so much about her smart dresses—much more than Mary does."

'*Edward.*—"Then, again, she is such a coward; and of all faults in the world, I hate cowardice most; I do like people to hold their heads up, and face a little danger for the fun of it. Another of our walks was quite destroyed, because Augusta could not pass a cow. The cow was as quiet as a lamb, and had too much sense to think about such a simpleton as Augusta; but, however, pass it she would not. How I quizzed her! I kept on frightening her by assuring her the cow was at her heels. How she did run! It makes me laugh to think of it."

'*Mary.*—"Yes, Edward; but it was too bad of you. I begged of you not to go on so,—it only made her worse."

'*Edward.*—"But she was such a goose; she ran so hard, that she did not see where she was going, and turning sharp round a corner, she came nearly between the horns of a bull standing there! She scampered back, and found there was no cow following her after all. Then she went blubbering to her mamma, who, instead of scolding her for spoiling our walk, kissed her and consoled her; and said, her 'dear Augusta was so timid, so nervous, that she inherited all *her own sensi-*

tiveness of character;' and a great many other fine words she used. Then she gave her pretty dear a box of sugar plums, and me a box on the ear."

'*Mr. Russell.*—"I must say there was more judgment in the second gift than in the first."

'*Edward.*—"I thought you would say so. But do you think it was right of Augusta to be such a simpleton, and spoil our walk?"

'*Mr. Russell.*—"No, indeed; I think cowardice very wrong; she was a naughty girl; and as you both committed the same fault, I should have given you the same punishment."

'*Edward.*—"The same fault! Do you mean that I was a coward?"

'*Mr. Russell.*—"Indeed I do; I am not sure whether you were not the greater coward of the two; for it is natural to a girl to be timid, and only blameable when it is not controlled. But there is nothing so cowardly and unmanly as for a boy, instead of using his superior strength and courage to protect and help those who are weaker than himself, to laugh at and frighten them. It is very bad indeed. How much more noble it would have been to have shown her there was no danger, by going between her and the cow, and speaking at least courteously to her!"

'*Edward* [*looking very much ashamed*].—"It was wrong of me, certainly,—I will never do it again. You have just mentioned what Fitzmaur did when she came running back, and had to pass the cow after all; he took her hand, and led her past it so politely! I suppose he was right, but I laughed at him for it. The fact is, I hate politeness."

'*Mr. Russell.*—"Why do you hate politeness?"

'*Edward.*—"Because it means nothing; it is all outside. When people say polite things to each other, they never think them. I have seen ladies and gentlemen bowing and scraping to each other by the hour; and directly they are out of each other's hearing, they begin to quiz and call each other bores. And very often people say, 'How glad I am to see you!' to a person whom they wish at Jericho all the time."

'*Mr. Russell.*—"I agree with you in disliking such politeness as that; and if your only ideas of politeness are associated with such hypocrisy, you had better discard the word, and cultivate courtesy."

'*Edward.*—"What is the difference between courtesy and politeness?"

'*Mr. Russell.*—"You shall find out for yourself, by looking into this little volume of Johnson's Dictionary."

'Edward took the book, and read, "*polite*—elegant of manners, glossy;" and "*courteous*—elegant of manners, kind."

'*Mr. Russell.*—"I grant you, the politeness you have described is like a glossy surface, a piece of polished marble, which remains cold and hard. But true Christian courtesy is 'kind,'—it comes from the heart. It cannot speak ill of the person it has greeted, because it 'thinketh no evil;' or wish far away the person it pretends to like, because it is 'without dissimulation.' It tenders kind offices, because it 'does to all men whatsoever it would that men should do to it.' This is true courtesy; and if it were more cultivated both by rich and poor, it would be well,—for though an external polish may embellish it, a rough exterior cannot conceal it."'—*The Birthday*, p. 18.

The conversation is too protracted to allow us to insert enough to justify our remarks; but though no adult reader can be otherwise than pleased and edified by its tone and tenour, we are greatly disposed to doubt, whether its form be well adapted either to catch the attention, or impress the memory of younger minds. This, we think, is a result of that confusion of different classes of readers, to which we alluded in the commencement. Nor is it the only fault arising from the same source. 'The Birthday' is addressed, 'To my younger Sisters,' and the principal actors in it range from nine to twelve years old, so that we seem fully justified in considering it intended for readers not greatly exceeding the latter age. Yet what child of twelve years old can be benefited by the exposure of the faults and follies of Lady Charles, the *aunt* of the party? Or why should he be taught to ridicule the absurdities of Mrs. Dawson? Or is it good to introduce to his notice the topics touched on, and very neatly and clearly we admit, in the following passage?—

'"There I am sure you are wrong," Fitzmaur replied; "for I heard Uncle John, only yesterday, saying something just the reverse of that, and much more like my opinion. He was talking on quite a different matter from this; but it does not signify what the subject is—the principle is the same."

'"And what did he say?" inquired Alice and Mary at once.

'"He was talking with that clergyman who has been staying with us the last two days. I cannot quite recollect the actual subject of their conversation; but I think it was about some laws which they call canons, and some rules in the Prayer-Book."

'"But what has that to do with rowing on the river?" said Alice, laughing.

'"Nothing," was Fitzmaur's rejoinder; "only Uncle John's remark struck me very much at the time. He said there could be no use in obeying rules made so long ago, under different circumstances from the present; that change of circumstances made all the difference; and that, at any rate, when people felt they could do more good by going a little bit away from a rule, it was very narrow-minded to stick to it. Now, that exactly applies to our case: the rule was given a long time ago, and circumstances have quite changed since; for then we did not know how to row, and now we do, and we are also older. And certainly more good is to be done by going, because we can do a service to poor Ellen Barton and her sick brother."'—*The Birthday*, p. 143.

'"I say, Rector," said that personage known by the name of Uncle John, "what think you that impudent young chap, Edward, tells me? He says I am the cause of to-day's events,—that it is all my fault. The fact is, I fear I did forget that little pitchers have long ears."

'Lord John then related to Mr. Russell the observations he had made, and which his nephew overhearing had turned to so much

account, respecting the propriety of judging for ourselves of the utility of certain laws and rules."

'"I am afraid you forgot something more than that," replied Mr. Russell, smiling.

'"Oh! yes," retorted the other, laughing, "I know what you mean; I am afraid you think me too heterodox to be entitled to give that saucy fellow the thrashing I have promised him. Well, I declare, such a tragical parody upon one's theory is almost enough to make one give it up in despair."

'"Something will be gained," said Mr. Russell, "if it obliges you to own *that only those who have the right to impose laws have the right to dispense with them.*"'—*The Birthday*, p. 167.

If it be said that the child will probably but imperfectly comprehend these incidents and arguments, we seem forced on the alternative, that their only object is to arrest the notice of elder readers; and if they were simply unintelligible to children, this might be a harmless and even a useful object. But we do not suppose that this can be truly asserted; and we can scarcely doubt that the chief lesson derived from such characters as Mrs. Dawson or Lady Charles would be a taste for criticising and ridiculing elders, and even relatives; a lesson but too easily learnt, yet involving its teacher in a responsibility for which the honours of successful authorship, or the satisfaction of a pungent sentence, are but an inadequate recompense.

'Little Alice' is a very pleasing tale, unexceptionable in matter, and more simple in style than might be anticipated from its luxuriantly-adorned margins. The angry naughtiness, and sullen, though temporary, pride of childhood, is delineated to the very life, while the smile with which we are too apt to regard childish faults is instantly checked by the grave admonition of their sinfulness. The following scene of ill-temper and recovery is excellent:—

'Uncle James, who was sitting there too, called out, "Ally, Ally, you seem out of sorts!"

'But she sat on the ground, pouting, and made no answer.

'"Ally—Ally Croker!"

'Now this had been an old quarrel. Uncle James would call her Ally Croker, and Alice could not bear it, though she did not know who Ally Croker was,—only it was an ugly name. So she sprang up, and turning very red, gave him a great slap.

'"I won't be called that—I won't bear it, I tell you!"

'Uncle Grant, who was reading the newspaper, said, "Ally, what is all this?" but he took no further notice; and Aunt Grant was reading some letters. Mary was with baby.

'So Uncle James went on teasing and laughing, whilst she got more and more angry, saying "Ally"— and then stopping short. This was as bad as if the whole name had come out. She checked herself a little;

not, I fear, because she would not be naughty, but lest the nursery-window should be open, and her sister or Susan should hear. At last she looked up, and saw Uncle James ready to begin again. Her patience was gone; she struck him with all her little strength, and burst into a violent roar, calling her uncle all the names that came into her head. He tried to stop her, saying,

'"Come, come, never mind! Don't be a baby; it is all fun, Ally!"

'But still she cried; and when her aunt said, "I cannot bear this noise—do stop her, James," Alice hurried away, stamping as she went, at once into the little room through the nursery, where she slept. She had stopped crying, but she sobbed violently, and kneeling down by her little bed, hid her face against it.

'Presently the door opened gently, and she heard Mary's step. She had wished to get away from everybody; yet her sister had not offended her; so, in answer to her question, "What is the matter?" she stopped her sobs, so as to be able to say, "Uncle James is so very cross and ill-natured—he always is—he is always teasing me—I am sure *he* is not good. He was doing nothing himself, and would not let me alone. Don't you think, sister, he is very naughty? And then he is not a little girl like me! He ought to know better."

'Whatever Mary thought, for she had heard it all from the window, she knew Alice's business was with herself. She said, "Uncle James is not always cross, Alice. He brought you some nice presents; and you know you have told me how often he tells you pretty stories about Aladdin and the lamp; and how he tells you what he shall show you when you go to see him at Oxford. Uncle James may not know quite when to leave off play, and he may not understand little girls so well as some people. But, Alice, when anybody teases you, as you say, and you grow angry, you lose the very best opportunity you can have for learning to be good, and to manage your hasty temper."

'Then she took her little sister on her knee, and looking very grave as well as very kind, she said, in a low voice,—

'"Don't you remember what you heard in the school on Sunday, about God putting opportunities in our way for us to practise being good? Children have hard words given them to spell, that they may learn spelling, and hard things to learn by heart, that they may practise their memories. If older children had only words of three letters, would they get on with their reading? No. And if everybody always behaved quite well to you, could you ever learn to bear rough behaviour and ill-temper as you ought? Pray, remember this, dear little Alice. You are not under my care, and I cannot punish you. If you were, I should punish you, to help you to remember this. All I can do is, not to let you see baby in his cot to-night, and not to give you your music-lesson to-morrow, or sing the little songs to you."

'Alice was now come round. She cried, but it was for sorrow; and she kissed Mary, and said she had been very naughty. To this her sister answered, "If you tell Uncle James to-morrow that you are very sorry,—if you can bring down your pride to do that, Alice, I shall hope you are in earnest."'—*Little Alice*, p. 27.

It may be to some quite refreshing to turn from these scenes of politer life to the noisy merriment and plain, rough morality of Mr. Paget's village schoolboys. This second series is no way inferior to the former, and we like his village children better than his adult parishioners. Let it not be supposed, however, that we intend to join the cry of coarseness and uncharitableness that has been raised against him. We may sometimes pity him for the task he has chosen, and shrink from his vivid pages as we would from the realities they depict; but if unchristian vulgarity and profane cant are allowed to pass current in society, hidden under the broad mantle of respectability, our censure should light, not on him who detects and exposes such things, (repulsive as the process may sometimes be,) but on those who practise and tolerate them. Yet it is undoubtedly more agreeable to avoid the contact of such characters, even in fiction, and therefore the 'Tales of the Village Children' afford us more unmixed pleasure than 'Milford Malvoisin' or the 'Warden of Berkingholt.' The longest story, 'Merry Andrew,' which occupies about half the volume, is also the best. 'Merry' is a well-earned prenomen bestowed on him by his schoolfellows, and on it Mr. Paget remarks:—

'Nicknames are always bad and foolish things; not rarely cruel and wicked ones. It is to be feared that boys at school will sometimes nickname a companion in consequence of some personal defect, such as lameness, or squinting, thus doing all in their power to add to the sharpness of the trial which God has sent him. Such hard-heartedness, however, and want of feeling are so shocking, that it is to be hoped that they seldom occur.

'More frequently boys nickname each other out of a mischievous and teasing spirit, or to show their own cleverness in hitting off some appellation which will raise a laugh against the person to whom it is applied. But even this is very wrong, and ill-natured. Why should we do to others what we should dislike to have done to ourselves? Why should we allow ourselves to find pleasure in what gives pain to others? It may be very silly in a boy to be vexed and angry at some epithet which has been put upon him in jest (and such an one will do well to remember, that the more vexed and angry he shows himself to be, the more sure is the epithet to stick by him), but we should recollect that, as Christians, we have no business to vex or anger one another.

'But there are some nicknames which are intended (as in Andrew's case) for compliments, and which are not given for the purpose of teasing the person to whom they are applied. Yet these are quite as objectionable, though upon another ground. A boy who gets such a nickname as Andrew did, becomes vain of it, takes a kind of pride in it, and so feels himself bound, as it were, to live up to his nickname. Andrew got the epithet of Merry, and so he persuaded himself that it behoved him to keep up his character for mirth, whether in season, or

out of season. Having originally made his companions laugh without caring whether he did so or not, he by and by got into the way of thinking that it was his business to make people laugh ; and so, rather than say nothing, he would now and then say things which had been much better left unsaid. He became vain of having his remarks repeated, and so was continually straining and making an effort to attract attention, and keep up his notoriety. His high spirits were often *put on* for effect, and his apparently thoughtless manner the result of thought.'—*Tales of the Village Children*, 2d Series, p. 22.

However, a series of events was in store for him, which completely carried off his redundant spirits, or rather converted them to their proper use in furnishing an unfailing stock of cheerfulness under severe affliction.

'The Birdkeeping Boy,' a Suffolk story, is another capital illustration of plain, yet good, country manners; a happy flow of poetry in it raises it above the homeliness incidental to such stories. The following conversation will make us acquainted with some of the characters:—

'In less than a minute's time Mary was at the door ; and just as she, on entering, was dropping a courtesy to them both, Mr. Bull dropped a shilling into her hand, saying, "I wish to thank you, my good woman, for all the trouble I understand you took the other evening in driving my stray cows back to the low meadow."

'"I am sure, sir," said she, "you are welcome to all that, and more too, without a gift ; but thank you kindly for it."

'"Well, but, Mary," said Mr. Blunt, "what do you come again about so soon? I told you that James would be wanted on Monday to tent birds on the twelve-acre and Dane lands. He's a little fellow, no doubt ; but he is a good lad, I believe ; and can look after the fields on both sides the hedge at once ; and, besides, it will keep his feet going, and he'll catch no cold by standing still."

'"No, sir," said the boy's mother ; "I'm not afraid of anything of that sort ; for though my James is but young, and has not been out before in all weather, I can wrap him up warm ; and he likes to be stirring of his own accord. Only I wanted to speak to you, sir, about his schooling."

'"Schooling!" said Mr. Blunt. "I thought he had pretty well done with that. I'm sure he must have plenty of learning for all that he wants."

'"I cannot say that I was thinking about that, sir," said Mary. "Thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Saxham, I believe he has got on pretty well for a boy like him, of only nine years old ; but his father says, it would be a sad thing for him to lose any of the little learning he has got ; and we hope he may get more at odd times, and especially on a Sunday. So I thought, sir, that I would make bold, and come at once and ask you to give him leave to go to church and school for a few hours on a Sunday."

"'What, Mary, how is that? Do you mean to leave my corn, that is just put in, to all the rooks and pigeons in the whole neighbourhood round about? No, no, that will never do."

'"I beg pardon, sir; but I was in hopes that it would not have mattered for a few hours once a week; and I could send my lesser boy, John, or my husband would be glad to go himself and take James's place for half the day or so."

'"Why, as for that, Mary, you know your husband may be wanted for something else; and as for little Jack, he would be a deal more likely to be frightened himself at a carrion crow, than to frighten one away."

'"Come, come, my good friend," said Mr. Bull, "you are hard upon the poor woman. There is reason in what she says, and plenty of reason. I wish you and I were never more in the wrong than she is just now. As for the lad, he is as good a little fellow as ever one sees, and it is your business to do what you can to keep him so."'—*The Bird-keeping Boy*, p. 13.

By Mr. Bull's intercession the matter is settled in Mary's favour; and the following Sunday, after James had somewhat sadly got through his morning bird-keeping,—

'He looked up and saw, much sooner than he had expected, the usual stream of the congregation issuing from the great church-door, and soon breaking off, at the churchyard-gate, towards their different homes all over the parish. He knew now that it would not be long before he should see his father, who had promised to go home straight from church to his dinner, and then come to take his little boy's place in the field, while he went and first got a hot dinner with his mother and Margaret, and then went with them both to afternoon church. By this means the good father rightly thought that he should be doing the best he could under the circumstances.

'"My master," said he to old Jacob Crookly, "thinks it quite necessary that these birds should be looked after on a Sunday, and I do not think it is fit for me, that am his servant, to tell him that it is not necessary, or that my boy shall not do it. Surely, Jacob, that would be bad language to a master, and would never please our Great Master yonder above us all."

'"No doubt about that, Master Haycock," said old Jacob; "there are a good many matters where you and I, and the like of us, must bide by our betters, and do their pleasure when it is not our own. And I always think it one of the best bits in my morning prayer, where I pray God that I may always be glad to do what master bids me, and that master may never bid me do what he will some time be sorry for."'
—*Ibid.* p. 57.

There is much simple effect in another scene which describes the courage of a little village girl who is attacked on the road by a bad boy, as she is conveying her brother his dinner.

'This was a pleasant errand; and very soon Margaret was ready, and off with a basin in a little covered basket; for she did not wish any body should see what she was going about. But passing down a lane that leads with a few turns from the end of the village into the field where her brother was, she was startled for a moment, and brought to a stand, at seeing Ned Grime roll himself over a stile that was on one side of the lane, just a little before her, and looking a good deal angry, or frightened, or perhaps both, until he had time to see who it was.

'"So that is you, Madge, is it?" said he; "what have you got in that basket there?—let us have a look."

'But Margaret still stopped, and was preparing to go back for a few minutes towards the village, and let Ned Grime pass on before her. But she did not begin to run, as many girls would have done, for she saw he would overtake her in a few moments; and besides, though Margaret was very mild and goodnatured, she had a great spirit of her own, and was not easily much frightened. She had always been taught to think as she should, and to act as she thought. She knew, therefore, that though the devil does much harm in the world by bad men and wicked spirits, yet God has good men and holy angels every where about, always ready to protect those who put their trust in Him. And so, though Margaret was a girl, and not a very big one, she was very far from a coward; indeed, when there was occasion for it, she was very brave.

'"Come, come," said Ned, in a very bold, rude manner, "this will never do for me, Madge; I want to see what you have got there—and I will see: so let us look."

'"You have no business to ask anything about it," said Margaret; "it is something mother has given me to take to James: so go along with you, Ned, and leave me alone."

'"Something for James, Madge? what a lucky fellow I am! why, it is his dinner, I dare say, and that is just what I want now; for I must have that, or none at all, perhaps, all day."

'"Keep off," said Margaret; "you know the constable is after you. As I came along the village just now, he was asking every body about you."

'"Yes, yes, I have given him the slip," said Ned; "and so I shall again, if he comes this way, easily enough. I am not like to be here for many a day: and so, Madge, you may as well give me your basket at once; for, depend upon it, I will take it if you don't, and that will be all the worse for you."

'"You know very well, Ned, it is not mine to give you; and you know as well as I know, that it will be stealing if you take it from me."

'"Well—but that is what I mean to do, Madge, if you don't give it up at once."

'All this while Margaret kept herself quiet, and did not give way to fear, but looked very determined and unyielding: yet, as she spoke, she kept trying to raise her voice as high as she well could, both to show Ned that she was not frightened, and also to draw the attention of any one who happened to be coming that way. And very well it was for her that she did so. For her manner and behaviour did make Ned for a time a little ashamed of himself, so that he had to work himself up

before he could really do what he threatened; and just as he was getting hardened enough to do almost anything, there was a rustling heard close by, and in a moment the constable, who had heard something of what had been passing, jumped over the stile, and another man with him, running down the lane further on, they had Ned between them; so he was seized and made fast, and carried off at once to the nearest magistrate.

'It was a startling thing for Margaret; and she could not help looking pale, and being a good deal alarmed, much as there was to make her very thankful: and she was quite overjoyed when, a few minutes afterwards, she saw James at the end of the field nearest the lane, already looking out as if he expected her, and as if he were thinking that his mother's promise was sadly long in coming.

'"Well, Margaret," said James, as soon as she had told him all, "I do think it was very good of you; but I wonder you were not a great deal more frightened."

'"Why, I was a great deal frightened in my own mind," said Margaret; "but I determined he should not see that I was if I could help it."'

This story appeared originally in the 'Magazine for the Young,' a small monthly periodical, which has now swelled to three little volumes, at the rate of one volume to a year, and which, as may be collected from the sample we have just given, can command the services of valuable contributors. Its contents are most various: stories, notices of the ecclesiastical year, remarks on portions of the Liturgy, natural history, poetry, original and selected, extracts from approved works, modern and ancient, chequer the pages with a generally pleasing variety. Of the poetry, we need only say, that the fact of it being suited for the young, has not at all served to lower it as real poetry. Many pieces are quite first-rate in their particular style; and as the contributors to the magazine have allowed their prose to be republished, we beg to state our opinion, that the poetry quite deserves to be. Though at the risk of lengthening our extracts, we cannot forbear giving two specimens:—

'A LESSON FROM FLOWERS.

'When in the fields and meadows we gather the sweet flowers,
Or love to watch them blooming around our garden bowers,
We from their varied blossoms may learn a lesson well,
They seem as friends together so lovingly to dwell.

Some on the low turf springing, look up all bright and gay;
The tall tree's drooping blossoms bend o'er them from the spray:
Not one the rest despising,—none seeking higher lot,—
Contentedly adorning each one its native spot.

The brightest and the gravest will form one beauteous line;
Around the strong and stately the soft and lowly twine:
The highest with the lowest—the common with the rare—
None striving to be fairest, each making each more fair.

When spring-flowers first awaken, together meet our sight
The crocus and the snowdrop—bright yellow, spotless white;
With the pale primrose ever, the violet's purple hue,
And with the bright red orchis, the hyacinth's deep blue.

The lilac and laburnum like two fair sisters grow,
Oft with their branches blending the guelder rose of snow;
The buttercup and daisy, united as of old,
Deck every plain and meadow with mingled white and gold.

Red lychnis, silver starwort, love side by side to blow;
And by the tall pale lily the blushing roses glow:
And so the varied blossoms may teach the lesson well,
That we as friends and brothers thus lovingly should dwell.'

Magazine for the Young, vol. iii. p. 239.

'A TRUE STORY.

'A little child was straying
Along the heathery lea,
With summer flowerets playing,
She scattered them in glee.
With radiant eyes of laughter,
That scarce three years had seen,
She shook her flowery sceptre,
And looked a fairy queen.

On tiptoe lightly dancing
She chased the butterfly,
Whose painted winglets glancing
In sunshine, flitted by;
Now on the daisy brooding,
She thought to catch it there;
Her dimpled hand eluding,
'Twas soaring high in air.

Anon her arms extending,
As if to flee away,
Her joyous shout seemed blending
With sky-lark's air-borne lay.
No little playmates nigh her—
Companions she had found
In all that fluttered by her,
In all that lived around.

But they who should have tended
The helpless innocent
Had left her undefended,
On other cares intent.
Her onward path had brought her,
Unwatched by human eye,
To where the deep still water
In summer sheen flowed by.

Then laughed the little creature,
As, bending o'er the stream,
She marked each cherub feature
Reflected in its gleam.
She stooped to kiss the stranger,
Who imaged back her smile;
Alas! of fear and danger
She never dreamed the while.

No sister's arms embraced her—
A moment, and anon,
Only the ripple traced her;
It passed, and she was gone!
On, on, the water bore her,
Far distant from the spot;
Where soon, lamenting o'er her,
They sought, but found her not.

They called, but no replying!
Along the water's edge
Her gathered flowers were lying
Upon the rushy sedge.
A tiny foot had slidden,
And left its impress there;
And hope, so sternly chidden,
Was yielding to despair.

But grief to rapture turning,
Words might not speak their awe,
When, from afar returning,
The missing babe they saw;
Her infant cheek as rosy,
Her laughing eye as bright,
As when with fresh-pulled posy
She last had blessed their sight.

And yet her dress was dripping,
Her sunny locks were wet,
As homeward, lightly tripping,
Their anxious gaze she met;
But nought of fear and sadness
Her smiling looks unfold,
Of wonder and of gladness
Her lisping accents told:

"I have been in the water:
Then came a lady bright—
She took me from the water,
That lady all in white!

And oh, but it was pretty
  Her shining robe to see!
And sweetly did she pity,
  And sweetly smile on me.

And in her arms she pressed me,
  And kissed away the tear;
So fondly she caressed me,
  And bade me hasten here."
They trembled at her story,
  For no one was in sight:
"Then hath our God watched o'er thee,
  And sent one all in white!"[1]

Magazine for the Young, August 1845, p. 190.

We come now to a work which exhibits in a strong, though we are sorry we cannot add, in a satisfactory light, a remarkable and distinguishing characteristic of our recent literature. For among the many changes which might be pointed out in the general character of our popular works, there is scarce any feature more striking than the still increasing prominence assigned to the imaginative faculties. The natural appetite of children, it is true, was never wholly stifled; their craving after the marvellous, the beautiful, the heroic; their earnest longing for objects of superhuman admiration and unearthly love, could never be altogether suppressed: but the cold materialism of a former age, while it discountenanced all indulgence of emotions, which it ignorantly deemed unreal and unpractical, encouraged only instructive narratives, didactic conversations, and general moralities, clothed in a flimsy texture of uninteresting fiction; and even the German Tales and Arabian Nights were momentarily expecting their sentence of banishment from our nurseries. But, with the more earnest inculcation of the reality of an unseen world within, around, and above us, in comparison with which our material, sensual existence fades away into a very nothing, there has naturally arisen a truer appreciation of the value of that faculty (nearly allied to faith, if, indeed, it be not rather an essential part of faith), which enables us to apprehend the invisible; and the mode and degree of its due cultivation has accordingly become a problem of very great and general interest. It is this problem which Mr. Sewell (we can scarcely be afraid of error in assigning him more than an editor's interest in the work) has assayed in "Rodolph the Voyager," and which,

[1] 'The family quite believed the life of the little one was saved, as it seemed to them it only could have been, by the interposition of an angel; but they were so awed by the circumstance, as scarcely to like speaking of it. The little one could only repeat, in answer to every question, "Oh, such a bonnie lady! such a sweet lady!"'

indeed, in the preface to the second volume, he has attempted to reduce under the rule and method of art. His descriptive powers are undeniable. Many of our readers will recognise in the following extract, the graphic horrors of a well-known pen; unfortunately we must add, they will find in other parts its equally well-known theories:—

'As soon as he was ready, the young Count Alasco [the form assumed by the tempter] led the way to the banquet hall: and Rodolph followed in silence. * * * It was a vast gothic hall, full of guests: there was a glare of lights—voices—sounds of mirth and music; tables spread as for a feast; busy servitors passing to and fro; a multitude of faces; tumult; and to Rodolph's senses, a strange bewildering flickering of shifting shapes and colours, in which the real mingled wildly with the fantastic—as before an eye just sinking into a dream. He endeavoured to fix the objects before him, but they moved and floated about under his gaze. The voices ran confusedly into each other. His very step became unsteady; and Alasco, taking his arm, led him up to the centre of the dais, where, on an elevated seat under a gorgeous canopy, there was seated, and presiding at the banquet, a figure—Rodolph, as he approached, bashful and overawed, raised one glance to it; but in a moment he sickened with indescribable terror. He would even have fallen to the ground, but Alasco supported him.

'"It is my father," he said: "he bids you welcome. Be not alarmed. Most persons are afraid of him when young. But you will soon be accustomed to him."

'And, without saying more, he led Rodolph to a seat, near, and placed himself by his side, at the table.

'Rodolph could scarcely look up. He had seen nothing distinctly. The mist was still before his eyes. But he shuddered with an internal horror and loathing, such as he had never experienced before, except in that awful place to which he had descended with the spirit.

'The young Count seemed resolved to take no notice of his discomposure. He rallied him playfully on his being dazzled with the scene; and on his first introduction to the gaieties of life. Other young men were seated at the same table, whom Alasco named to him; and though Rodolph shrunk at first from the expression of their eyes, they addressed him with a frankness and freedom which flattered him, and by degrees he took part in their conversation. But still, in all that he saw and heard, there mingled the same wild fantastic sense of unreality. Even the bouquet with which the table was spread was of the same strange unearthly character. The viands seemed to change their form. Fruits which lay before him, luscious, and purple, and melting into nectar, passed in a moment into fragments of ashes. Goblets, which foamed with wine, seemed filled the next instant with black and bitter potions. Even the vessels and dishes were huddled together in mingled poverty and profusion—partly enamelled and jewelled—partly of the meanest earthenware, shattered and dirty. And they changed their appearance rapidly. Only a few continued fixed. And they were of the most

gorgeous decorations—of massive silver and gold. But as Rodolph looked at them he was shocked to see them blazoned with sacred names, and enamelled with figures of holy things: and their shape reminded him of such vessels as he had seen only upon altars within the walls of churches. At last he became so giddy, and pained with an indescribable sense of fear, that he conceived himself to be seriously ill. At one time he thought he must be losing his senses; but no one round seemed to be affected in the same manner. They ate, they drank, they laughed, they jested, as if wholly unconscious of the apparent delusion to which Rodolph was subjected. If, at times, a bitter contortion of pain clouded over the faces of his young companions, it vanished in a moment, and Rodolph thought it the illusion of his own diseased eye; and he was about to ask Alasco that he might retire to his own room, and endeavour to recover himself.'—*Rodolph the Voyager*, vol. i. p. 125.

However, these sensations pass away. Alasco's father claims acquaintance with Rodolph's great grandsire, significantly intimating that his favours are bestowed to the *fourth* generation. The lovely Countess Amelie seems captivated by the grace of Rodolph's figure; and in spite of warning voices from his guardian spirit, in spite of the alarming mystery which continually pervades the castle, and ever and anon manifests itself in some startling apparition, as when from the flowers in Amelie's bosom 'there protruded something black—flattened, quivering, hissing '—a serpent's head'—Rodolph allows himself to be completely absorbed by the whirlpool of dissipation which he has entered. His delusion lasts not a week: on the Sunday evening he commits an act of crime, which rends away the thin veil of pleasure, and discloses to him the awful realities of the scene in which he has been engaged. Alasco shows him his destined prison:—

'And motioning to Rodolph to observe silence, he advanced through another narrow passage, alike perforated in the thickness of the wall, till they reached a small loop-hole; and Alasco, placing Rodolph before it, bade him look down. It was a vast crypt, vaulted with black-ribbed arches, and supported on huge stone pillars, fantastically carved into capitals of grotesque and monstrous heads of snakes, and tigers, and awful fiends. All around it were low, dark-arched recesses, each capable of containing a single person, but so contrived that, while Rodolph could see into nearly all, none of them commanded the view of another. A few torches fastened to the pillars, and emitting a red smoky glare, threw light just sufficient to discern what was passing. And from ten to twelve figures, wrapped up, from head to foot, in black, stood about in little groups, resting upon strange deadly-looking instruments of gleaming steel, and apparently waiting for the arrival of a certain moment. At last, the great clock of the castle (it was the first time Rodolph had heard it. since he entered the walls) began to creak, and with a freezing tongue told twelve. And the

figures in the crypt gathered up their instruments, and moved each to their post. A dark archway, at the end of the crypt, opened at the same moment; and one by one, without speaking or looking up, Rodolph saw enter through the gloom a number of the same faces, which he had observed in the Baron's hall, radiant with smiles, and buoyant with mirth and joy. They came directly from the banquet-room, without having changed their gay attire. The plumes were still waving on their heads; the jewels glittering round their necks; the rich embroidery of their robes sparkled in the glow of the torches. But their cheeks were pale as ashes—their eyes dead and glassy with fear—their arms clasped upon their breasts. Not a word was uttered. But, one by one, they were taken by the dark figures, who awaited their approach; and though Rodolph could perceive in them a fearful shudder as the hands of the officials touched them, they made no resistance, but followed singly, each into one of the vaulted recesses which surrounded the crypt. Rodolph's eye scarcely dared to penetrate into them. In several, a gleam, as from polished steel, broke out, as the official removed a vast black curtain from some cumbrous machinery of wheels and chains. In another, a lurid glare rose up and quivered among the vaults, as from a furnace. In each seemed lying some peculiar instrument of torture—cords, and pinions, and hammers, and huge nails, and wedges of iron.'—*Rodolph the Voyager*, vol. i. p. 210.

We regret that the writer of these passages, so powerfully gifted with the means of exciting and impressing the imagination, should have disqualified himself by his peculiar theories from the work which he has undertaken. Unless we are willing that the rising generation should imbibe the views, whose full development we have lately seen in 'Hawkstone,' we cannot allow 'Rodolph' to possess their confidence. However edifying the principle of duality may appear in the concordant powers and mutual condescensions of the Sovereign and the Archbishop, we do not wish to see it exemplified in the alternate personation of papal emissary and puritan captain by the Evil One himself.

We have come to the end of our list, and may now congratulate our readers on a fact, which, at present, pervades our lighter literature. We mean the spirit of earnestness and reality which is to be found in almost all the books of this character which are now published. How rarely, comparatively, do we see either novel, tale, or poem, written merely to amuse the leisure of the reader, or display the talents of the writer! Almost all are the expression of some real feeling, the mode in which the ideas of the writer find a desired vent. Thoughts are not raked up, or invention racked, in order that books may be written; but books are written, because their authors have that within them which seeks expression and embodiment. Nor is this any detriment to their efficiency in instruction; the co sation of the well-informed man, whose words flow on

his mind impels them, is more valuable, in hours of relaxation, than the set lecture carefully composed to meet the comprehension of the audience. If the latter conveys more information to the predisposed and attentive mind, the former invests it with the interest of living power, and arrests even the careless by its energetic tones. This, indeed, is the only true mode of combining instruction with amusement: if it be not the natural product of the writer's mind, but the laboured composition of the conscious teacher, the fraud is sooner or later detected, and the detection produces a feeling of soreness at the supposed injury, which may baffle all the well-intended efforts of the author. The limits, too, of this species of writing are more generally recognised; for it is not every kind of instruction which will bear this forced union with amusement. There is much that we can learn only by direct work, by consecutive thought and laborious investigation; there is much also that we learn, almost unconsciously, by the ever-changing flow of events, by the thousand little circumstances which scarce attract our notice at the time, and retain no place in our memory afterwards, but which have contributed, without our knowledge, each by its own slight and silent impression, to ripen, change, and mould our character. This latter kind may be gained, perhaps even better, by the indirect instruction of tale or song; the former certainly cannot. Physical knowledge belongs chiefly to the former species; ethical, more generally, to the latter. The one can scarcely be conveyed in any other form than that of the direct lecture; the other is more widely impressed on us by the exhibition of life and action. Hence we see, why it is a mistake, on the one hand, to introduce such remarks as that, 'this piece of wheatstraw 'contains more than sixty per cent. of silica, or flint, in its com-'position,' (*Marryat's Mission*, vol. i. p. 56;) and on the other, to indulge in long disquisitions or moral lectures. The one is trespassing on an improper topic; the other diverging from the professed method of instruction. The object should be, to impart ethical information through the medium of human action; to give, as it were, the quintessence of ordinary life, by combining, in a short period, and under striking relations, those consecutive series of incidents which are commonly spread over a large space of our actual existence. It is, in short, an effort to enable the young to dispense with the fatal law—*παθήματα, μαθήματα*,—to evade the necessity of actual trial, and make the experience of others their own, not by a mere acceptance of its results, (a process almost proverbially impossible,) but by a safe, because a mimic, passage through the fiery ordeal.

ART. V.—1. *Philip van Artevelde, a Dramatic Romance.* By HENRY TAYLOR. London: Moxon.

2. *Edwin the Fair, an Historical Drama; and Isaak Comnenus, a Play.* By HENRY TAYLOR. 24mo. London: Moxon.

IT is not on the first publication of a considerable literary work, that its peculiar character is likely to be duly estimated. Even when such a work has met with the favourable reception which has welcomed most of Mr. Taylor's dramas, they are read too hastily to be carefully weighed; and the impression made by them, whether of an agreeable or disagreeable sort, is confused, if not obliterated, by a crowd of new books, before it has had time to digest itself into anything like a critical judgment. In the fever of contemporary literature, those who have time to admire, have yet hardly time to attend or reflect; and it is not till the merit of a work has been attested by its frequent recurrence to our memory, or the permanence of its hold upon the public mind, after other works, not less popular at first, have drifted past it into oblivion, that we care to ask ourselves, what is the special character of the work that has interested us; what are its true claims upon our regard, and what its ultimate chances of maintaining its ground with a posterity so rich, that it can afford to neglect much that would once have been prized.

In forming an estimate of any writer, we are much assisted by having a considerable mass of his writings at once before us. Qualities of his mind, but slightly indicated in one production, are stamped more strongly upon another; we take an ampler survey of the region in which his genius dwells; and following it through all its native haunts, we learn to discriminate between what is essential to it, and what is accidental, and to understand it alike in its excellences and its limitations. To this more comprehensive survey of Mr. Taylor's poetry, we are invited by the recent republication of his dramas in two small and cheap pocket volumes, such as of themselves prove not only a continued, but an increased circulation. Of these dramas, the last has now been several years before the world, and a much longer time has elapsed since the appearance of the first, which has for a considerable period been out of print. There is a peculiar interest in tracing the progressive development of a high poetic faculty through a series of successive works. In the works now before us, we trace a gradual enlargement and elevation of that faculty, as well as an increased dexterity in the use of its resources. There are, however, many accidental circumstances on which

the efficient value of a work depends, as well as the degree of genius manifested in it; and we should say, that each of Mr. Taylor's dramas may be considered as, in some respects, superior in attractiveness, though not in merit, to the others. 'Isaak Comnenus,' for instance, which is materially improved in the present edition by a few singularly judicious alterations, is the most fortunate in its plot, the most compact in its action, and strikes us, on the whole, as the one which could be most easily adapted to the stage. In all the higher attributes of poetry, in depth of thought, in imaginative beauty and pathos, and in that indescribable union of the graceful and the strong in style, which is amongst the highest and rarest proofs of poetic genius, Mr. Taylor's latest work, 'Edwin the Fair,' has the pre-eminence. Intermediate between the two, and partaking of the characteristics of both, stands 'Philip van Artevelde,' the longest and the most popular of the three. We should be doing injustice both to our readers and to Mr. Taylor, if we endeavoured to compress a detailed account of these three works within the limits to which we must confine ourselves: we shall therefore restrict our critical analysis to the last-named poem, and endeavour to illustrate, by quotations taken almost exclusively from it, the views which we hold of Mr. Taylor's poetry in general.

'Philip van Artevelde' is a work so singularly in contrast with the poetry which has been most popular in recent times, that, on its first publication, it was spoken of as a literary experiment. We are glad to see by the cheap edition which has been called for, after the sale of the previous editions, that this experiment has been a successful one. The success of a work which had so little to captivate the mere passions or appetites of the many, we cannot but regard as creditable to the popular taste. It is a common complaint, that little encouragement is now given to poetry; perhaps, however, it would be more just to say, that too much was given some five-and-twenty years ago. We cannot think that poetry was ever intended to be a lucrative art, or that it can become so without sustaining a serious loss, and imperceptibly degrading itself to the level of the readiest market. Too large a demand will produce too quick a supply. Meat cooked before too hot a fire is not the best done; and trees that grow too rapidly do not make the best timber. We hardly understand how an extraordinary degree of popularity can be attained by a poet who does not write for the taste of the hour, in a degree scarcely consistent with the illustration of the deeper spirit of the age, and unfavourable to that independent reliance on himself; that calm but courageous trust in his own convictions, instincts, and tastes, that probing of his own nature, and slow crystallization of his moral experiences, which are

amongst the moral requisites of a great poet. However this may be, the popularity of 'Philip van Artevelde' is fully equal to what we could have wished or expected, though it has not equalled the rapid sale of Lord Byron's works, many of which, by the way, were published in such a form, as to give them the same advantage now possessed by works circulated in periodic numbers. Indeed, a total absence of immediate success could not have been regarded as a proof of want of merit in a work, avowedly modelled on principles so opposed to those prevalent at the time of its appearance, though now held in little regard. In a critical preface, which the author has prefixed to his work, he boldly throws down the gauntlet, and declares war on some of the strongest prejudices of the age. After commenting 'on 'the poetical taste to which some of the popular poets of this 'century gave birth,' poets whose works, he says, 'will always 'produce a powerful impression on young readers,' he proceeds as follows:—

'These poets were characterised by great sensibility and fervour, by a profusion of imagery, by force and beauty of language, and by a versification peculiarly easy and adroit, and abounding in that sort of melody, which, by its very obvious cadences, makes itself most pleasing to an unpractised ear. They exhibited, therefore, many of the most attractive graces and charms of poetry—its vital warmth not less than its external embellishments; and had not the admiration which they excited, tended to produce an indifference to higher, graver, and more various endowments, no one would have said that it was, in any evil sense, excessive. But from this unbounded indulgence in the mere luxuries of poetry, has there not ensued a want of adequate appreciation for its intellectual and immortal part? I confess that such seems to me to have been both the actual and the natural result; and I can hardly believe the public taste to have been in a healthy state whilst the most approved poetry of past times was almost unread. We may now, perhaps, be turning back to it; but it was not, as far as I can judge, till more than a quarter of a century had expired, that any signs of re-action could be discerned. Till then, the elder luminaries of our poetical literature were obscured or little regarded; and we sate with dazzled eyes at a high festival of poetry, where, as at the funeral of Arvalan, the torch-light put out the star-light.

'So keen was the sense of what the new poets possessed, that it never seemed to be felt that anything was deficient in them. Yet their deficiencies were not unimportant. They wanted, in the first place, subject matter. A feeling came more easily to them than a reflection, and an image was always at hand when a thought was not forthcoming. Either they did not look upon mankind with observant eyes, or they did not feel it to be any part of their vocation to turn what they saw to account. It did not belong to poetry, in their apprehension, to thread the mazes of life in all its classes, and under all its circumstances, common as

well as romantic, and, seeing all things, to infer and to instruct: on the contrary, it was to stand aloof from everything that is plain and true; to have little concern with what is rational or wise; it was to be, like music, a moving and enchanting art, acting upon the fancy, the affections, the passions, but scarcely connected with the exercise of the intellectual faculties. These writers had, indeed, adopted a tone of language which is hardly consistent with the state of mind in which a man makes use of his understanding. The realities of nature, and the truths which they suggest, would have seemed cold and incongruous, if suffered to mix with the strains of impassioned sentiment and glowing imagery in which they poured themselves forth. Spirit was not to be debased by any union with matter, in their effusions; dwelling, as they did, in a region of poetical sentiment which did not permit them to walk upon the common earth, or to breathe the common air.

'Writers, however, whose appeal is made so exclusively to the excitabilities of mankind, will not find it possible to work upon them continuously without a diminishing effect. Poetry of which sense is not the basis, though it may be excellent of its kind, will not long be reputed to be poetry of the highest order. It may move the feelings and charm the fancy; but failing to satisfy the understanding, it will not take permanent possession of the strongholds of fame. Lord Byron, in giving the most admirable example of this species of poetry, undoubtedly gave the strongest impulse to the appetite for it. Yet this impulse is losing its force, and even Lord Byron himself repudiated, in the latter years of his life, the poetical taste which he had espoused and propagated.'—*Philip van Artevelde*, pp. x.—xiii.

Disapproving thus of the substance of the Byronian poetry, he has but little respect for Lord Byron's estimate of character:—

'These imperfections are especially observable in the portraitures of human character (if such it can be called) which are most prominent in Lord Byron's works. There is nothing in them of the mixture and modification,—nothing of the composite fabric which Nature has assigned to Man. They exhibit rather passions personified than persons impassioned. But there is a yet worse defect in them. Lord Byron's conception of a hero is an evidence, not only of scanty materials of knowledge from which to construct the ideal of a human being, but also of a want of perception of what is great or noble in our nature. His heroes are creatures abandoned to their passions, and essentially, therefore, weak of mind. Strip them of the veil of mystery and the trappings of poetry, resolve them into their plain realities, and they are such beings as, in the eyes of a reader of masculine judgment, would certainly excite no sentiment of admiration, even if they did not provoke contempt. When the conduct and feelings attributed to them are reduced into prose, and brought to the test of a rational consideration, they must be perceived to be beings in whom there is no strength, except that of their intensely selfish passions,—in whom all is vanity; their exertions being for vanity under the name of love or revenge, and their sufferings for vanity under the name of pride. If such beings as these are to be regarded

as heroical, where in human nature are we to look for what is low in sentiment, or infirm in character?

'How nobly opposite to Lord Byron's ideal was that conception of an heroical character which took life and immortality from the hand of Shakspeare:—

> "Give me that man
> That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
> In my heart's core; aye, in my heart of heart." '—
> *Philip van Artevelde*, pp. xv. xvi.

We agree, in the main, with Mr. Taylor's estimate of Lord Byron's poetry, though we must dissent from the judgment which he pronounces on Mr. Shelley. Of the latter, and of the poets belonging to what he calls the 'phantastic school,' Mr. Taylor says:—

> 'They would transfer the domicile of poetry to regions where reason, far from having any supremacy or rule, is all but unknown, an alien and an outcast; to seats of anarchy and abstraction, where imagination exercises the shadow of an authority, over a people of phantoms, in a land of dreams.'—P. xx.

We do not think that, in Mr. Shelley, the faculty of thought was eclipsed by that of imagination. We know of no modern poet in whose works passages of subtle, comprehensive, or vigorous thought, are to be found in more compressed language. In judgment Mr. Shelley was deficient, and in moral deliberation still more so. The consequence was, that he had flung himself upon opinions on religious and social subjects, so extravagantly erroneous, that much of his reasoning goes for nothing; the ultimate conclusions at which he arrived, and his whole process of thought, retaining that obliquity which was impressed upon them by the error in his postulates. It is to the defects in his moral nature, and his absence of spiritual faith, that we attribute mainly the defects in his poetic judgment, and the degree in which his extraordinary gifts, both of thought and imagination, were rendered nugatory. Neither are we sure how far we agree with Mr. Taylor's statement, that 'poetry, of which sense is not the basis, though it may be excellent of its kind, will not long be reputed to be poetry of the highest order.' If by the word *sense* Mr. Taylor means *judgment*, we readily grant that the faculty is as necessary in the delineation of an Ariel or Caliban, as of Othello, and that it is not more found in the simplest and most familiar of Mr. Wordsworth's poems, than in that sublimest of his works, his mystical 'Ode on the Intimations of Immortality;' but, if he means that no poetry is of first-rate excellence, except that which rests on common life, we must protest against such a limitation of the ample region of poetry. We apprehend that the examples of Homer, of Æschylus, of Shakspere, of

Milton, and especially of Dante, are sufficient to prove, not only that poetry has its supernatural region as well as its natural; but that the region above the line of perpetual snow, the less earthly department of poetry, is not less ample than that where the goatherd may freely range, and the shepherd's song is heard. It is true, that a human interest must ever mingle with that which is more than human; we should tire of the fairies in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' but for Hermia and Helena; and the poet will ever have to twine together a coarser with a finer thread, if his work be one of any considerable length: but this is hardly sufficient to prove that poetry has no wings, or that she can only leave the solid earth by a leap—not a flight. The chivalrous sensibility of Petrarca; the moral beauty of Spenser; the buoyancy, the freshness, and the grace of our earlier lyric poets, can never be degraded to the class of inferior poetry; yet, we think, it would be hard to prove, that the interests of common life formed the basis of their excellence. The truth is, that poetry is a vast world in itself, comprising many elements, differently apportioned to different masters. In Mr. Taylor's work we find more of earth and fire than of the more fluent or aerial elements, which predominate in the works of other poets. In the case of Mr. Shelley and Mr. Coleridge, the balance, perhaps, inclined in the opposite direction. Every poet will value most that particular department in which his own strength principally lies; but still we must protest against anything like a limitation of that world-wide region which belongs to poetry. If, however, Mr. Taylor merely means to censure that species of poetry which subverts, while it creates nothing; which, instead of introducing us to a new world, throws the old world into confusion; which loses the truth of fact without giving us the truth of idea,—in this sense we sympathize with his dislike to the 'phantastic school,' as thoroughly as with that which he expresses against the poetry which consists only in exaggeration and convulsion.

We shall not, however, inquire very deeply into Mr. Taylor's theory,—we have more attractive matter before us. Poetry, indeed, written according to a theory, could not but be deficient in that inspiration, in conjunction with which the poet's labour and care are alone available. We rejoice, therefore, to find that Mr. Taylor's 'critical views have rather resulted from composition than directed it.' This we should have expected. In the whole of 'Philip van Artevelde' we find a reality, which belongs only to the genial products of the mind, to those works which do not merely take their mould from the plastic mind, but grow out of it as a tree from the soil, and partake of its substance. It is throughout consistent with itself; and though the author

warns us 'that the actual works of men will not bear to be measured by their ideal standards,' we must say, that the poem before us is an admirable illustration of the poetic principles embodied in the preface.

Were we to describe 'Philip van Artevelde' in one word, we should say it was a solid work. In its extreme thoughtfulness it preserves the better characteristics of our age; but those who have only been in the habit of reading poetry as a trivial amusement, or a relaxation from study, and who are only familiar with works produced to gratify the taste of the moment, to stimulate the jaded appetite, to flatter the giddy love of the mere ornaments of poetry, or an effeminate dependence on its sensual part,—all those persons will be at first surprised at finding themselves confronted with a work so solid in its materials, so manly in its structure, so severe in its style, and so gravely impressive in spirit and general tendency, as that which is now before us. It is full of the philosophy of practical life; and in this respect it is analogous to many productions of an age which has occupied itself with the philosophy of all subjects. It is, however, full also of practical life itself, not exhibited merely with reference to its picturesque peculiarities, or swathed in the folds of a costume which hides the limbs beneath it, and renders motion next to impossible, but life considered in relation to the business of life, and illustrated by pictures taken from the broad highways of life. It is full, too, of action. Properly speaking, we have had but little of action, though abundance of movement, in modern poetry. Convulsion is not action. It is less of an effort to leap across the room, than to stand erect under the pressure of a heavy weight; and so we should say that the mere resistance of violent passion was more worthy of the name of action, than the paroxysms of unrestrained energies, stimulated only from without. The action of Philip van Artevelde appears to us to differ from that of Lord Byron's tales, as the swelling of a muscle differs from the swelling of a tumour, or the exertions of the athlete from the throes of hysterical weakness. Genuine action proceeds from the will, and therefore true active energy implies something of self-control and self-government, as well as of impulse. Such is the action which we find in the world among men qualified to effect anything great, and such is the action in which this poem abounds.

Before introducing our readers to the hero of the work, we must make them acquainted with its subject, for which purpose we shall quote from the Introduction.

> In the fourteenth century the Flemish towns were the most opulent and considerable in Europe; and of these, Ghent and Bruges were, in size, wealth and population, perhaps scarcely inferior even to Venice.

They were of right subject to the Earl of Flanders, and, in ordinary times, he exercised by his bailiffs the powers of sovereignty in them: but they had secured various franchises and immunities, which they guarded with jealousy, and which, when need was, they rose in arms to defend. On such occasions they were seldom all joined in a league together; for the trading interests of several of them were in some respects opposite, and some would generally remain subject to the Earl, and at war, therefore, with those which leagued against him.

'These towns were not only asunder one from another, but each one was commonly divided by parties within itself. The towns consisted each of various crafts or guilds, as the weavers, the fullers, the clothiers, the mariners, &c., and some of these crafts were occasionally well affected towards the Earl, at the same time that others were disposed to rebellion. But the chief opposition was between the rich inhabitants and the poor. The rich wished for peace and repose; the poor were eager for war, which, in that age, when most men were warlike, was perhaps the best trade that a poor man could follow. When, therefore, any of these towns was in rebellion, there was generally a peace-faction within it, which rose or fell in importance according to the varying circumstances of military success or failure. * * * *

'Such was the beginning of a war, which continued for several years, between the Earl of Flanders and the town of Ghent, and in which the principal towns on the part of the Earl were Bruges, Oudenarde, Dendermonde, Lisle, and Tournay; and those on the part of Ghent were Damme, Ypres, Courtray, Grammont, Poperinguen, and Messines:—A war which in its progress extended to the whole of Flanders, and excited a degree of interest in all the civilised countries of Europe, for which the cause must be sought in the state of European communities at the time. It was believed that entire success on the part of Ghent would bring on a general rising, almost throughout Christendom, of the Commonalty against the Feudal Lords and men of substance. The incorporation of the citizens of Paris, known by the name of "the Army with Mallets," was, according to the well-known chronicler of the period, "all by the example of them of Ghent." Nicholas le Flamand deterred them from pulling down the Louvre, by urging the expediency of waiting to see what success might attend the Flemish insurgents. At Rheims, Chalons on the Marne, at Orleans, Beauvoisin, the like designs were entertained. "The rebellion of the Jacquerie," says Froissart, "was never so terrible as this was likely to have been." Brabant, Burgundy, and the lower part of Germany, were in a dangerous condition; and in England Wat Tyler's rebellion was contemporaneous, and not unconnected with what was going on in Flanders.'—*Philip van Artevelde*, pp. xxiii. xxiv. xxvii. xxviii.

The war has raged for many years, and with
of fortune. The advantages gained fro
rendered profitless by want of union
towns, and at last the neces
ing character makes itself

Artevelde, the son of Jacques van Artevelde, who, for a long period, had been at the head of the popular party, and governed Flanders with wisdom and success. His services, however, did not protect him from the proverbial inconstancy of the multitude, and he was murdered in his own house during a sudden insurrection of the people. He had been in close political connexion with King Edward the Third of England (whose wife, Queen Philippa, had stood godmother to his son Philip), and his downfal had been occasioned by an attempt on his part to substitute the issue of Edward for that of the Earl of Flanders in the inheritance of that territory. Mr. Taylor has been fortunate in his subject. It is unhacknied; and though so far unfamiliar to us, that the English reader does not come to it with a mind pre-occupied, or with sympathies already bespoken, the theme is one of much interest, philosophical as well as social; for it was at this period, and on Flemish ground, that Europe first beheld those two antagonistic powers, the feudal principle and the spirit of trade, meeting in hostile array, and first listened to the first trumpet notes of a contest whose issue hangs still in suspense. The struggle is one tame enough now, when momentous changes take place almost as imperceptibly as the lapse of years that occasions them; but, at its commencement, it abounded in romantic incidents, which Mr. Taylor has known how to turn to account, and some of which he has recorded almost in the words of their chronicler, Froissart.

In one respect, Mr. Taylor resembles Lord Byron. His conception of a hero, at least as exemplified in the work before us, corresponds in a singular degree with his general views of poetry. His style is also in striking harmony with both; and from this, we should say, results that admirable keeping which is one of the chief merits of the poem.

Artevelde is presented to us, for the first time, discussing the chances of the times:—

> '*Artev.* I never looked that he should live so long.
> He was a man of that unsleeping spirit,
> He seemed to live by miracle: his food
> Was glory, which was poison to his mind
> And peril to his body. He was one
> Of many thousand such that die betimes,
> Whose story is a fragment, known to few.
> Then comes the man who has the luck to live,
> And he 's a prodigy. Compute the chances,
> And deem there 's ne'er a one in dangerous times
> Who wins the race of glory, but than him
> A thousand men more gloriously endowed
> Have fallen upon the course; a thousand others

Have had their fortunes foundered by a chance,
Whilst lighter barks pushed past them ; to whom add
A smaller tally, of the singular few
Who, gifted with predominating powers,
Bear yet a temperate will and keep the peace.
The world knows nothing of its greatest men.
F. John. Had Launoy lived he might have passed for great,
But not by conquests in the Franc of Bruges.
The sphere, the scale of circumstance, is all
Which makes the wonder of the many. Still
An ardent soul was Launoy's, and his deeds
Were such as dazzled many a Flemish dame.
There 'll some bright eyes in Ghent be dimmed for him.
Artev. They will be dim and then be bright again.
All is in busy, stirring, stormy motion,
And many a cloud drifts by, and none sojourns.
Lightly is life laid down amongst us now,
And lightly is death mourn'd : a dusk star blinks
As fleets the rack, but look again, and lo !
In a wide solitude of wintry sky
Twinkles the re-illuminated star,
And all is out of sight that smirch'd the ray.
We have not time to mourn.
F. John. The worse for us !
He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend.
Eternity mourns that. 'Tis an ill cure
For life's worst ills, to have no time to feel them.
Where sorrow 's held intrusive and turned out,
There wisdom will not enter, nor true power,
Nor aught that dignifies humanity.
Yet such the barrenness of busy life !
From shelf to shelf Ambition clambers up
To reach the naked'st pinnacle of all,
Whilst Magnanimity, absolved from toil,
Reposes self-included at the base.
But this thou know'st.
Artev. Else had I little learn'd
From my much learn'd preceptor.'

Philip van Artevelde, pp. 20, 21.

The scene from which we have quoted exhibits him chiefly in his meditative qualities: before long, however, we find him ruling an insurgent populace with the skill of one who had been all his life accustomed to the work. We do not, however, agree with those who regard Philip van [illegible] as the balanced union of the contemplative and [illegible] Such a character would seem to us rather t[illegible] arbitrary conception of excellence. [illegible]n human nature. It is indeed [illegible]nt sorts

of ideal to which human characters, like human faces, may be referred, no single one can be found in actual life which so unites the opposite excellences of our nature, that it can be considered paramount over all the others, and itself the great central type of humanity. Human society is ministered to by men possessed of very various gifts: each man, however superior he may be to others in some respects, is inferior in others; and the whole body is bound together in harmony by this very inequality, which makes every man stand in need of his neighbour, while each is himself needed in his place. If particular persons were not more amply endowed with the contemplative than the practical powers, truth would grow to be valued merely in proportion as the discovery of it ministered to action; an error, in our opinion, not less unphilosophical than would be the converse one of valuing action only as it seasons wisdom with experience. Human life, in fact, is the meeting point of many and infinite necessities and powers, by us imperfectly apprehended. To subordinate one of these to another, would be as fatal a mistake as to subordinate one virtue to another, truth to charity, or mercy to justice: the excellency so degraded would virtually be reduced from the infinite to the finite. From this species of rationalistic error society is preserved by a diversity of gifts, which makes it natural to particular persons to appreciate particular objects more than others, and to follow out to the utmost the different pursuits of life. Great men, it is true, unite faculties seldom found in conjunction; but these are seldom the faculties conversely opposed to each other, and the union effected never amounts to anything like an exact balance. Philip van Artevelde is, perhaps, in the main a character of intellect, but his mental faculties are by no means those which are the antithesis of the practical energies. He seldom touches on abstract subjects. We find in him no tendency to *à priori* views of things, and he is fonder of exercising his understanding than his reason. He has no pretensions to metaphysical philosophy, though in an unusual degree a deliberate, thoughtful, grave-hearted man. He is a keen observer, and possesses in an equal degree the faculty of reflection. He looks things boldly in the face, sees them clearly and sedately, judges of them with a prompt accuracy, and acts vigorously. His temperament is calm, but not cold, though abounding more with suppressed than expressed feeling. He is solidly passionate to a degree of which more tumultuous natures are incapable; natures which boil over so quickly, that they cannot take in much heat. His moral being is deep, though not wide; and though not ungenerous, he has that abiding feeling of self which generally clings to strong substantive characters who have not devoted themselves to some noble

cause which lifts them above themselves. On the whole, though with many grave defects, which are illustrated in the sequel of the work, and on which we need not yet comment, he is a character built upon the heroic mould, and eminently qualified by its strength to resist the shocks that invest a character with tragic interest, while he is neither so lofty or so pure as to prevent our discerning in his adversities that poetic justice which bears so important a part in tragedy. Above all, Philip van Artevelde is an efficient character. The sailing of a vessel depends as much upon its trim as its build; and there is a certain delicate equipoise of the human powers which, in measuring the individual's chances of success, require at least as much to be taken into account as the magnitude of those powers. Those qualities of understanding and will, which form the basis of Artevelde's character, harmonize so well with his moral nature, and are so aptly supported by his robust temperament, that their collective weight exceeds that which they would possess if less perfectly united, as much as the product of numbers multiplied into each other exceeds their sum when added together.

Such a character is but little likely to be understood until it has been tried. It is thus that the citizens of Ghent discuss their future chief:—

> '*Prov.* Him! did ye say? Choose him for Captain? So!
> Then look about you in the morning, friends,
> For ye shall find him stirring before noon;
> The latest time o' the day is twelve o' the clock;
> Then comes he forth his study with his book,
> And looking off and on like parson preaching,
> Delivers me his orders.
> *A Burgess.* Nay, Provost, nay;
> He is a worthy and a mild good man,
> And we have need of such.
> *Chap.* He's what you say;
> But 'tis not mildness of the man that rules
> Makes the mild regimen.
> *Prov.* Who's to rule the fierce?
> "I prithee, Van den Bosch, cut not that throat;
> Roast not this man alive, or for my sake,
> If roast he must, not at so slow a fire;
> Nor yet so hastily impale this other,
> But give him time to ruminate and foretaste
> So terrible an end." Mild Philip, thus,
> Shall read his lecture of humanity.
> *Chap.* Truly the tender mercies of the weak,
> As of the wicked, are but cruel.'

In the next scene Van den Bosch

Bosch is a blunt, massive character, broadly and vigorously drawn. For some time he has been one of the principal White Hood chiefs, but recent events have brought his energies to a check. No amusement, not even that of rebellion, can be carried on without funds. The gravest political questions are brought to a crisis by vulgar considerations of pounds shillings and pence. Van den Bosch carries matters with a high hand among the mob, but the wealthy burghers are more than a match for him. It is in vain that he reminds them that war is exercise, that exercise makes men hungry, and that he requires 500 marks to provide food for his bands. This is touching them in a sensitive part. The middle class of Flanders are described by Mr. Taylor with a caustic wit. They serve two masters; they are placed between the rich and the poor, in virtual dependence on both. Their lives have been passed in money-making; they have neither the independence of poverty nor wealth; they have neither the chivalrous honour of the higher orders, nor that honesty of impulse which belongs to the lower. They are considerate; but their intellectual measure is one of profit and loss, and as they have little respect for a loyalty that interferes with their gains, so their enthusiasm for freedom is much qualified when they discover that the quest of it is not always consistent with safety. On this occasion, however, the cause of money and security are one; and Van den Bosch is not long in discovering that, even in the midst of convulsion, the game has to them been a game of trade, and that they are far less likely to pay the troops they have employed, than to make a separate peace and basely surrender the chiefs of the war faction to the Earl of Flanders. The crisis is a perilous one; and Van den Bosch perceives that he himself does not possess that weight of character necessary for one who has to balance contending interests. The monied classes, he sees, will need for their ruler a man of reflection, and he is aware that the lowest dregs of the populace always seek a man of station to lead them on. To Philip van Artevelde, therefore, he betakes himself, a man who, having hitherto lived as a recluse, enjoys that great repute which the many are apt to feel for one of whom they have heard often, but whom they have seldom seen. The position which Van den Bosch wishes Philip van Artevelde to assume is, at the present juncture, hardly one which would recommend itself to a wise man. But a companion in arms of Van den Bosch has already well observed—

> 'There is no game so desperate which wise men
> Will not take freely up for love of power,
> Or love of fame, or merely love of play.
> These men are wise, and then reputed wise;

And so their great repute of wisdom grows,
Till for great wisdom a great price is bid,
And then their wisdom do they part withal:
Such men must still be tempted with high stakes.'

Philip van Artevelde, p. 18.

Perhaps Artevelde's assertion, that 'the world knows nothing of its greatest men,' may have suggested to the reader that he was not himself without somewhat of ungratified ambition. On this occasion, however, he replies with coldness to the instances of Van den Bosch; though after his departure we have reason to believe that the course he recommends has not now been suggested for the first time to his mind.

'*Artev.* Is it vain-glory which thus whispers me
That 'tis ignoble to have led my life
In idle meditations—that the times
Demand me, echoing my father's name?
Oh! what a fiery heart was his! such souls
Whose sudden visitations daze the world,
Vanish like lightning, but they leave behind
A voice that in the distance far away
Wakens the slumbering ages. Oh! my father!
Thy life is eloquent, and more persuades
Unto dominion than thy death deters;
For that reminds me of a debt of blood
Descended with my patrimony to me,
Whose paying off would clear my soul's estate.'

Ibid. pp. 27, 28.

The result will be easily guessed: he accepts power, having first stated in the most forcible manner all the reasons which make that course inexpedient. He does not seem to us greatly ambitious: he himself refuses to plead guilty to that accusation, even after a long career of success; and Artevelde is one of those who know that petty dissimulation is for a great man a thing not worth while. In assuming power he obeys the strongest instinct, though often an unconscious one, of a strong nature, that of labouring in the sphere best suited for its powers: and there is much tact shown in the degree in which Artevelde attributes his resolution to other causes—the desire of avenging his father's death, and the necessity of being beforehand with the times.

Artevelde is not a character particularly likely to form an attachment, and he is described as rather returning the love of another than falling in love himself. The Lady Adriana van Merestyn is a young, beautiful, and unprotected heiress of Ghent, whose affections have been drawn to him by that fascination which leads the softer nature to repose upon the stronger

and severer. In Part the Second, Artevelde, with equal unconsciousness, excites in the heart of a woman, who had long since 'parted with love and honour too,' a passion worthy of her younger and purer days; yet at no period does he seem to hold women in high estimation. His early aspirations have been after a manly friendship, 'passing the love of women;' and we see plainly, that as the Lady Adriana has loved first, so she loves most. The scene in which they are first presented to us together illustrates well the grace, the purity, the ingenuous sweetness, and the devotedness of her character: the part of Artevelde is sustained with nothing either of passionate affection or chivalrous respect. The author has done right not to sacrifice the consistency of his portrait for the sake of picturesque effect. Artevelde is, as he always is, true to himself, and he makes love after his own fashion. Instead of quoting from this scene, we prefer to extract the soliloquy, in which, before claiming her hand, he meditates on the dangers to which an alliance with him may expose her.

'There is but one thing that still harks me back.
To bring a cloud upon the summer day
Of one so happy and so beautiful,—
It is a hard condition. For myself
I know not that the circumstance of life
In all its changes can so far afflict me
As makes anticipation much worth while.
But she is younger,—of a sex beside
Whose spirits are to ours as flame to fire,
More sudden and more perishable too;
So that the gust wherewith the one is kindled
Extinguishes the other. Oh she is fair!
As fair as Heaven to look upon! as fair
As ever vision of the Virgin blest
That weary pilgrim, resting by the fount
Beneath the palm and dreaming to the tune
Of flowing waters, duped his soul withal.
It was permitted in my pilgrimage
To rest beside the fount beneath the tree,
Beholding there no vision, but a maid
Whose form was light and graceful as the palm,
Whose heart was pure and jocund as the fount,
And spread a freshness and a verdure round.
This was permitted in my pilgrimage,
And loth am I to take my staff again.
Say that I fall not in this enterprise—
Yet must my life be full of hazardous turns,
And they that house with me must ever live
In imminent peril of some evil fate. [*A pause.*

Danger from foes—that is a daylight danger—
Danger from tyrants—that too is seen and known—
But envious friends and jealous multitudes . . . .
In dusk to walk through a perpetual ambush. . . .
[*A pause again.*
Still for myself, I fear not but that I,
Taking what comes, leaving what leave I must,
Could make a sturdy struggle through the world.
But for the maid, the choice were better far
To win her dear heart back again if lost,
And stake it upon some less dangerous throw.'

Philip van Artevelde, pp. 31, 32.

Notwithstanding the bodings expressed in this soliloquy, Artevelde's love has not the effect of preventing him from entering on the career of danger. We ought, perhaps, to regard it as one of the influences which urged him to forsake the contemplative life he had hitherto led; the same passion which has so often enervated the ambitious, being not less powerful to stimulate the sluggish. However this may be, when Van den Bosch next visits the recluse, he finds him prepared to assume the command of Ghent. Van den Bosch proceeds to instruct his inexperienced successor in the course most expedient at the present juncture. But his exhortations are quickly cut short. Artevelde is not a man much given to asking advice. From the eminence of an independent position he has long studied the humours of the people, and the fortunes of their various leaders; and he now, in a very few words, informs one of the most powerful of those leaders, that there has been a fatal flaw in his system of government. To be permanently successful, the energy that overawes must be united with the justice that discriminates, in order that the animal impulse of fear may be elevated into the habit of respect; and the unoffending must feel that they have a protector in their master:—

'*Artev.* Had *he* been slain 'twere well:
Had others been 'twere not. If I rule Ghent,
No man shall charge me that his life or goods
Are less secure than mine, so he but keep
The laws that I have made. Believe me, Peter
Thy scheme of rule is too disorderly.
Thy force still spends and not augments itself.
To make the needy and the desperate thine,
Thou gav'st them up the plunder of the rich;
Now these, grown desperate and needy too,
Raise up a host against thee;—whereupon,
No spoil remaining, thy good friends depart.'

Ibid. pp. 42, 43.

We must quote the scene in which Artevelde is elected chief:—

'*Artev.* My friends, I thank you for the good respect
In which you hold me; sirs, I thank you all.
You say that for the love you bore my father,
You and your predecessors, you'd have me
What he was once,—your captain. Verily
I think you do not well remember, sirs,
The end of all the love ye bore my father.
He was the noblest and the wisest man
That ever ruled in Ghent: yet, sirs, ye slew him;
By his own door, here where I stand, ye slew him!
What then am I to look for from your loves?
If the like trust ye should repose in me,
And then in like wise cancel it,—my friends,
That were an ill reward.
Several Burgesses. Nay, Master Philip!
Artev. Oh sirs! I know ye look not to such end,
Nor may it be yourselves that bring it round;
But he who rules must still displeasure some,
And he should have protection from the many
So long as he shall serve the many well.
Sirs, to that end his power must be maintain'd;
The power of peace and war, of life and death,
He must have absolute. How say ye, sirs?
Will ye bestow this power on me? if so,
Shout "Artevelde," and ye may add to that,
"Captain of Ghent,"—if not, go straightway home.
[*All shout,* "Artevelde, Captain of Ghent!"
Artev. So be it.
Now listen to your Captain's first command.
It has been heretofore the use of some
On each cross accident, here or without,
To cry aloud for peace. This is most hurtful.
It much unsettles brave men's minds, disturbs
The counsels of the wise, and daunts the weak.
Wherefore my pleasure is, and I decree
That whoso shall but talk of terms of peace
From this time forth, save in my private ear,
Be deem'd a traitor to the town of Ghent
And me its Captain; and a traitor's death
Shall that man die.
Burgesses. He shall, he shall, he shall.
We'll kill the slave outright.
Artev. No: mark me further.
If any citizen shall slay another
Without my warranty by word or sign,
Although that slayer be as true as steel,

This other treacherous as Iscariot's self,
The punishment is death. [*A pause.*
Ye speak no word.
What do we fight for, friends? for liberty?
What is that liberty for which we fight?
Is it the liberty to slay each other?
Then better were it we had back again
Roger d'Auterne, the bailiff. No, my friends,
It is the liberty to choose our chief
And bow to none beside. Now ye choose me,
And in that choice let each man be assured
That none but I alone shall dare to judge him.
Whoso spills blood without my warranty,
High man or low, rich man or poor, shall die.
Burgesses. The man shall die; he shall deserve to die;
We'll kill him on the spot, and that is law.
Artev. Hold, hold, my friends! ye are too hasty here.
You shall *not* kill him; 'tis the headsman's part,
Who first must have my warrant for his death.
Burgesses. Kill him who likes, the man shall die; that's law.'
Philip van Artevelde, pp. 43, 44, 45.

We have already stated that there is a peace party at Ghent; and their negotiations, though secret, have gone so far that the Earl of Flanders has proposed terms, including a total amnesty for past offences, conditional on 300 citizens, to be chosen by himself, being delivered over to his justice. With these terms, Sir Guisebert Grutt and Sir Simon Bette, the chief agents in effecting this treacherous negotiation, return from Bruges, the Earl's capital; and they exert every art of underhand persuasion to induce the citizens of Ghent to close with these proposals. Amongst others, they have engaged as an ally, the Lord of Occo, who has promised to be present at the meeting of the people at the Stadt-house; and on whose assistance, though he has himself hitherto fought on the popular side, they rely as sufficiently influential to ensure the acceptance of the Earl's proposals on the part of the people. Sir Guy of Occo has other inducements beside interest to commit this act of treachery. He has been an unsuccessful suitor for the hand of the Lady Adriana; and he hates Philip van Artevelde as his rival. He knows enough of him, however, to fear him as well as to hate him; and he is in the act of engaging a couple of burgesses to assassinate him, when disturbed by an unexpected visit from his intended victim. There is much humour in the consternation occasioned by this surprise. With a few skilful words Philip van Artevelde converts his intended murderers into staunch friends; and a few more are sufficient to make Occo believe that his plots have been discovered, and to deter him from making his appearance at the

meeting. The scene we have last quoted exhibits Artevelde as a man prepared for action, and the fact that the Earl's commissioners are also the men, whose treason was the cause of his father's death, makes him resolve at once upon the only course by which the safety of the revolutionary cause could be insured. It is thus that he ruminates on his position:—

> '*Artev.* To be the chief of honourable men
> Is honour; and if dangerous, yet faith
> Still binds them faster as the danger grows.
> To be the head of villains,—what is that
> But to be mind to an unwholesome body—
> To give away a noble human soul
> In sad metempsychosis to the brutes,
> Whose carrion, else exanimate, but gains
> A moment's life from this, then so infects
> That all together die the death of beasts. [*A pause.*
> These hands are spotless yet—
> Yea, white as when in infancy they stray'd
> Unconscious o'er my mother's face, or closed
> With that small grasp which mothers love to feel.
> No stain has come upon them since that time—
> They have done nothing violent—
> Of a calm will untroubled servants they,
> And went about their offices, if here
> I must not say in purity, in peace.
> But he they served,—he is not what he was.
> (*A Party pass the window, and a voice cries,* "The Lion for Flanders.")
> That cry again!
> Sir knights, ye drive me close upon the rocks,
> And of my cargo you're the vilest bales,
> So overboard with you! What, men of blood!
> Can the son better auspicate his arms
> Than by the slaying of who slew the father?
> Some blood may flow because that it needs must,
> But yours by choice—I'll slay you, and thank God.'
>
> *Philip van Artevelde*, pp. 63, 64.

The assembly having met at the Stadt-house, and the terms being proposed, the inclinations of the people are strongly marked in favour of peace. In consequence, however, of Occo's absence, the conspirators are not able to carry matters so vigorously forward as they had expected; and Artevelde succeeds in gaining an audience. Froissart describes Philip van Artevelde as an eloquent man; and his address on this occasion thoroughly bears out the chronicler's assertion. After putting the people into good humour, by a well-timed and well-applied eulogy on their valiant deeds up to the present time, he appeals vigorously to the instincts of anger and of fear; two passions of our animal nature

which are easily excited on occasion of those tumultuous assemblies, in which the animal nature ever predominates. He reminds them of the cruelties with which the Earl has already wreaked his vengeance on his insurgent subjects, and asks what man can deem himself safe, if 300 are to be selected for punishment at the Earl's will. Finding the people sufficiently excited, he turns suddenly to the two conspirators, and, upbraiding them as the betrayers of their fellow-citizens, he plunges his dagger into the heart of Grutt; while Bette is, at the same moment, stabbed by Van den Bosch. The proposals for peace are at once rejected; the Earl's banner thrown down; and Philip van Artevelde carried off in triumph on the shoulders of the people. From this moment he rules supreme.

We are compelled, by our limits, to hurry over the conclusion of Part the First. The main incidents of the story may be told in few words. The Earl of Flanders succeeds in cutting off all supplies of provisions from the city of Ghent; and the people of that city are soon reduced to a state almost of starvation. Pestilence follows from the want of food; and never have the horrors of plague and famine been more powerfully described than in this work:—

> '*Clara.* It is but little. I paid a visit first to Ukenheim,
> The man who whilome saved our father's life,
> When certain Clementists and ribald folk
> Assail'd him at Malines. He came last night,
> And said he knew not if we owed him aught,
> But if we did, a peck of oatmeal now
> Would pay the debt, and save more lives than one.
> I went. It seem'd a wealthy man's abode;
> The costly drapery and good house-gear
> Had, in an ordinary time, betokened
> That with the occupant the world went well.
> By a low couch, curtain'd with cloth of frieze,
> Sat Ukenheim, a famine-stricken man,
> With either bony fist upon his knees,
> And his long back upright. His eyes were fix'd
> And mov'd not, though some gentle words I spake:
> Until a little urchin of a child
> That call'd him father, crept to where he sat
> And pluck'd him by the sleeve, and with its small
> And skinny finger pointed: then he rose,
> And with a low obeisance, and a smile
> That look'd like watery moonlight on his face,
> So pale and weak a smile, he bade me welcome.
> I told him that a lading of wheat flour
> Was on its way, whereat, to my surprise,
> His countenance fell, and he had almost wept.

Artev. Poor soul! and wherefore?
Clara. That I soon perceived.
He pluck'd aside the curtain of the couch,
And there two children's bodies lay composed.
They seem'd like twins of some ten years of age,
And they had died so nearly both together
He scarce could say which first: and being dead,
He put them, for some fanciful affection,
Each with its arm about the other's neck,
So that a fairer sight I had not seen
Than those two children, with their little faces
So thin and wan, so calm and sad, and sweet.
I look'd upon them long, and for a while
I wish'd myself their sister, and to lie
With them in death as they did with each other;
I thought that there was nothing in the world
I could have lov'd so much; and then I wept.
And when he saw I wept, his own tears fell,
And he was sorely shaken and convulsed,
Through weakness of his frame and his great grief.
Artev. Much pity was it he so long deferred
To come to us for aid.
Clara. It was indeed.
But whatsoe'er had been his former pride,
He seem'd a humbled and heart-broken man.
He thank'd me much for what I said was sent;
But I knew well his thanks were for my tears.
He look'd again upon the children's couch,
And said, low down, they wanted nothing now.
So, to turn off his eyes,
I drew the small survivor of the three
Before him, and he snatched it up, and soon
Seemed quite forgetful and absorbed. With that
I stole away.'

Philip van Artevelde, pp. 95, 96.

The Lord of Occo has not only effected his escape to Bruges, but has also succeeded in carrying off the Lady Adriana; by a forced marriage with whom, he expects to enter into possession of her broad lands. His villany, however, is disappointed of its purpose. At the court of the Earl of Flanders he is domiciled with Sir Walter D'Arlon, one of the Earl's followers, but also, in former times, a friend of Artevelde, and still the secret lover of Artevelde's sister, Clara. The Lady Adriana makes her injuries known to Sir Walter; and the young knight rescues her from her dangerous position, and defies the Lord of Occo to deadly combat. In the meantime Artevelde, profiting by the desperation of the citizens at Ghent, and by the extravagant severity of the only terms of surrender proposed by the Earl,

induces them to stake all their fortunes on a single throw; and, exchanging the position of the beleaguered to that of the assailant, makes a forced march against Bruges. The Earl is surprised in his capital. Without leaders, and in a state of intoxication, his troops rush forth to engage an enemy whom they despise. They fall into an ambuscade prepared for them by Artevelde, and are quickly routed. The Earl, with difficulty, makes his escape from Bruges just as the conquering army pours into it. Artevelde recovers his bride; and, at the same moment, sentences the Lord of Occo to death. To the entreaties of the Lady Adriana, that he would spare the life of his enemy, he replies, 'Not though an angel plead.' Philip van Artevelde is, with much consistency, represented as the unflinching advocate of justice, which he regards as the great representative form of all virtue. In the hour of prosperity he executes on another that justice, to which, in the hour of adversity, when treason is overtaken with defeat, he himself falls a victim. Justice he pronounces to be the truest benevolence; and the divine depths of mercy, or of a love which as truly compasses justice, as it can be said to be compassed by it, he seems never to have explored.

Such is the conclusion of Part the First—the conclusion, it may be said, rather of a romance than of a drama, complete in itself. Before proceeding to Part the Second, we shall make a few observations on the structure of this work. The author, in observing that his poem is as long as six such plays as are acted, apparently refuses to consider the two parts of it as two distinct dramas; and it is certain, that while the first part without the second would lack a catastrophe of sufficient pathos and dignity, the second part without the first would fail to impress us with the full character of the hero, as well as to develope the full philosophic scope of the poem. 'Philip van Artevelde' is, properly speaking, what it calls itself, a 'dramatic romance;' and it is not a little remarkable that poetry, so different in its substance from that to which we have recently been accustomed, should be presented to us in a form which, though long used in Germany, is original in our literature. It is interesting to observe the attempts made in an undramatic age to push out, in different directions, the old limits of the tragic art, so as to suit the genius of modern times. In Goethe's 'Faust' we are presented with a mass of metaphysical and theological reveries embodied in a dramatic form: the present work employs the same form, on a scale scarcely less large, to embody a philosophy more in harmony with the practical character of the English mind. If the abstruse and psychological tragedy of Hamlet be regarded as in some sort the type upon which the former work was modelled, the scheme of the latter may be con-

sidered an expansion of the chronicle drama of Shakspere. Judging from the specimen before us, we should say that the Dramatic Romance differs from the Historical Drama, much as the Historical Drama differs from pure Tragedy: on the one hand, it has less of compactness; on the other, its scope is wider. There are persons, we know, who regard the drama, written for the study, as a literary monster; but with such critics we are far from agreeing. Scenic representation is undoubtedly one end of the drama, but it is by no means the sole end; nay, it will be confessed, that while the powers of a great actor give additional force to the passionate parts of a play, the more purely poetic portions lose much at the same time by the vulgarising associations of the stage. It is true that the greatest tragedies have ever been, inclusively, acting plays; but it is true, not less, that if we would do justice to the highest tragedies of Shakspere, considered in their highest relations, the stage on which they are performed must be that of the meditative mind, and the imagination alone must simultaneously play all the parts. The acting drama is in fact a compromise: it foregoes somewhat of dignity, that it may gain in vividness. The drama for the study is a compromise also; it relinquishes the animation produced by stage effect and popular sympathy, in order to gain an ampler and serener field for pure poetry. Something of loss seems a necessary condition of development, in all the arts. Painting possesses a wider scope than sculpture, but this advantage it gains by a sacrifice of certain other advantages connected with the uses of the solid material. The art of drawing in chiaroscuro is capable of embodying, though with less vividness, a wider range of conceptions than the art of painting; and no one who has studied Flaxman's illustrations of Dante can doubt, that the advantages derived from colour being once resigned, the art of designing in light and shade alone, on a large scale, might, to an indefinite extent, enlarge its sphere and embrace a more various detail of interest, supposing it first to shake off those restricted laws of pictorial composition necessary only for the balance of colours, and to work on that wider law suited to itself, which hitherto it has felt after but not found. Applying to the drama this general law of compensation and compromise, it seems to us not unphilosophical for one who rejects the advantages connected with stage-representation to get rid also of such restrictions, connected with the ordinary structure of the play, as limit or embarrass him; so he forget not that a writer may have too much room as well as too little, and that a certain degree of mechanical restraint and opposition is needful to the development of the powers. In modifying the design of a work it will generally be necessary to modify its structure also; indeed, there is

no blunder more common than that of altering parts of a system without altering other corresponding parts, the result of which is ever the creation of a fabric equivocal and heterogeneous. In many respects the dramatic has obvious advantages over all other kinds of composition; every species of poetic beauty is capable of being introduced into it; and the various modifications of which it is susceptible, corresponding with the time, the writer, or the matter he has to work up, have possibly not even yet been exhausted.

We have no exception, then, to take against Mr. Taylor on account of the vast size of the canvass on which he has worked. He has presented us rather with a panorama than a picture, an effect which would be felt the more if it were not for the absorbing interest of the principal figure in the various stages of his career. What Mr. Taylor has lost is that compactness to which tragedy owes, beyond all other forms of composition, its electric intensity. What he has gained is chiefly room; and an ample sphere, limited by no arbitrary hindrances, is perhaps the first requisite demanded by original genius. The room thus gained has been well used. Our extracts are chiefly taken from the scenes which illustrate the character of the hero, and are therefore necessarily incompetent to do justice to those portions of the work which are characterized by happy description, by humour, by pathos, or by a deep moral and political wisdom. In these qualities, however, the poem abounds, while it is almost beyond example rich in detached aphorisms and observations on those subjects which come home to the 'business and bosoms of men.' These materials are put together, at once, with so much of vigorous judgment, and so delicate a sense of poetic grace, as to invest the whole with a noble and stately beauty peculiar to itself. One structural fault, however, we must animadvert upon. The interest of the poem is three-fold: the personal interest of the hero; the feminine interest; and that derived from the portraiture of a revolutionary age; all the humours of which are successively reflected in Mr. Taylor's 'pictured page.' The triple cord is, for the most part, wound together with much skill; but we should say, that in Part the First the capture of the Lady Adriana is rather artificially connected with the progress of the story than an essential part of it. The incident is, however, too important, and described at too much length, to be considered merely as an episode; and the position is one unfavourable to the development of the Lady Adriana's character. Hers is a secret courage, which naturally shows itself rather in patient endurance or sudden action than in vehement language; and her wisdom, which results from rectitude and purity, has no tendency to put itself forward in

sententious moral aphorisms. We think, therefore, that the lofty and sometimes declamatory indignation with which she is forced to repel violence and insult, rather detract from the grace and truthfulness of the original sketch. In Part the Second the fortunes of the hero and heroine are far more closely entwined. Artevelde's connexion with Elena is one chief cause of his downfall, both by exposing him to the treachery of Sir Fleureant, and also by shaking the fidelity of his friends. With reference to this it will be observed, that after every interview with Elena, Artevelde is assailed with some new tidings of calamity, some fresh success of the enemy, or desertion of the Flemish towns.

The ample compass of Mr. Taylor's work will, of course, not meet the approbation of those who censure the ordinary romantic drama for its disregard of the unities. We are acquainted with no blunder more singular than that of those critics who, attaching themselves to names, not things, have thus applied the rules of the ancient tragedy to the modern romantic drama. That the modern, as well as the ancient, drama requires a certain unity of plot, is obvious, since without unity no work of art whatever can possess completeness or proportion. But the question is, as to the kind of unity; and if we investigate the question, by making that induction from the best specimens of the modern stage, which guided Aristotle in his principles with regard to the ancient, we shall discover that the unity of plot required by the romantic drama differs as much from that required by the classical, as an organic whole differs from a plastic whole; as a tree whose branches, however tortured by the storm, are nourished by one root, and converge towards one stem, differs from a statue. Observe the difference between the character of Grecian and of Gothic architecture. The finite character of the former is essential to the definiteness of its proportions; its simple and regular features all conduce to one general effect, that of precision and completeness. In Gothic architecture, on the other hand, the relation of part to part, though not less real, is far more remote. We gaze upon the aspiring lines, to look beyond them: we connect gable with pinnacle, and tower with spire, by imaginary lines drawn in the air; and it may be said that half of the mysterious fabric we contemplate is invisible to the eye of sense, and embodied only to that of the mind. So it is in the classical and romantic drama. The character of the former is its definiteness; that of the latter its suggestiveness: and while in the larger plot of the latter all the various interests must indirectly be made to converge upon one great central interest, they are, notwithstanding, united by a far less visible bond than that which cements the unity of the classical tragedy, and the completeness resulting is of a far less obvious character. Majesty,

we should say, was the chief excellency of the Greek drama; philosophic depth, of the romantic; and it is obvious that, for the former, simplicity of plot was necessary; for the latter, variety. With regard to the unities of time and place, we shall content ourselves with making one remark, which seems to us conclusive, if it be only granted that the instruments employed in every art are to be determined by the essential qualities of that art. One main characteristic of the romantic drama is its subjective tendency. The true subject of every modern play is man,—man considered not as a part of nature, but as a creature of spiritual affections and free-will. The action of the play must proceed from the characters, and is successful so far as it illustrates them; and the catastrophe ought to set forth some problem of our many-sided humanity; not simply to record a decree of fate. The genius of the Greek play, on the contrary, was, like all the Greek literature, eminently objective; so much so, that (a mere external object necessarily supposing the co-existence of a being to contemplate it) the chorus, which remained ever on the stage, represented the spectators, and embodied the principle of public opinion in the Odes and gnomic sentiments that served as a commentary on the scene. A single strongly marked character was sufficient to give interest to the action: and all that was necessary for the plot was, that it should describe an event splendid and poetical in itself, and, if possible, closed by some supernatural interposition. It followed, therefore, that the merit of the plot not consisting in the connexion between events and their ultimate moral causes, but in the closeness with which event followed event, the narrowest limits as to time and place must give the strictest and most forcible sequence to the progress of those events. The modern or metaphysical drama, on the other hand, requires, on the very same principle, a very wide limit as to time and place, because the passions mature themselves by degrees; character requires a considerable period for its development; and it is only by a comprehensive survey that we are enabled to appreciate the inward and philosophical relation of outward events to their several ultimate causes in the heart of man. Nor can we attach any importance to the objection, that change of place and the lapse of a long period, are inconsistent with dramatic illusion. The fact is stronger than the theory; and, in this instance, the fact can be easily accounted for. The only illusion that takes place in any case is one of the imagination, not the senses; and that illusion is voluntary, not involuntary. In witnessing a drama, or looking at a picture, the mind of the spectator is not merely open to the reception of passive impressions; a large part of the pleasure which he feels consists in the sympathetic exertion of the creative faculties of his mind

in the same direction as they have been exerted by the dramatic writer or the artist. This may be one reason why it gives us pleasure to read of events which it would give us pain to witness in real life; why we are dissatisfied with a portrait, which, instead of having a suggestive likeness to the original, possesses the literal likeness of a caricature, allowing no room for the imagination of the beholder; and generally why, in every work of imitative art, a diversity from nature, as well as a resemblance to nature, is necessary for our satisfaction.

In Part the Second, Philip van Artevelde is presented to us again, after the lapse of a long period. He has become Regent of Flanders, and, as such, has lived in something of royal state, though encompassed with the toils of the warrior, as well as the cares of the statesman. The substance of his character remains unchanged; but the change, so far as it goes, is for the worse. He has been prosperous, but prosperity has not improved him. The sunshine which softens the fruit, hardens the soil in which the fruit-tree grows. If, in fact, the first Artevelde was severe and unscrupulous, in Part the Second he has the same defects to a greater degree: his character has rather contracted than expanded; he has become at once imperious and reckless; and while his confidence in himself is much increased, the confidence of his wise and aged friend, Father John of Heda, is proportionably diminished. In Part the First, he ponders long before accepting from the Lady Adriana a love which might possibly involve her in the troubles of the time: in Part the Second, he has no hesitation in seeking that of Elena, though his fortunes are in a yet more desperate state. In youth, his aspirations after an excellence superior to his own are marked by his love for one whose charm consisted in her exquisite freshness, purity, tender and self-forgetting fidelity. In mature age, his love is not higher than himself (a sign of a character in decay), and it is fixed upon one whose connexion with him is inconsistent with his feeling respect for her, and who, before they met, has already forfeited all claims to respect. He has also suffered calamity; but adversity has left him, and left no blessing behind. Artevelde has lost his wife; a blow which, we are given to understand, was long and bitterly felt, but for which time has worked a seeming remedy. He himself says,—

> 'Pain and grief
> Are transitory things, no less than joy.
> * * * * *
> And surely as man's health and strength are whole,
> His appetites regerminate, his heart
> Re-opens, and his objects and desires
> Shoot up renewed.'

This philosophy of time and pain comes appropriately from Artevelde: with the truth of the statement, however, there is an error mixed up, and that error we apprehend to be confuted by the character of Artevelde himself, as subsequently developed. Gentler natures heal their own wounds, as the scars of a pine-tree are healed by the exudation of its own gums; but those harder natures which, strong in every way, are strong to suffer, require a better physician than time, though without time no medicine can effect a cure. The appetites are more likely to regerminate than the heart to re-open, and renew the nobler of its desires. In one of our earlier extracts, Artevelde has been informed, that where sorrow is held intrusive, there wisdom will not enter. From sorrow he has never shrunk, but to him it has brought no accession of wisdom or true power, or 'aught that dignifies humanity.' Grief, like time, possesses in itself no genuine sanatory power. Both are more likely to change or conceal our errors than to extirpate them. The mystery of healing, like that of life, is more than a mere natural process, though it works through natural means. Experience, it is true, comes to us chiefly through sorrow, for no amount of mere registered observation constitutes experience; and, except through suffering, few things are brought truly home to the soul. No less true it is, that experience works wisdom; but it works wisdom only to the wise. Without a previous wisdom, we are incapable of digesting experience; and, by the distinct apprehension of a single new truth, a man may, in a single day, enter into possession of an inheritance of experience bequeathed to him, but hitherto bequeathed in vain, by adversities foregone. The wisdom of Artevelde, if we have rightly understood his character, was not of that sort which extracts from sorrow and the changes of the world their inmost lore: and, in Part Second, we find him not only a less lofty character, but a less wise man than in Part First. In comparing the character of Artevelde with Lord Byron's conception of a hero, we contemplated it on its better side; it had, however, (as every dramatic character must have,) its worse side also: and even Lord Byron's hero is not more entirely of the earth earthly, than the solid and manly, yet wholly pagan, character which imparts its philosophic interest to the work before us. It is true that he has occasionally speculations concerning objects above this visible diurnal sphere, but he quickly dismisses such impertinent visitations as 'conclusions inconclusive.' It is plain that he habitually associates the material with the substantial, and connects his idea of reality with those visible objects which are, in fact, unreal when compared with the intentions of pure reason, the mandates of the moral sense, or the truths of revelation, and which, but for the

sensations of pleasure or pain which give them a reality to the senses, could not be regarded as less fantastic than the more fleeting visions of a dream. The great difference between Mr. Taylor's and Lord Byron's conceptions of the heroic character is, that in Mr. Taylor's the regulative principle is within, and there is a concentration of the vital functions and purposes, qualities in which Lord Byron's characters are deficient. Considered, then, in relation to that which is within, and that which is around, the one ideal differs from the other as the animal structure differs from the vegetable, and the higher class of animals from the lower; but judged by their relation to things above, they stand on the same level. In both we find more of that earth out of which man was made, and to which the man-animal returns, than of that spirit which was breathed into the mortal clay, and by that union constituted our humanity. Both alike are defective when weighed in the balance of one of the most thoughtful of our early poets, Daniel—

> 'Unless above himself he can
> Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!'

Self-inclusion and self-dependance we regard as constituting the original error of Artevelde's nature, the vulnerable point, without which no character can be truly dramatic. Magnanimity, his wise preceptor tells him, in a passage otherwise admirable, 'reposes, *self-included*,' at the mountain's base; and something of this erroneous ideal he seems to have laboured under on his way to the mountain's top. 'Men, in their places, are the men that stand,' is one of his maxims. In another passage it is thus that he describes the object of his veneration:—

> 'All my life long
> I have beheld with most respect the man
> Who knew himself, and knew the ways before him,
> And, from amongst them, chose considerately,
> With a clear foresight—not a blindfold courage—
> And having chosen, with a steadfast mind
> Pursued his purposes.'

Vigour of will, deliberation, consistent action, these he revered: but, as he shows but little thought of that ultimate aim, without which all action is worthless, so he exhibits but little reverence for that moral law, without which all human deliberation lacks its measure, and that Will Supreme, in submission to which all finite and relative wills find their only possible freedom. To act efficiently is more his aim than to act rightly; and justice itself is a dial without a sun to shine upon it. The cause to which Artevelde allied himself, whether just or not, seems to have been taken up with little reference to its justice. At the

declining period of his fortunes, when, as he with characteristic dryness remarks, he is 'driven upon his friends,' he is driven upon his principles also; and, in one or two of his speeches, we have a magnificent vindication of the democratic cause; but among his deliberations, when he chooses his side, he gives no indication of doing so in obedience to general principles or patriotic enthusiasm. Self-respect—that clay foundation of false virtue, which supports, and so often finally engulfs, characters which are neither built on the rock, nor yet on the sand—has been with Artevelde, not merely a regulative principle, but the basis of his whole being. In delineating the effect which time and success produce on such a moral frame, Mr. Taylor has read us a lesson as important as dramatist ever yet conveyed.

When we first meet with Artevelde in Part the Second, he is at the summit of his fortunes; but the wave of his prosperity is just toppling over. The young King of France, with the advice of his uncles, the Dukes of Burgundy and Bourbon, has taken the part of his cousin, the exiled Earl of Flanders. Artevelde gathers together all his resources; but his chief hope is in his English alliance. He despatches Father John of Heda, and other ambassadors, to the court of King Richard II., urging his need of prompt succours. In the meantime, though he keeps up the spirits of others, it is plain that he has painful forebodings. It is thus that he relates a dream to one of his followers:—

> '*Artev.* Well now it is strange!
> I never knew myself to sleep o' horseback,
> And yet I must have slept. The evening's heat
> Had much oppressed me; then the tedious tract
> Of naked moorland, and the long flat road
> And slow straight stream, for ever side by side,
> Like poverty and crime—I'm sure I slept.
> *Van Ryk.* I saw not that you did, my lord.
> *Artev.* I did;
> Ay, and dreamed too. 'Twas an unwholesome dream,
> If dream it was—a nightmare rather: first
> A stifling pressure compassed in my heart;
> On my dull ears, with thick and muffled peal,
> Came many a sound of battle and of flight,
> Of tumult and distracted cries; my own,
> That would have been the loudest, was unheard,
> And seem'd to swell the chambers of my brain
> With volume vast of sound I could not utter.
> The screams of wounded horses, and the crash
> Of broken planks, and then the heavy plunge
> Of bodies in the water—they were loud,
> But yet the sound that was confined in me,
> Had it got utterance, would have drowned them all!

But still it grew and swelled, and therewithal
The burthen thickened on my heart; my blood,
That had been flowing freshly from my wounds,
Trickled, then clotted, and then flowed no more:
My horse upon the barrier of the bridge
Stumbled; I started; and was wide awake.
'Twas an unpleasant dream.
Van Ryk. It was, my lord.
I wonder how I marked not that you slept.
Artev. I must be wakeful now.'—
Philip van Artevelde, pp. 157, 158.

The King of France, before advancing at the head of all the chivalry of his realm, sends a herald to Artevelde, summoning him to instant submission, and fiercely upbraiding him with his own revolt, as well as with the crimes of his father.

Artevelde's reply to this insulting message, and his vindication of his own conduct, fully bear out what we have said of his eloquence on a former occasion:—

'*Artev.* Sir Herald, thou hast well discharged thyself
Of an ill function. Take these links of gold,
And with the company of words I give thee
Back to the braggart king from whom thou cam'st.
First, of my father:—had he lived to know
His glories, deeds, and dignities postponed
To names of barons, earls, and counts (that here
Are to men's ears importunately common
As chimes to dwellers in the market-place)
He with a silent and a bitter mirth
Had listened to the boast: may he his son
Pardon for in comparison setting forth
With his the name of this disconsolate earl.
How stand they in the title deeds of fame?
What hold and heritage in distant times
Doth each enjoy—what posthumous possession?
The dusty chronicler with painful search,
Long fingering forgotten scrolls, indites
That Louis Mâle was sometime Earl of Flanders,
That Louis Mâle his sometime earldom lost,
Through wrongs by him committed, that he lived
An outcast long in dole not undeserved,
And died dependent: there the history ends,
And who of them that hear it wastes a thought
On the unfriended fate of Louis Mâle?
But turn the page and look we for the tale
Of Artevelde's renown. What man was this?
He humbly born, he highly gifted rose
By steps of various enterprise, by skill,

By native vigour to wide sway, and took
What his vain rival having could not keep.
His glory shall not cease, though cloth of gold
Wrap him no more, for not of golden cloth,
Nor fur, nor minever, his greatness came,
Whose fortunes were inborn : strip me the two.
This were the humblest, that the noblest, beggar
That ever braved a storm !
Sir F. My lord, your pardon ;
Nothing was uttered in disparagement
Of your famed father, though a longer life
And better would he assuredly have lived,
Had it seemed good to him to follow forth
His former craft, nor turn aside to brew
These frothy insurrections.
Artev. Sir, your back
Shows me no tabard, nor a sign beside,
Denoting what your office is that asks
A hearing in this presence ; nor know I yet
By what so friendly fortune I am graced
With your good company and gentle speech.
But we are here no niggards of respect
To merit's unauthenticated forms,
And therefore do I answer you, and thus :
You speak of insurrections : bear in mind
Against what rule my father and myself
Have been insurgent : whom did we supplant ?—
There was a time, so ancient records tell,
There were communities, scarce known by name
In these degenerate days, but once far-famed,
Where liberty and justice, hand in hand,
Ordered the common weal ; where great men grew
Up to their natural eminence, and none,
Saving the wise, just, eloquent, were great ;
Where power was of God's gift, to whom he gave
Supremacy of merit, the sole means
And broad highway to power, that ever then
Was meritoriously administered,
Whilst all its instruments from first to last,
The tools of state for service high or low,
Were chosen for their aptness to those ends
Which virtue meditates. To shake the ground
Deep-founded whereupon this structure stood,
Was verily a crime ; a treason it was,
Conspiracies to hatch against this state
And its free innocence. But now, I ask,
Where is there on God's earth that polity
Which it is not, by consequence converse,
A treason against nature to uphold ?

Whom may we now call free? whom great? whom wise?
Whom innocent?—the free are only they
Whom power makes free to execute all ills
Their hearts imagine; they alone are great
Whose passions nurse them from their cradles up
In luxury and lewdness,—whom to see
Is to despise, whose aspects put to scorn
Their station's eminence; the wise, they only
Who wait obscurely till the bolts of heaven
Shall break upon the land, and give them light
Whereby to walk; the innocent,—alas!
Poor innocency lies where four roads meet,
A stone upon her head, a stake driven through her,
For who is innocent that cares to live?
The hand of power doth press the very life
Of innocency out! What then remains
But in the cause of nature to stand forth,
And turn this frame of things the right side up?
For this the hour is come, the sword is drawn,
And tell your masters vainly they resist.
Nature, that slept beneath their poisonous drugs,
Is up and stirring, and from north and south,
From east and west, from England and from France,
From Germany, and Flanders, and Navarre,
Shall stand against them like a beast at bay.
The blood that they have shed will hide no longer
In the blood-sloken soil, but cries to heaven.
Their cruelties and wrongs against the poor
Shall quicken into swarms of venomous snakes,
And hiss through all the earth, till o'er the earth,
That ceases then from hissing and from groans,
Rises the song—How are the mighty fallen!
And by the peasant's hand! Low lie the proud!
And smitten with the weapons of the poor—
The blacksmith's hammer and the woodman's axe.
Their tale is told; and for that they were rich,
And robbed the poor; and for that they were strong,
Aud scourged the weak; and for that they made laws
Which turned the sweat of labour's brow to blood,—
For these their sins the nations cast them out,
The dunghills are their death-beds, and the stench
From their uncovered carrion steaming wide,
Turns in the nostrils of enfranchised man
To a sweet savour. These things come to pass
From small beginnings, because God is just.'

Philip van Artevelde, pp. 165—168.

We are compelled by our limits to pass briefly over the sequel. The extracts which we shall give are such as need little ılanation. With the herald has come into the Flemish camp

a certain Sir Fleureant of Heurlée, a retainer of the Duke of Bourbon. He is charged with secret instructions on the part of his master; and Artevelde is given to understand, that he may count on the duke as his friend at the French court, on condition of sending back an Italian lady, Elena, formerly the duke's mistress, though now, for a considerable period, a dweller in the Flemish camp. The fortunes of Elena are related in a lyrical poem, interposed between the first and second part, and written with such an approach to the sentimental and ornate style of most modern poetry, as to be in singular contrast with the work at large. After many calamities, and a blighted affection bestowed on an unworthy object, Elena, rather in despair of love than from love, has become domiciled in the palace of the Duke of Bourbon, as his mistress. The duke treats her unworthily; and, it is after resolving to sever the tie, that Elena falls into the hands of the Regent, on his taking possession of one of the Flemish cities. The Regent shows her kindness and respect, and Elena's gratitude soon ripens into a love which makes her fear nothing so much as an exchange of prisoners. In spite of the magnificent offers made through Sir Fleureant, she refuses to return. Elena is a character of wayward impulses, fervent imagination, and melancholy passion. The better part of her nature has had but little opportunity of development, for she has long been a stranger to self approval. She is reckless, and has lived for years in that state of modified despair, which, if to have neither peace nor hope be despair, is no uncommon disease. Her sadness has become part of her being; nor is it without a shadowy voluptuousness, like the gloom of an overcast day in a soft climate. Something of her character will be conveyed to the reader by the following songs:—

'Down lay in a nook my lady's brach,
And said my feet are sore,
I cannot follow with the pack
A hunting of the boar.

And though the horn sounds never so clear
With the hounds in loud uproar,
Yet I must stop and lie down here,
Because my feet are sore.

The huntsman when he heard the same,
What answer did he give?
The dog that's lame is much to blame,
He is not fit to live.'—*Philip van Artevelde*, p. 177.

On a later occasion it is thus she sings:—

'Quoth tongue of neither maid nor wife
To heart of neither wife nor maid,
Lead we not here a jolly life
Betwixt the shine and shade?

Quoth heart of neither maid nor wife
To tongue of neither wife nor maid,
Thou wag'st, but I am worn with strife,
And feel like flowers that fade.'

Philip van Artevelde, p. 235.

We regret that we have not room to quote more largely from the songs which enrich this work. They have all the airy yet vigorous lightness, and the fragmentary passionateness, that distinguish the songs of our early dramatists.

We shall extract at some length from the scene in which Artevelde first speaks to Elena of love. It is, in many respects, remarkable, and admirably illustrative of the character of both speakers. To explain the last few lines, we must mention that Sir Fleureant, besides his mission from the Duke to Elena, was charged with secret letters to several of the Flemish towns, inviting them to desert the standard of the Regent, and return to their allegiance. These letters he has despatched by Van Kortz, Van Muck, and Bulsen, the first of whom, having been found out in his treachery, is condemned by Artevelde to immediate death, as well as his employer, Sir Fleureant:—

'*Elena.* I have been much unfortunate, my lord;
I would not love again.
Artev. And so have I;
Nor man nor woman more unfortunate,
As none more blessed in what was taken from him!
Dearest Elena,—of the living dearest,—
Let my misfortunes plead, and know their weight
By knowing of the worth of what I lost.
She was a creature framed by love divine
For mortal love to muse a life away
In pondering her perfections; so unmoved
Amidst the world's contentions, if they touched
No vital chord nor troubled what she loved,
Philosophy might look her in the face,
And like a hermit stooping to the well
That yields him sweet refreshment, might therein
See but his own serenity reflected
With a more heavenly tenderness of hue!
Yet whilst the world's ambitious empty cares,
Its small disquietudes and insect stings
Disturbed her never, she was one made up
Of feminine affections, and her life
Was one full stream of love from fount to sea.
These are but words.

Elena. My lord, they're full of meaning.
Artev. No, they mean nothing—that which they would speak
Sinks into silence—'tis what none can know
That knew not her—the silence of the grave—
Whence could I call her radiant beauty back,
It could not come more savouring of Heaven
Than it went hence—the tomb received her charms
In their perfection, with nor trace of time
Nor stain of sin upon them ; only death
Had turned them pale. I would that you had seen her
Living or dead.
Elena. I wish I had, my lord ;
I should have loved to look upon her much ;
For I can gaze on beauty all day long,
And think the all-day long is but too short.
Artev. She was so fair that in the angelic choir
She will not need put on another shape
Than that she bore on earth. Well, well—she's gone,
And I have tamed my sorrow. Pain and grief
Are transitory things no less than joy,
And though they leave us not the men we were,
Yet they do leave us. You behold me here
A man bereaved, with something of a blight
Upon the early blossoms of his life
And its first verdure, having not the less
A living root, and drawing from the earth
Its vital juices, from the air its powers :
And surely as man's health and strength are whole,
His appetites regerminate, his heart
Re-opens, and his objects and desires
Shoot up renewed. What blank I found before me
From what is said you partly may surmise ;
How I have hoped to fill it, may I tell ?
Elena. I fear, my lord, that cannot be.
Artev. Indeed !
Then am I doubly hopeless. What is gone,
Nor plaints, nor prayers, nor yearnings of the soul,
Nor memory's tricks nor fancy's invocations—
Though tears went with them frequent as the rain
In dusk November, sighs more sadly breathed
Than winter's o'er the vegetable dead,—
Can bring again : and should this living hope,
That like a violet from the other's grave
Grew sweetly, in the tear-besprinkled soil
Finding moist nourishment—this seedling sprung
Where recent grief had like a ploughshare passed
Through the soft soul and loosened its affections—
Should this new blossomed hope be coldly nipped,
Then were I desolate indeed ! a man

Whom heaven would wean from earth, and nothing leaves
But cares and quarrels, trouble and distraction,
The heavy burthens and the broils of life.
Is such my doom? Nay, speak it if it be.
Elena. I said I feared another could not fill
The place of her you lost, being so fair
And perfect as you give her out.
Artev. 'Tis true,
A perfect woman is not as a coin,
Which being gone, its very duplicate
Is counted in its place. Yet waste so great
Might you repair, such wealth you have of charms
Luxuriant, albeit of what were hers
Rather the contrast than the counterpart.
Colour to wit—complexion;—hers was light
And gladdening; a roseate tincture shone
Transparent in its place, her skin elsewhere
White as the foam from which in happy hour
Sprang the Thalassian Venus: your's is clear
But bloodless, and though beautiful as night
In cloudless ether clad, not frank as day:
Such is the tinct of your diversity;
Serenely radiant she, you darkly fair.
Elena. Dark still has been the colour of my fortunes,
And having not serenity of soul,
How should I wear the aspect?
Artev. Wear it not;
Wear only that of love.
Elena. Of love? alas!
That is its opposite. You counsel me
To scatter this so melancholy mist
By calling up the hurricane. Time was
I had been prone to counsel such as yours;
Adventurous I have been, it is true,
And this foolhardy heart would brave—nay court,
In other days, an enterprise of passion;
Yea, like a witch, would whistle for a whirlwind.
But I have been admonished: painful years
Have tamed and taught me: I have suffered much.
Kind Heaven but grant tranquillity! I seek
No further boon.
Artev. And may not love be tranquil?
Elena. It may in some; but not as I have known it
Artev. Love, like an insect frequent in the woods,
Will take the colour of the tree it feeds on;
As saturnine or sanguine is the soul,
Such is the passion. Brightly upon me,
Like the red sunset of a stormy day,
Love breaks anew beneath the gathering clouds

That roll around me! Tell me, sweet Elena,
May I not hope, or rather can I hope,
That for such brief and bounded space of time
As are my days on earth, you 'll yield yourself
To love me living and to mourn me dead?

Elena. Oh, not, my lord, to mourn you—why—oh God!
Why will you say so? You are wise and brave—
You will pursue your triumphs many a year,
And victory shall wait upon your steps
As heretofore, and death be distant far.
Take back those words; I cannot bear them; no,
They hang upon my heart too heavily;
Tell me you're sure to conquer, as you are.

Artev. So, loveliest, let us hope. It may be so.
I'll swear it shall be, so you'll swear in turn
To give me up your heart.

Elena. I cannot—no—
I cannot give you what you 've had so long;
Nor need I tell you what you know so well.
I must be gone.

Artev. Nay, sweetest, why these tears?

Elena. No, let me go—I cannot tell—no—no—
I want to be alone—
Oh! Artevelde, for God's love let me go! [*Exit.*

Artev. [*after a pause*]. The night is far advanced upon the morrow,
And but for that conglomerated mass
Of cloud with ragged edges, like a mound
Or black pine-forest on a mountain's top,
Wherein the light lies ambushed, dawn were near.—
Yes, I have wasted half a summer's night.
Was it well spent? Successfully it was.
How little flattering is a woman's love!
Worth to the heart, come how it may, a world;
Worth to men's measures of their own deserts,
If weighed in wisdom's balance, merely nothing.
The few hours left are precious—who is there?
Ho! Nieuverkerchen!—when we think upon it,
How little flattering is a woman's love!
Given commonly to whosoe'er is nearest
And propped with most advantage; outward grace
Nor inward light is needful; day by day
Men wanting both are mated with the best
And loftiest of God's feminine creation,
Whose love takes no distinction but of gender,
And ridicules the very name of choice.
Ho! Nieuverkerchen!—what, then, do we sleep?
Are none of you awake?—and as for me,
The world says Philip is a famous man—

> What is there women will not love, so taught?
> Ho! Ellert! by your leave though, you must wake.
> *Enter an* Officer.
> Have me a gallows built upon the mount,
> And let Van Kortz be hung at break of day.
> No news of Bulsen, or Van Muck?'
> *Philip van Artevelde.*—Pp. 197 to 202.

We are acquainted with no more remarkable instance of daring, and of successful daring, than this concluding soliloquy; perhaps, however, to understand its appositeness, a greater knowledge of Artevelde's character is necessary than can be gained from our extracts. It will be easily perceived that the love Artevelde has conceived for the fair captive, whose music has often soothed him when worn out by the toils of public life, is not the imaginative passion of early youth. Far from investing her with ideal affections, he cannot even respect her. Artevelde's affection proceeds neither from the highest nor the lowest portion of man's nature, but from that social instinct, in mature life, perhaps the strongest of our impulses, which makes men shrink from isolation, whether it be the isolation of the waste, or of the crowd. Artevelde has found no obstacle to contend with; and this social instinct being already in some sort appeased by the sympathy which has so readily met his advances, it is not inconsistent with his character that he should wreak upon another some portion of the dissatisfaction which he feels with himself.

There is, however, another portion of this scene which cannot but have struck the hastiest reader, and which to us appears, as well poetically as morally, wholly unjustifiable. We allude to the passages in which the Lady Adriana is spoken of. It behoved Artevelde, when addressing his mistress, to have been silent concerning his dead wife. It is true, that there is but little of tenderness about Artevelde; tenderness of heart, or tenderness of the moral sense, for the most part found in conjunction with it; but we think the hardness of his character much exaggerated on this occasion. Circumstances might have led him to speak of his wife to her rival, and even to have praised her; but nothing we conceive in his character can excuse the callous selfishness with which, after an exquisite description of her beauty, he compares it with Elena's charms, balancing them against each other, and determining how far the latter could atone to him for the loss of the former. Even if this passage were justified by the dramatic conception of Artevelde's character, which it is not, we should still think it morally, and therefore poetically, a blot on the work. We have spoken plainly of what we regard as the principal blemish of the poem. Of the merits of this scene there can be but one opinion. A grey and vapoury atmosphere

of suppressed sorrow hangs over the whole; and there is a 'whispering sweetness' in the majestic and melancholy flow of its rhythmic cadences as they sweep under the willows of desponding thoughts. The poem is remarkable throughout for its metre, which cannot be surpassed in force, variety, harmony, and dramatic significance. This scene may also be taken as an illustration of Mr. Taylor's peculiar vein of deep and earnest pathos. His is not the poetry which contents itself with raking superficially the loose soil of the affections. He ploughs deeply, and turns up a substratum of human feeling not often revealed to light in the merely descriptive drama so common in modern times. Depth and truthfulness of dramatic feeling can only be found where the work is in reality, as well as in arbitrary, construction, dramatic; that is, where character and action are alike evolved out of the depths of humanity by the true dramatic genius, and embodied in practical exhibition by that peculiar and instinctive tact which constitutes the dramatic talent. Where, instead of this process of Evolution and Embodying, we find merely a process of Philosophical or Poetical Description, the dramatic form of composition fails to impart pathos, because it fails to convey an impression of reality: a close affinity to life is professed, and the pledge is not redeemed.

We must hasten to the conclusion. Calamities thicken rapidly round the cause of the Regent; and his embassy to England is but coldly received at the court of King Richard. Day by day some new town gives in its adhesion to the French monarch. While his right to rule was attested by success, Artevelde had wielded the Flemish cities like the limbs of a single body; but his pretensions have suffered confutation from ill fortune, and it is only among the military chiefs that he meets fidelity. The personal devotion of his immediate retainers is illustrative of Artevelde's character. Speaking of Van Rik, he observes:—

> 'That with familiarity respect
> Doth slacken, is a word of common use,
> I never found it so.'

In the moment of final defeat he pays a noble tribute also to the fidelity of his friends, recovering in ruin the native generosity of his disposition.

> 'Roosdyk! Vauclaire! the gallant and the kind!
> Who shall inscribe your merits on your tombs?
> May mine tell nothing to the world but this;
> That never did that prince or leader live,
> Who had more loyal or more loving friends!
> Let it be written that fidelity
> Could go no farther.' *Ibid.* pp. 276, 277.

Among those friends the wealthy burghers are not to be classed. Van den Bosch has been sent forward at the head of 12,000 spears, to prevent the French army from passing the upper Lis. He is, however, out-generalled, defeated, and desperately wounded. Falling back upon Ypres, the veteran addresses the people in the market-place, but he soon finds that the cause of Artevelde has little to hope from their fidelity.

> ' *Van den B.* [*A cup of wine is brought, which he drinks off.*]
> Fair and softly!
> There's more to say.
>
> [*An arrow, shot from the crowd, strikes the scaffolding close to* VAN DEN BOSCH, *whereupon loud cries are heard from both parties, and some blows pass between them, followed by great uproar and confusion.*
>
> Who hinders my discourse
> With shooting cross-bow shafts? Oh, there you are!
> See you yon villain that gapes and shouts?
> Send me an arrow down his throat.—I say,
> This battle lost is nothing lost at all.
> For thus the French are wiled across the Lis,
> Which ne'er shall they repass. Inveigled on
> By wheedling fortune, they shall thus be snared:
> For hither comes the regent from the Scheldt,
> And hither come the English, that are now
> Landed at Dunkirk—landed now, I tell you;
> The news was brought me yesterday; which heard,
> Verily I was glad I lost this battle,
> Although it cost me something—(for ye see
> How I am troubled in my head and shoulder)—
> Yea truly I rejoiced that thus the French
> Should run upon a pit-fall, whilst we sweep
> A circle round them, so that none——more wine——
>
> [*Sinks suddenly back in the litter.*
>
> Here is a bandage loose—staunch me this blood—
> Look ye, I bleed to death—oh, doctor vile!
> Oh treacherous chirurgeon!—endless fire
> Crumble his bones in hell!—I die, I die!
> *Vauclaire.* [*helping to re-adjust the bandage.*] Another plie; now draw it tight; anon
> Roosdyk will come and give us escort hence;
> Meanwhile defend yourselves and shoot again
> If you be shot at.
> ' *Van den B.* Now the trumpets sound!
> Chains for the king! The trumpets sound again!
> Chains for the knights and nobles! Victory!
> Thou gaoler, shut the doors. 'Tis very dark!
> Whose hand is this?—Van Artevelde's?—I thank you:

'Twas Fortune[t] avoured me. Chains, chains and death!
Chains for the king of France!—You've shut me in.
It is all over with me now, good mother.
Let the bells toll.' *Philip van Artevelde*, pp. 234, 235.

Collecting all his forces together, Artevelde advances to meet the enemy, in the hope of reaching the lower Lis before the French King has effected the passage of it. In this he is successful. In the night Artevelde has a strange vision; we extract some passages, in which, after recurring to the various chances of his life from his studious youth to the present time, he relates it to Elena.

'*Artev.* The gibbous moon was in a wan decline,
And all was silent as a sick man's chamber.
Mixing its small beginnings with the dregs
Of the pale moonshine and a few faint stars,
The cold uncomfortable day-light dawned;
And the white tents, topping a low ground-fog,
Showed like a fleet becalmed. I wandered far,
Till reaching to the bridge I sate me down
Upon the parapet. Much mused I there,
Revolving many a passage of my life,
And the strange destiny that lifted me
To be the leader of a mighty host
And terrible to kings. What followed then
I hardly may relate, for you would smile,
And say I might have dreamed as well a-bed
As gone abroad to dream.' *Ibid.* p. 255.

Elena. What was it?
The semblance of a human creature?
Artev. Yes.
Elena. Like any you had known in life?
Artev. Most like;
Or more than like, it was the very same.
It was the image of my wife.
Elena. Of her!
The Lady Adriana?
Artev. My dead wife.
Elena. Oh God! how strange!
Artev. And wherefore?—wherefore strange?
Why should not fancy summon to its presence
This shape as soon as any?
Elena. Gracious heaven!
And were you not afraid?
Artev. I felt no fear.
Dejected I had been before: that sight
Inspired a deeper sadness, but no fear.

Nor had it struck that sadness to my soul
But for the dismal cheer the thing put on,
And the unsightly points of circumstance
That sullied its appearance and departure.
Elena. For how long saw you it?
Artev. I cannot tell.
I did not mark.
Elena. And what was that appearance
You say was so unsightly?
Artev. She appeared
In white, as when I saw her last, laid out
After her death; suspended in the air
She seemed, and o'er her breast her arms were crossed;
Her feet were drawn together pointing downwards,
And rigid was her form and motionless.
From near her heart, as if the source were there,
A stain of blood went wavering to her feet.
So she remained inflexible as stone,
And I as fixedly regarding her.
Then suddenly, and in a line oblique,
Thy figure darted past her, whereupon,
Though rigid still and straight, she downward moved,
And as she pierced the river with her feet
Descending steadily, the streak of blood
Peeled off upon the water, which, as she vanished,
Appeared all blood, and swelled and weltered sore,
And midmost in the eddy and the whirl
My own face saw I, which was pale and calm
As death could make it:—then the vision passed,
And I perceived the river and the bridge,
The mottled sky and horizontal moon,
The distant camp, and all things as they were.'

Philip van Artevelde, pp. 259, 260.

This dream is ominous of Artevelde's approaching fate. The battle is fought and lost. The reader will remember that Sir Fleureant of Heurlée had been condemned to death. Artevelde, however, pardoned him in the hope of Elena's receiving protection through his influence in case of the defeat of the Flemish cause. Sir Fleureant makes his escape to the French camp; but finding himself ill received there in consequence of having broken his parole, he becomes filled with a gloomy desire for revenge. In this mood he is tampered with by some of the French leaders, and returns to the camp of Artevelde resolved to assassinate him. In the middle of the battle, and on the bridge of the vision, he stabs him. For a time Artevelde conceals the wound; it is at last discovered; the rumour spreads that the Regent is slain. The Flemish force is now thoroughly

disheartened; total rout ensues, and Artevelde is borne back upon the bridge, which gives way, and crushed beneath the weight of the fugitives. When we meet him next, he is lying dead on the field, Elena kneeling beside him.

> '*Van Ryk.*—Madam, arouse yourself; the French come fast;
> Arouse yourself, sweet lady; fly with me.
> I pray you hear; it was his last command
> That I should take you hence to Ghent by Olsen.
> *Elena.* I cannot go on foot.
> *Van Ryk.* No, lady, no,
> You shall not need; horses are close at hand.
> Let me but take you hence, I pray you, come.
> *Elena.* Take him then too.
> *Van Ryk.* The enemy is near
> In hot pursuit; we cannot take the body.
> *Elena.* The body! Oh!
>
> *Enter* DUKE OF BURGUNDY.
>
> *Bur.* What hideous cry was that?
> What are ye? Flemings? Who art thou, old sir?
> Who she that flung that long funereal note
> Into the upper sky? Speak.'—*Philip van Artevelde*, p. 279.

Elena's lamentable cry, which, on the stage, would be thrilling, is one of many proofs afforded by this play, that its author has a vivid conception of dramatic situation. The conclusion we shall give in the words of the author. The character of Artevelde, as here summed up, is truly Shaksperean.

> '*The King.* Oh me! how sad and terrible he looks!
> He hath a princely countenance. Alas!
> I would he might have lived, and taken service
> Upon the better side!
> *Bur.* And who is she?
>
> [ELENA *raises her head from the body.*
>
> *Bour.* That *I* can answer: she's a traitress vile,
> The villain's paramour.
> *Sir F.* Beseech you, sir,
> Believe it not; she was not what you think.
> She did affect him, but in no such sort
> As you impute, which she can promptly prove.
> *Elena.* (*springing upon her feet*) 'Tis false! thou liest! I WAS his paramour.
> *Bour.* Oh, shameless harlot! dost thou boast thy sin?
> Aye, down upon the carrion once again!
> Ho, guards! dispart her from the rebel's carcase,
> And hang it [illegible]et. Thus and thus
> I sni

Elena. (*snatching* ARTEVELDE'S *dagger from its sheath*)
Miscreant foul!
Black-hearted felon!

[*Aims a blow at the* DUKE OF BOURBON, *which* SIR FLEUREANT *intercepts.*

Aye, dost baulk me! there—
As good for thee as him!

[*Stabs* SIR FLEUREANT, *who falls dead.*

Bour. Seize her! secure her! tie her hand and foot!
What! routed we a hundred thousand men,
Here to be slaughtered by a crazy wench!

[*The guards rush upon* ELENA; VAN RYK *interposes for her defence; after some struggle, both are struck down and slain.*

Bour. So! curst untoward vermin! are they dead?
His very corse breeds maggots of despite!
Bur. I did not bid them to be killed.
Captain of the Guard. My lord,
They were so sturdy and so desperate
We could not else come near them.
The King. Uncle, lo!
The Knight of Heurlée, too, stone dead.
Sir Lois of Sanxere. By Heaven
This is the strangest battle I have known!
First we've to fight the foe, and then the captives.
Bour. Take forth the bodies. For the woman's corse,
Let it have Christian burial. As for his,
The arch-insurgent's, hang it on a tree
Where all the host may see it.
Bur. Brother, no;
It were not for our honour, nor the king's,
To use it so. Dire rebel though he was,
Yet with a noble nature and great gifts
Was he endowed,—courage, discretion, wit,
An equal temper, and an ample soul,
Rock-bound and fortified against assaults
Of transitory passion, but below
Built on a surging subterranean fire
That stirred and lifted him to high attempts.
So prompt and capable, and yet so calm,
He nothing lacked in sovereignty but the right,
Nothing in soldiership except good fortune.
Wherefore with honour lay him in his grave,
And thereby shall increase of honour come
Unto their arms who vanquished one so wise,
So valiant, so renowned. Sirs, pass we on,
And let the bodies follow us on biers.
Wolf of the weald and yellow-footed kite,
Enough is spread for you of meaner prey.

Other interment than your maws afford
Is due to these. At Courtray we shall sleep,
And there I'll see them buried side by side.'

Philip van Artevelde, pp. 280—282.

Pope tells us, that poets have not less to fear from admiration than from detraction, and admonishes them in the words of Virgil :—

"Aut si ultra placitum laudârit, baccare frontem
Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua."

We have already found fault, on several occasions, with this work, which is one well able to sustain the shock of the most adverse criticism. We shall now bring one more charge against it. We do not think that Mr. Taylor has done justice to the chivalrous spirit of the age he describes. As a portraiture of the local manners of revolutionary Flanders, the picture he presents us with is admirable, but as a portraiture of the age it is defective, and from this deficiency the poem suffers in contrasted vividness, as well as variety of dramatic effect. We can see no justification for so arbitrarily attributing a base act of treachery to the Duke of Burgundy, who consents to the assassination of Artevelde, as if it were a thing quite in the common course, though elsewhere, neither he nor his accomplice, Tristram of Lestovet, is represented to us as a villain. We do not quarrel with Mr. Taylor for having represented some of the nobles as imperious and tyrannical; but the impression thus produced ought to have been relieved by the introduction of other characters more elevated than the courtiers and men of business, who debate or intrigue at the council-table of the King of France, and, in delineating whom, Mr. Taylor shows more familiarity with Tacitus and Macchiavelli than with the records of that heroic and religious social system which, at the time he describes, had not yet passed away. An exception to this statement will be found in the light but vigorous sketch of the young King, who is full of boy-chivalry, and not without an occasional princely dignity, though it is marvellously ruffled by his sanguine temperament, eagerness, and boisterous, yet kindly, mirth. This graceful figure introduces a beam of exhilarating light into a picture which would otherwise have been oppressively dark.

There is one difficulty under which painters and poets alike labour, that of uniting two qualities essentially different, but each of which in its degree is necessary for the sister arts. The qualities we allude to are those of ideal beauty and characteristic physiognomy. A great painter must be habitually impressed with that abstract image of human beauty from which

everything of portraiture is a subtraction; but he must also possess a keen appreciation of all the actual varieties of individual expression. These two gifts are obviously antagonistic to each other, and the difficulty thence arising, is one of the disadvantages under which those painters labour who live among the less beautiful races of mankind. By nothing else were the different schools of art more distinguished than by the mode in which these gifts were apportioned among them. Raffaelle possessed them both to an extraordinary degree, but in him the love of ideal beauty prevailed; and Lavater observes, that while in gesture he exhibits an unrivalled command of physiognomic expression, in his faces the abstract conception of beauty reigns supreme. The poet is in the same dilemma. According as the abstract faculty or that of observation predominates, his portraitures will gain in ideality or individuality. His task is to adjust the balance. In the present instance, we think that if more of elevation and nobleness had entered into the characters delineated, the picture would have been at once more delightful and more true to the chivalrous age delineated.

In distinctness of individuality Mr. Taylor's characters are admirable. Nothing can be more different than the staid, deliberate courage of Artevelde, and the impetuous courage of Van den Bosch, the reckless courage of Sir Fleureant, and the sanguine courage of D'Arlon and the young King. Nothing can be more clearly discriminated than the cloistral wisdom of Father John, as compared with the worldly wisdom of Gilbert Matthew, which, again, differs materially from the official craft of Tristram of Lestovet. In real life, no quality, be it virtue or vice, is ever the same in any two persons, though it must bear the same name. In the clumsy delineations of character, so frequent in modern literature, this truth seems often wholly lost sight of. The character of Van den Bosch is especially worthy of attention; it is a peculiar, though not a far-fetched or ambitious conception, and through both parts of the play it is maintained with admirable consistency. Fierce, frank, and hardy, shrewd without wisdom, faithful without principle, and roughly kind without affection, he is an instructive example of the animal man. His restless energies are compassed by a narrow limit; but within that limit he fulfils his functions with an animal efficiency, undisturbed by variety, embarrassment, or infirmity. He is not deficient in ability; yet, though a man of keen-witted passions, he has, properly speaking, no mind: as in animals, his attribute of thought is a part of his instincts, not a distinct faculty, capable of contemplating separately the inferior part of his nature, and, if necessary, of withstanding it. He converses only with things in the concrete; a sensuous image

hangs about all his thoughts, and an abstract conception would be to him as hard an achievement as a moral sentiment. His intellect floats upon the current of his blood; and in the last scene of his life, as his blood flows away through his opening wounds, his passion and his reason are drained off together; while, incensed at death, not appalled by it, he submits to extinction as a necessity more painful, but to him not less natural, than sleep.

Another fault which we find with this poem is, that it is occasionally too circumstantial. It may seem hard to complain that Mr. Taylor's muse, who walks the earth now with the grave step of the philosopher, now with the tread of the warrior, should not also, 'swift as the light Camilla, skim the plain:' but we think that some of the interstitial scenes are worked up with unnecessary minuteness, and that the reader is sometimes detained too long on matters of subordinate importance.

We have stated that among the chief merits of this work we class the solidity of its material. We shall now explain a little more at large what we mean by that position. As there are men who, in religion, can find nothing to value except those doctrines which they are pleased to call 'essential,' and who would feed our moral nature with this quintessential food alone, so in poetry, there are readers exclusively devoted to the spirituality of song, who accordingly care nothing for its body. The flesh and the bone of poetry, its pathos and its strenuous vigour, are, on such persons, thrown away. The only inspiration which they revere is that of Apollo: they forget that the bards of Greece invoked not Urania alone, but *all* the Muses, to sing of mortal agonies in immortal verse.

On these principles of ultra-spirituality we apprehend that no long poem can be composed. Even Dante's 'Divina Comedia' is full of allusions to political, historical, and local matters, of which such readers as we have described are somewhat impatient. As, for the conduct of a considerable poem, large, various, and practised powers are requisite, not alone the 'vision and the faculty divine;' so a large proportion of the substance of a considerable poem cannot be pure poetry, though all its materials must be subordinated to poetic purposes. Poetry, like a lawful sovereign, is contented with a moderate share of the produce of her territory, so that her sceptre be acknowledged over the whole of her kingdom. The work before us is one which abounds in interest, for men who think of other things beside poetry.

But besides the lovers of the ultra-spiritual poetry, and the devotees of that exaggerated school of rhetorical and unreal passion, which has in a great part passed away, there is to be

found among us a smaller and colder class of critics, from whose opinions, though far less perilous to public taste, we are also obliged to dissent. We allude to those ultra-artistic critics of the German school, who regard the imagination as the one great poetic faculty, disregarding the relations between it and the moral and intellectual faculties at large, at the same time that they scornfully deny its dependence on that world of nature, the interpretation of which is one of the Poet's chief functions. According to the views of these critics, the poet no more comes forward as the representative of a faith, than as a servant of nature: the prophet that 'cometh in his own name' is the only prophet whom they will receive. They regard Poetry simply as an art, and imagine that if the artist have impressed upon his work a felicitous form, it matters little what is the substance thus adroitly moulded. Such persons regard versatility and address as the chief poetic gifts after imagination, and it will easily be granted that fixedness of principles or definitiveness of views are little needed if the merit of the poem be estimated merely by the superficial beauty of its proportions. We are of opinion, on the contrary, that poetry, though an art, is more than an art, and that forms of beauty, if indeed they could be shaped out of a fluent material instead of the everlasting marble, would be worthless as bubbles. Poetry must have a vital principle. Shakspere, not only our greatest poet, but also, notwithstanding his careless spontaneity, our deepest artist, tells us that 'There is no art, but nature makes that art.' The earth on which we dwell is a star also; nor is a flower less a work of art because it is a product of nature—a word which Nature has put forth, and which hangs suspended on Nature's sustaining breath. Again, poetry has its relations with moral science as well as with life, and the highest beauty is connected, directly or indirectly, with those deep immutable truths, which, however wide the compass they describe, have their anchorage in the lowly ground of veracity and fact. Once more, poetry has its relations with the constitution and progress of the writer's individual being, and therefore supposes reality of being. There are persons who can only speak, nay, who can only think, by fancying themselves to be somebody else, and converting their real position into an imaginary one, in order that, by a reflex action of the mind, they may play the actor's part, and convert their imaginary position back into a real one. These persons may be artists, but they are not poets. There are thoughts which, without being truly born of the mind, pass through it merely as bricks through the mould; thoughts by which, no matter how striking or how copious, a great mind is no more built up, than a bricklayer's mould is converted into a house

when it has turned out bricks enough to build a house. Such are not the thoughts which form the substance of a great poem. They may be its ornaments, but the principle, 'materiam superabat opus,' is a dangerous one to those who have learned the graces and perfections of an art before they have mastered its substance. Every true poem must be a genuine growth from the poet's own mind, partaking of its essence, nay, of its accidents: it must possess a reality as well as a consistency; the sweet singer must be more than a musical ventriloquist; and the poet (to reply to the question of the clown, 'Is poetry an honest thing?') must be a true man. There must be a key-note for all his varieties, a focal point to determine his most eccentric wanderings: he must acknowledge a law, even in fluctuation, unchangeable postulates, to which the most apparently opposite dicta can be referred: in a word, the poet, with all his pliability, must be able also to stand firm and hold fast: he must maintain a faith of his own, and have the courage to throw himself upon it as an element which will support him. 'I believed, and therefore I spake,' will ever form part of a poet's credentials, whether his song be secular or sacred. Without sincerity poetry can have no genuine passion; without objective truth its most advanced speculations will be but progress in a wrong direction; without something of moral orthodoxy its merits, alike of an intellectual and imaginative sort, will be 'mere Fibulæ without a zone to clasp.'

Such works as 'Philip van Artevelde,' are the best corrective for the error which we have described. It is not one of those poems which bear witness to no faculty except the imagination, a faculty which never can grow to a goodly stature if it have nothing to feed on but itself. Those who have exclusively addicted themselves to the over-exuberant poetry of modern times, will perhaps be disposed to complain of the poem in this respect, and assert that the vine has been allowed to make too much wood. We should say that the imagination it displays, though it affects not to rule alone, is amply sufficient for its place, working with and harmonizing the various powers of a comprehensive mind, matured by the strongest mental aliments. What are those aliments? From art, from study, from the outward face of nature, the poet will gather much with which to store his imagination; but if there be aught of truth in the principles we have asserted, the main part of a poet's training consists not in that which most stimulates a single faculty, but that which most tends to invigorate his whole mind; in other words, the influences, of which we shall find the strongest traces, will be those derived from practical reflection and the experience of human life. There is a close affinity between the

two, for the reality of thought is ever connected with sympathy for the realities of life. Brilliant descriptions of nature may be thrown off by a *tour de force*, but habitual observation is necessary in order that descriptive poetry should be in keeping. In like manner, without a consistent *method* of thought, the subtlest reflections will fail to impart that moral ethos without which no poem can be of first-rate excellence. It is possible, without plagiarism, to produce poetry which is evidently rather distilled from other poetry than drawn from the living fountains either of mind or of nature. Mr. Taylor's poetry is plainly taken from life, not from books, least of all from books of poetry: and to this circumstance we attribute the soundness of its tone, and that freshness of complexion for which, in spite of its gravity, it is remarkable.

The style of 'Philip van Artevelde' is one of its chief charms. It advances to perfection from the beginning of the work to the end; but throughout it is characterized by significance and vigour, as well as by the memorable force of single lines. It is marked by that deliberate self-collectedness which is necessary to make style correct, without seeming to have been retouched, and thus to give it the masterly handling of drawings executed in few, but clean and forcible, strokes. Poetry is the especial guardian of language; and every poem of which the verbal structure is radically corrupt must crumble into oblivion, no matter what its attractions. This has hardly been sufficiently attended to of late. Some of our recent poets have cared little how they sinned against grammar; whilst others, eluding the difficulty rather than overcoming it, have tacked clause to clause by no other bond than the conjunction disjunctive of a printer's dash, paying no attention to the periodic framework of sentences, and apparently hoping only to avoid grammatical errors, by remaining professed outlaws from the region of grammar. An eminent poet has said, 'It is a great secret to know when to be plain, and when poetical or figurative.' Mr. Taylor seems to us to have learned this secret: his style rises or sinks with the occasion: there is no straining after effect in it, no ambition to push any one merit, expressiveness or simplicity, fulness or compression, to an extreme: and this poetic moderation we regard as among the chief poetic gifts. He is very sparing in the use of personification and apostrophes, and not only avoids hyperbole altogether, but also, by a rigid temperance of language, and frequent understatement, impresses us to a degree that is sought for in vain through exaggeration. He does not deal in those conventional, broken, and covert tropes, which make up that florid style which is equally remote from just thought and sound imagination, and so often offends us in those epicene productions which are

neither poetry nor prose. The metaphors which he uses are no mere euphonistic form of expression; they always contribute to significance or brevity, strength or genuine beauty, and they are introduced with a singular felicity, as well as with a wise reserve. His diction, which is plain without being rustic, has a slight archaic colouring, which secures it from trivial associations: it is unaffected and classical, free from compound words, and distinguished by its purity as well as its clearness, which last quality proceeds not a little from its absence of redundancy, for those who use few words must use right words, or be content to remain unintelligible. It is polished and felicitous, closely woven and finely riveted, firm as a suit of chain-armour, and, like it, moulding itself to the changes of the meaning which it invests.

There is one more point of view in which we must consider this poem. Our estimate of a work is not determined only by the pleasure we have felt while reading it, but also by the impression which it leaves behind. After we have risen from the sea-shore, we seem to carry its sound away with us: there is an analogous charm about a great poem; it follows us with a spell, and exercises a remoter as well as an immediate influence over us. A mere work of poetic art has no such power; but a truly noble poem is haunted by a spirit which belongs to it, as the genius of old to the heroic or kingly house, and makes itself felt by all who pass its threshold. Let a work be ever so perfect as to material, form, or style, we shall ever ask at the end, what is its spirit? The spirit of lyrical poetry is chiefly elevating, that of dramatic, searching and instructive. That of Philip van Artevelde is eminently philosophic, not only from the moral truth with which the character of the hero, who may be regarded as a type of the natural man, is illustrated, and the skill with which his errors and calamities are connected, but also from the general drift of the story. Nowhere has the revolutionary cause been more eloquently stated than in several passages of this work, and certainly the author has shown no disposition to throw discredit upon it by magnifying the virtue of loyalty, or painting hereditary greatness in too partial colours; yet, as the poem proceeds, and the story is evolved, the political problem works itself out; nor is it without meaning for discerning eyes. Violence runs its giddy circle only to return to its starting post; craft trips itself up in its own cloak, and falls into the pit it had prepared for another; the noblest abilities are brought in vain to the support of a bad cause; triumphant democracy swims down the tide of temporary prosperity with a suicidal success: and from those scenes of White Hood merriment, half ghastly, half comic, at the beginning, to that final scene in which the revolutionary cause is engulfed in the swamps of the Lis, we are

significantly reminded of the passage from Hobbes, which is prefixed as a motto to this work: 'No arts, no letters, no society, and, which is worst of all, continual fear and danger of violent death, and the life of man solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short.' This moral is the more impressive from being unobtrusive. It is not by set speeches against private irregularities or public crimes that the poets can best assert that moral law, of which, so long as the eternal harmony between the beautiful and the good subsists, they must ever remain the chief secular assertors; but, by making man acquainted with his own nature, by pointing out, as with a magic wand, the hidden fountain-heads of our actions, and revealing to us through an atmosphere of supernatural clearness their remotest consequences; by abolishing, for a moment, the chains of conventional littleness; by so working on pity and sympathy, as to cleanse our mortal affections in the flames of their own ardours, and by maintaining a fairer ideal, and raising a higher standard than finds acceptance in actual life. In the last particular only do we note any deficiency in the moral spirit of the work before us.

It has been frequently remarked how few great poems have been produced in an age so rich in poetry as our own. In all ages great poems have been the rarest of all things; but it is observable how large a number of our recent poets have written as if they only expected their works to live in books of extracts, and cared not how slender was the cord on which they strung their grave thoughts or brilliant fancies. No one will deny that Childe Harold abounds in splendid passages, but to what class of poetry can it be referred as a whole; what is its subject-matter or its principle of unity? Is it a didactic poem, or a descriptive; a biography, or a satire; or a poetical guide-book for the European traveller in this age of locomotion? Mr. Shelley's longest poem, 'The Revolt of Islam,' is as decidedly lyrical in its spirit as it is narrative in its structure; it is, indeed, more like the legendary 'digression' of some gigantic Pindaric Ode than a tale of historic interest. Mr. Southey's 'Thalaba' and 'Kehama,' and his majestic 'Roderick,' are exceptions to this general rule; but we really know not where to find in the range of modern poetry, another work, which at once equals Philip van Artevelde in compass of interest, and is as strongly stamped with a genial individuality and moral unity.

ART. VI.—*Marco Visconti. From the Italian of* TOMASO GROSSI. 2 Vols. London: Burns. 1845.

THEY still write novels in Italy. After a long interval of stiffness and pedantry, and an affectation of classical taste more barren and hollow even than that of France and England—after the reign of Metastasio and Alfieri—story-telling is begun again—the old Italian fashion of story-telling, rich, hearty, full of humour and character. Italy was the land of novels. Every one knows where the English dramatists went for their materials; not merely for their plots, but for their stuff. The men and women of their plays are Italians all but in language. And now that the ice of coteries and coxcombry of academies has been disturbed by revolutions, the old genius is stirring—the genius of Boccaccio, and the numberless and nameless writers of tales, merry and doleful, who amused our ancestors—the genuine Italian vein, and in the hands of men who dare not profane the gift, as of old it was profaned.

The Italian novel is a thing of its own kind. It does not like to confine itself to one class of society; it likes to have an assemblage of all sorts, big people and little; it is not easy without its princes, its priests, and its *contadini;* it wants them all; it takes society vertically, from top to bottom,—not by cross slices, which give only individual differences. The exalted and grand in station and bearing are essential elements; but they must also have along with them the freedom and genuineness of the lower ranks, and the two must work together. They must be on easy terms with one another, and neither must appropriate the interest of the story. The one gives it state, and magnificence, and pomp, indispensable matters to an Italian mind; but just as much attention is paid to the whims, and ways, and sayings of the inferior actors; their pictures are as prominent, as carefully and richly painted. The novelists learned their profession in old republican Italy; its history and circumstances formed their school. In other countries, greatness is confined to one spot; all that is high and magnificent is collected round one centre; a few favoured places see the pomp of a court; but to the rest of the people, it is known only by report. The country people gaze at a distance at an occasional nobleman,—a stray star from the grand court constellation. To the town population, a mayor, or a judge, or a sheriff, are the sole specimens of dignity and power. But republican Italy blazed with courts: every small city

was filled with princes and nobles of its own ; not mere attendants on a supreme distant invisible court, but members of ruling houses and aristocracies, who were absolute where they lived. Everywhere the people had their lords and potentates—the *fastigia* of human greatness within their view; for the Emperor and the Pope were of a greatness something more than human. And these princes were grand people in their way ; a few square miles of earth was all that they had to play their part in, but they made those few square miles illustrious. They were real princes,—real nobles,—not a whit inferior in temper and mould, in energy, keenness, loftiness of mind, daring, to their less crowded cotemporaries in the north. They were as high-spirited and courageous, as ambitious, as magnificent to look at,—in their narrow bounds, and under their burning sky, wrought up to a strange pitch of intensity,—to subtlety of the keenest edge. Before the eyes of the common people, the most strange histories went on—revolutions of all kinds, of the most strange complication ; royal tragedies, comedies, in a never-ceasing whirl, were to be seen and commented upon in every Italian town, by a population as intelligent, as full of passion and imagination, as the greater actors themselves.

'When for the first time we fix our eyes on this history, we are seized with a sort of giddiness, like that which is felt on looking down from a great height on a crowd which is moving about in the plain below. Every one is in a state of rapid and never-ceasing motion ; feelings, unknown to us, are influencing them ; they are jostled together, crossing, passing, fighting with one another, and the eye cannot follow or distinguish them. But the local history, the history in detail of each Italian town, gives names to each of these figures ; it discloses the secret of each character, and the motive which influences it ; it unfolds generous feelings, deep thoughts, lofty plans in each of those groups which at first sight seemed so small. The more we study them, the more we feel convinced that political greatness is not relative, and that in all contests for freedom and power, whether in a village or in the empire of the world, the same interests are involved—interests the highest and noblest which the human heart can know—there are the same talents at work, the study of men is equally complete. This universal agitation, these strong passions, this importance of individual men, have made the history of Italy an inexhaustible source of instruction. There is not a town which has not three or four historians, often many more ; and the interest of each of these historians is the greater in proportion as he is more voluminous, and has written in greater detail. The collection alone of the middle-age Italian writers, anterior to the sixteenth century, contains the chronicles of sixty-eight towns or regions ; several supplements have been added to this collection, but the still more voluminous writers of the three last centuries have not been included. The historical bibliography of the States of the Pope,

contains in one large quarto volume the names alone of separate historians of seventy-one towns, still in existence in the territories of the Church, and of sixteen which have been destroyed. Several centuries of assiduous work would not suffice to read them all.'[1]

It is not wonderful that such a country and history should have produced novelists. They only wanted a hint to revive again. Manzoni has a school; the writer under our notice is one of his disciples, and not an unworthy one. On the novel of which an English translation is prefixed, we mean to offer a few remarks.

A novel of character and dialogue is always a difficult thing to translate. People of different countries, under the influence of the same feelings, express them differently; the ideas and words which they call up are different, just as their tones and gestures vary. The quaint, racy *naïveté* of the Italian dialogue becomes unaccountably flat tameness in English; and the foreign attempts on the Scotch of the Antiquary, and the slang of Sam Weller, are very much like a young lady or a freshman talking about horse-flesh. The translator, however, of Marco Visconti, hits off, with very fair success, the character of his Italian original; but often wants energy, and almost always ease. It is too bad, in the middle of the most highly-wrought scene in the book, to talk of Ermelinda and Bice as 'two unfortunate individuals.'

We really began reading Marco Visconti with most laudable impartiality, and a stern determination to forget that the author was a friend of Manzoni's; and we can most conscientiously confess to have been very much interested by it. Nevertheless, we can imagine the grumblings and impatience of an English reader being excited by it. Must we say it?—we can conceive his protesting that he could not get through it—that he found it a bore. We should abuse him most undoubtedly, and call in question his taste, and still more, his love of genuine nature; still we can conceive it possible, that he might have something to say in the way of excuse.

The manner of telling a story, of bringing out an idea, has, as every one knows, a great effect on our temper, not so much on our bare judgment, as on our temper, and good or bad humour is of awful importance in the fate of novels and plays. And among the many things which bore Englishmen, is the fault of not coming clearly to the point, of beating about the bush, of not having things well turned out of hand, and in well-jointed order. It is the fault of the old, and the dreamy, and the puzzle-headed; gossipping, story-telling nurses, and sailors who spin yarns, are supposed to partake largely of it; it

[1] Sismondi; Rep. Ital. Vol. iv. p. 205.

is also the fault of ancient chroniclers. Nature, and pathos, and humour, and spirit, and many other excellent qualities, will hardly, or not at all, make amends for it in a story. Many admissions in its favour may be made, but they will be merely *admissions;* and the closing decisive 'but' will be against it—will precede a sentence of condemnation—'It is very beautiful, and so on; but it is heavy.'

Marco Visconti has the poetical interest of a play; it reminds us, not of Scott's novels, but of Romeo and Juliet, and Othello. The characters are brought out with almost homely reality, and yet the high, impassioned, poetical tone of the whole is preserved. But the very qualities which do all this are capable, especially when combined with other defects, of producing indefinitely the sense of weariness in the English novel-reader. The writer's manner of telling his story has a peculiar charm, but it is just one to tempt rude sayings; it suggests perpetually the notion of a gossipping, warm-hearted, shrewd, old family servant, narrating the rubs and sorrows of his master's house. There is no pompousness—no sentimentality; the narrator, with all his deep feeling, betrays no consciousness, no particular reflectiveness, when he is coming upon the interesting parts. The story flows along in the same uniform, simple-hearted way; the teller is laughing and crying at the same moment; noticing everything with a shrewdness that is never tired; dwelling upon every memorial, every small incident, every small trait of character, every person, however insignificant, who is associated with the story; launching forth, without mercy or reflection, into episodes and by-descriptions of things which have suddenly started up in his vivid and sensitive memory. It is obvious that the writer wishes to give his story the colour of the old chronicles, but it is also clear that this character is adopted because it so entirely suits his own mind. He has that appreciation of minute and true details, which is quite a point in the Italian mind; which is nowhere seen more remarkably than in their great poet;—in his grotesque and homely similitudes, in his wonderful touches of nature,—the *look* of the sky and sea—the *feelings* which belong to different hours of the day. Nothing is let pass without notice, without being made to give up some little characteristic stroke. We are in company with a fellow-traveller whose eyes are every where, who likes to linger dreamily, yet not idly, about all objects, who is continually finding out some hidden feature which we should otherwise have passed over, who thinks nothing without interest among foreigners, even the shape of their shoes and carts, or the bark of their dogs. Such a fellow-traveller may be very useful, but he is always in danger of being a nuisance, and his niceties may

possibly interfere with things of more moment. We will not say this of our Italian friend; he is never prosy, or common-place; when he hangs on hand, it is not from dulness; his touch is always spirited and true. Still he wants power; he has a rich and beautiful instrument, full of variety and grace, but he wants the strength of head, the cool, unembarrassed eye, to manage it; his thoughts, as they rise up in his mind, overpower and overwhelm his steadiness, his power of measuring, comparing, and marshalling them; he seems never to have been able to take in the whole view of his story at once, and to hold it together while he looked on it with a quiet, comprehensive, adjusting gaze. The story does not move of itself; he has to move the pieces himself, to push forward this part, to carry back that, to bring up another from where it was left lagging behind. It is carried through by starts and intervals, instead of one thing playing into another, drawing out of another, and all finding their places with that indefinite but unfailing freedom, which looks like accident and shows design, like the parts of a great, manifold, whirling engine. You see the hand at work continually, pushing, tying together, making preparation. And this want of power shows itself not merely in the network of the story, but also in his characters and descriptions. There is a lack of bold drawing; every thing is done by touches—small, delicate touches; and, while you admire the work for its truth and beauty, it does not stand out as you want it to do; the leading decisive line, or shadow, has not been caught; you recognise what is meant, you see that the writer has a scene or a person before his imagination, but the image is not perfect when transferred to your own; it has suffered, it comes out dimmed and blurred, in the medium through which it has passed.

Yet Marco Visconti leaves an impression which many novel-writers have tried to produce, and in vain. You do not feel that you have been in the hands of a powerful master or painter of human feelings; but you do feel that you have been reading about life—real human life, and life in its more remarkable and elevated forms. The book all through is a picture of life. There is no effort to make it interesting: it is not worked up, and set off; it is faithfully described, and left to tell and produce its effect as it may. It is unartificial: the writer throws no skill, no passion of his own, into it; only he analyzes what touches himself, and takes care that this shall come before the reader's eyes;—it may touch him, too. In the Baron's hall, besides the Baron himself, his looks and his words, he jots down what is about him: his arm-chair, with its 'back ending in a point;' his page, carrying on a by-play of signs with his greyhound; his hawk, with its staid demureness and pettish pride: all this has amused him, and so he describes it. No incident, not the merest fact, is lost, which calls

up a feeling. Who that has been on the water, in a dark, stormy, plashing night, does not understand the half cheerlessness, half satisfaction, with which the travellers, from the boat, saw 'the Mole of Varenna, brilliant with lights, and could hear the voices of the people, crowded upon it?'

He cannot resist a bit of the characteristic in scenes or persons. A complete instance of this is the pig-headed, loutish peasant, Bernardo, who has nothing in the world to do except to make himself a goose. But Signor Grossi was tickled with the sketch of a stupid clodhopper, who had got some scraps of Latin and Ghibellinism from a heretic monk, and was perpetually making himself a fool with them. He was too good a foil to his unlettered brethren,—brimful of real character and quickness,—not to be made the most of.

The novel is a historical one, and, of course, antiquarianism is in place; but we are overwhelmed with it. The grotesque mixture of grace, buffoonery, and blood, in chivalry and its customs, was, no doubt, the temptation to a writer who delights in all that is quaint; but his long descriptions of quintain matches and tournaments have no more to do with the story than the ballet has with the opera; and whatever be the necessities of the opera, in a decent novel we do not want such mere pageantry. The only piece of antiquarianism, who at all helps the story, is a certain secular Canon who has turned jester—Canons, it seems, were sometimes given to such practices then—but even he is more of a puppet, pulled by strings, than a real man; and the most that can be said in his favour is, that he is of more use than his fellow, the uninteresting troubadour exquisite, who is his rival at the tournament.

But, as we have said, the author depends for his interest on his being able to remind us of life. He does not crowd his story with marked characters; they do not occur so thick in real life. He does not pretend that Bice is a heroine, or her lover, Count Ottorino a hero, though they are the persons round whom the story plays: the one is a fine, gallant, handsome young man, full of spirit and good feeling; he rides well, and jousts well, and is affectionately loyal to the great mind which has moulded him: and Bice is the beautiful spoilt child, with just enough pettishness and self-will to prevent her from being insipid when there is nothing else going on; she has been well brought up, and is very good and gentle and modest; even when we know that she is in love, we scarcely feel quite sure of it from seeing her. Still both she and her lover keep a strong hold on our interest; for they are unaffected, genuine characters; they have to suffer, and they suffer with faith and courageous calmness.

The back-ground of the story is formed by the Lombard

peasant character, in its many shapes. The chronicles of past centuries, and the *contadini* of the present, are the great mines from which the Italian novelists get their materials; and the *contadini* are as inexhaustible as the chronicles. We have them here in masses and in individuals. The specimens vary, but they are the same sort of people as those in the 'Promessi Sposi;' very unenlightened, but very quick and intelligent; fierce and variable as the sea; roused in a moment, and soothed in a moment; a curious mixture of ferocity and delicacy. There is still the strong, deep religious basis of character; now combining with other feelings, in the most grotesque and horrible forms; now showing itself in a grand and almost scriptural simplicity; but in all cases equally real.

This peasant character is obviously a tempting study—it comes in again and again, where nothing but its intrinsic interest calls for it. But, if this spoils the story, and wastes the interest, it is an offence which many people will forgive, if they read Marco Visconti at all, for the vivid and characteristic painting of these sketches. We will hazard an extract or two, for the purpose of showing how Grossi draws out the religion of the Italian peasant. The characters are distinct and natural, and, without affectation, untamed and wayward; at the bottom is an immoveable strong faith, holding fast the whole man, and on the surface fierce human passions, struggling to get free from its grasp, and struggling in vain.

In a storm on the lake of Como a boat is wrecked; one of the rowers has fallen overboard, and is lost; but, for some time, his father, Michele, does not observe it.

'Ottorino, and the others who had escaped, after placing the Count del Balzo and his daughter in safety, dispersed in trouble and perplexity over the vast uneven mass, to look if the shipwrecked man was anywhere to be seen. His father alone, who had been the last to leave the boat, in all the confusion and disorder, was not yet aware that his son was wanting; seating himself at the foot of the rock, with the stump of an oar on his knees, he began to look for him among the others, but without any anxiety, feeling certain that no one had been lost.

'However, the Count, having recovered from his first alarm, and feeling angry at the risk he had run, began to blame the helmsman and Arrigozzo; indeed, he too was far from suspecting what had happened. Michele heard the reproaches cast upon himself, with his head hung down, and all the air of a man who feels he has done wrong; but when he heard blame cast on Arrigozzo, touched to the quick, he could no longer contain himself, and he was about to reply. Happening to turn his face towards the lake, he caught a glimpse of something under water, that seemed to be entangled among the fragments of a rock at a short distance, which was covered by the waves. He fixed his eyes intently

upon this object, which appeared under various forms; he distinguished the end of a brown mantle at last; he saw a hand, which now rose out of the water, now fell back, tossed by the waves.

'The poor father was ready to fall down dead; but he grasped the broken oar which was before him, jumped up, and called, in a faltering voice, "Arrigozzo! Arrigozzo!" This was but for a moment. Receiving no answer, he ran to the top of the rock, looked all round, ran his eye over all who were safe, one by one, but could not find his son among them. Then seeing the Count, who had so lately been finding fault with his son's name, he roared out, "Dog, are you here!" and brandishing the broken oar, he rushed forward to strike him on the head. Bice uttered a cry, Ottorino was quick in warding off the blow; in a minute, Lupo, the Falconer, and the boatmen disarmed the frantic man, who, striking his forehead with both hands, gave a spring, and threw himself into the lake.

'He was seen fighting with the angry waves, overcoming them with a strength and a courage which desperation alone can give. He reached the body, he placed his hands upon it, feeling in the water, he seized it by the hair, but touched immediately with tender paternal compunction, as if this action was too rough a treatment for that loved corpse, he placed his left hand instead under the chin, to support the head, and with the right hand he began to buffet the waves, returning to the rock. The boatmen got into the vessel, now almost under water, and from thence threw out the cords of the sail to the old man, so that, holding by them, he was able to get back in safety, together with his mournful, though precious burden.

'Laying down the body of his son upon the rock, he took the head upon his knees, and bending over it, he began to feel the chest, and ascertain if the heart still beat: he pressed his chest to that of his son, his cheek to his son's cheek, kissing his eyes, his mouth, his whole face, breathing on him, as if to revive the spirit of life. A sudden breeze then shook the arm of the corpse, which hung down, and made it move. At that motion, the unhappy father started with hope; his cheeks were coloured for a moment, his features appeared to brighten, a sudden light sparkled in his eyes, which were fixed upon that cherished face; but perceiving his error, he buried his hands in his hair, and afterwards stretching his clenched fists towards the lake, he cried out, "Cursed wind! cursed waves! Cursed be this carcase of a boat, and the moment when I set foot in her! Oh, may all things go to ruin!"'—Vol. i. pp. 43, 44.

The party is taken off the rock, and the next morning Michele returns home with his son's body.

'He went on for a time in silence, grieving more and more; overcome, at last, by the impulse of grief and anger, he struck the oar in his hand with all his force into the water, exclaiming, "Treacherous lake!" The oar gave way, and dragging the remaining one roughly into the boat with the stump of the first he still grasped, he struck the edge violently, and broke one of the pegs. But, in his agitation, he made

the boat reel, so that a third oar, laid along a bench, was displaced, and was on the point of falling on the body of his son. Michele was shocked; he jumped up, caught the oar, held it for a moment in his hands, looked at it, and cried out, "It is his!" then he gently placed it in its former position.

'"O Lord!" he exclaimed, "help me! keep Thy holy hand upon me, lest the enemy try again to tempt me, and I die in desperation and destroy my soul!" Then he went on rowing, fervently repeating his prayers.

'He went on praying, slowly moving on his boat; but while his arms, with their habitual motion, now met upon his breast, now expanded, stretching out with the oars, while his lips murmured the accustomed words, the mind of the poor man passed over all the life of his lost Arrigozzo, from the time when he was an infant, a boy, a youth, then a full grown man, to the present moment. He recalled the first words he had heard him lisp; words which had taught him to feel the delight of being a father; he remembered the hopes he had cherished, all of which he had seen growing and coming to maturity, upon that dear head. He thought of the last thoughts of support, of repose, and peace, for his declining years, and those of his aged helpmate, all grounded on his son. He began to think of his consolation, and the joy and pride of the mother, when, for the first time, they saw him bring the boat to shore, returning from the first voyage intrusted to him. He thought, too, of the fears he had so often shared with his wife, when they heard the wind howl among the chestnut-trees in the night, and went together to look out of a little window on the stormy lake, saying to one another, "Where is our Arrigozzo now?" He recalled his son's fame as one of the best rowers on the lake, and surpassed by none in the management of a sail or a rudder; he could fancy he heard at the prow the splash of that vigorous oar; he still heard in his ears that favourite song with which Arrigozzo used to enliven the mournful solitude of the lake and of the calm.

'While all these reflections crowded into the mind of the bereaved father, his mouth still uttered the words of prayer, which were as involuntary and as unmeaning as the murmur of the brook which flows down a hill-side. At last, unwittingly, in the middle of one of his prayers, his lips began gently to hum the favourite tune of his Arrigozzo; but this real sound struck upon his ear, and he shook his head; raising his face to heaven, he found it quite wet with his tears.'—Vol. i. pp. 50, 51.

Arrigozzo is buried, and his father and mother are left alone.

'The hut of the boatman whose son had been drowned, lay out of the village, as we have said, on the north side. Those who looked for this hut, on the side where the lake is, could only distinguish a small corner of a badly-thatched roof, on the top of which was a wooden cross. Two old chestnut-trees, which bent over as if to embrace the hut, concealed the remainder. Within there was a wretched apartment, not paved, but with a floor of rafters, and the walls all blackened with smoke.

'In one corner there was a small bed covered over with a large coarse

quilt, called a *catalana*, from Catalogna, whence they come; a name still given to them in some of the villages on the lake of Como. This had been the bed of poor Arrigozzo; at this moment his faithful spaniel lay upon it.

'About two paces from the foot of the bed there was a great chest, full of earth, in which they made their fire; a custom common throughout Europe, in those days, when the invention of chimneys was recent. Over the fire a great kettle was hung from a tripod, to boil. Farther on, nearly in the middle of the room, there was a table, made of beechwood; four little straw seats; half-a-dozen oars; a shelf fastened to the wall, with pegs: on this shelf some plates were displayed, as well as three earthenware bowls, and three brass spoons, shining like gold. A chest, a spear, and a net, completed the furniture of the house.

'Marta, the aged mother of him who had been drowned, sat near the table spinning, by the light of a small iron lantern suspended from a hook to a beam stuck in the floor. Her face, withered, rather than emaciated, was not much wrinkled; the firm movements of her limbs, and the erectness of her person, showed that she was of a strong and hardy nature, which was not impaired by the fatigues and hardships of poverty. But her brow, on which there was usually a serene expression of peace, was, at this time, clouded by recent and unaccustomed sorrow. Any one who saw her for the first time, would easily have marked an unwonted paleness on her cheek, and a fresh furrow; and would also have marked that her eyes, which were swollen and dim, from the many tears she had shed, yet appeared unused to weeping.

'Her lips moved visibly while repeating her devotions; but of that silent prayer, the emphasis of the last syllables was all that could be heard, and it died away in a low murmuring sound, accompanied by frequent and vehement inclinations of her head.

'From time to time she looked towards that little bed, then she raised her eyes to Heaven, with a look of desolation and piety, showing the secret petition she was offering, that the Lord would be pleased to call her away, and unite her once more to her Arrigozzo.

'Michele, with his back turned towards the table, was seated near the fire, bending over it, and stirring, with a wooden spoon, the porridge of bread and milk which was boiling in the pot. There was a more harsh and rugged expression of grief on his face, carrying in it something of anger and vexation. He carefully kept his back turned to his wife, that the spectacle of her maternal sorrow might not call forth his own, and he went on with his occupation without raising his head.

'After half an hour had passed, the old woman laid down her distaff, rose, went to the fire, and unfastened the pot; then she went to the shelf, still quite absorbed in her prayers, saw the three porringers before her, and mechanically took them all down. Preoccupied as her thoughts were, she repeated every motion to which her hand had been so long accustomed; she set all three upon the table, placed a spoon beside each, poured some porridge into them all, and exclaimed, "Michele, con supper!" But when her husband approached the table in ol her summons, the poor woman perceived that she had se'

many. Hastily taking up one, she put it on the ground, wishing it to seem as if she had filled it for the little dog. This anxious and hurried movement did not escape Michele; he also observed the third spoon, which lay on the table in its usual place; and guessing at the affectionate oversight of the mother, he turned his face away to hide his emotion; then taking up his bowl and spoon, he returned to his former place.

'Marta, with her head hung down, stood a moment to compose herself. Afterwards she called the spaniel by his name; the dog, scarcely lifting its head, slowly wagged its tail, without moving towards her, so she approached the bed, caressing the animal, which she took up and carried where the food was. Formerly she used to behold the dog with an evil eye; she almost hated it; and more than once she had scolded her son about it, for in such hard times she thought her small family, in their poverty, needed not this extra charge. Since the death of Arrigozzo, to deprive the poor animal of the care to which it was used, to speak to it harshly, or frighten it, to injure it, would have appeared to her a malignant action, a crime, a real sacrilege.

'After its fashion, the dog thanked her for her unwonted kindness, whining in a manner which almost resembled the groan of a human being; at last it dipped its muzzle into the bowl, licked it awhile, then sprang upon the bed again, and curled itself up, as before, quite quietly.

'"The poor beast will die there," said the old woman to herself, as she kept her eyes constantly fixed on the bed. She sat down, made the sign of the cross, and began to eat. She took a few spoonfuls of the porridge, after stirring it about in the bowl, but she could not swallow it. However, when she saw her husband set his bowl down on the table, she hastily swallowed two or three spoonfuls, one after another, to show him she ate with an appetite.

'A moment after, perceiving that Michele's bowl was still nearly full, she took it in one hand, and going close up to him, still seated as he was before, near the fire, she touched his shoulder, saying, "Come, Michele, eat, for the love of Heaven; it will never do, if you go on this way; you have eaten nothing all this day, as one may say." The boatman shrugged his shoulders roughly, and did not answer; she continued, with a faltering voice, "Come, eat some, if it is ever so little; will you let yourself die of hunger? It is your duty to take care of yourself; for my sake, do so; for if I lost you, too . . . ." Here a burst of tears choked her utterance.

'"Well!" said the boatman angrily, "will you never have done with your weeping? All day, all day, always the same thing!" And drying his eyes with the back of his hand, he added, "Do you think you can bring him to life again? On my soul, I can bear it no longer."

'The unhappy old woman restrained the tears, which were yet the more bitter and sad at her heart; she wiped her eyes with her apron, and resumed her spinning.

'For a time, neither spoke; from time to time Marta looked at her husband, without interrupting her work; he, seated on his low stool, his elbows on his knees, his head concealed in his hands, seemed as if

it.

'At last he rose.

'He walked towards his wife, went quite round her, as if he woul say something to soothe her, and by tenderness atone for the pain h inconsiderate words had given her; but all he could say was this "Well, Marta, I will do as you wish, to please you. I will eat some thing.—Listen to me, Marta," he continued: "to-morrow I am to ro the syndic of the village to Dervio: with the money I gain by my freigh we will have a mass said for him; they shall say a mass at Lugano where there is no interdict."

'"I have had a mass said already," replied Marta, pointing to the woo on her distaff. "Do you see this wool?" she added: "it is all for th *Messere*, at Lugano. What I have spun will just pay for the mass."

'The boatman compressed his lips, which quivered with his sudde emotion, and, restraining his tears with difficulty, he felt a tender com passion and affection for the aged companion of his days: it was stronger, holier, and, we may even say, a deeper feeling than th fervent love he had borne her in the days of youth.'—Vol. i. pp 110—114.

Nor is it only among the old and heart-broken that this deep religion appears; indeed it is too rooted, too natural in its working, to be a mere trick and refuge of age. In our next extract we still see the same habit working, rudely, yet not less genuinely, in young men, and soldiers. It is a condemned cell; the prisoner and his guard have been companions in arms under the great Visconti.

'"Poor Lupo! we were always friends; we were companions in arms and to see what I have to do with you!"

'"You do your duty."

'"Yes; but believe me, being obliged to keep guard over you in here, and then to know where I am to lead you—really I can scarcely bear it."

'"Come, never mind; send it down in a bumper of wine," said the condemned; and filling two glasses out of a great flask, he took one, and gave the other to his companion, saying, "To Marco's health!"

'"There can be no harm in that," replied the sentinel. "Marco is a good friend to the Monastery, and is the Abbot's cousin; so I can accept the invitation, and give you a good reason. To Marco's health, and your own!"

'Having said this, they both emptied their glasses at once.

'"Did you say to mine?" returned the Limontine, when he had drunk it off. "You meant my soul's health, I suppose, for I have nothing to do with that of my body now in my situation. See," and he looked out of a small window, "day is beginning to break, and then in a short time .... Is it not to be an hour from sunrise?"

'"Poor unhappy comrade! Yes, one hour from sunrise."

'"Listen," continued Lupo. "Are we not soldiers, to shed our blood if necessary? And then? To die from the stroke of an axe, which

splits your skull like an apple; or from the thrust of a lance, which runs you through like a frog; . . . . or . . . . in fact, if you die doing your duty, it all comes to the same; and I die for having done my duty . . . . It is all one. No; to say the truth, though I try to swallow it, it yet seems to me rather hard; for to end one's days on three pieces of wood, bound like a felon, and all the rabble running to stare at one, as they would at an assassin, this is not all the same as dying in the battle-field, upon the back of one's good horse, dealing desperate blows right and left, with the sound of the trumpets in one's ears, and hope of victory in one's heart."

'"That is what I should say," answered the guard. "As for death, to die to-day or to-morrow, what can it signify?"

'"And, however, believe me, if I could do otherwise," rejoined Lupo, "I would, and gladly; but since I am to drink this cup, I must be patient, and resign myself cheerfully to the death the LORD sends me."

'Vinciguerra sighed, filled the two glasses again, emptied his, and, with a sign of his hand, invited Lupo to do the same.

'"No, no!" answered the prisoner. "That little reason Heaven has endowed me with, I will employ for these few moments I have left, and I will take the last step like a Christian, knowing what I do."

'"Listen: would you have me call in Father Atanasio, whom you sent away just now?"

'"No; I have done what I had to do; in truth, I should have detained him longer, but he began to weary and overwhelm me with certain stories that . . . . Enough; I told him very politely that he had better leave me."

'"Oh! he would have made you think of the safety of your soul, that you might make your peace with Heaven, and he would have made you say some prayers. Those things ought to be done by anybody who is going on that journey."

'"It was not that. As long as he spoke to me like a good Priest, I listened to him; but afterwards, when he talked of Bellebuono, he insisted on it that it was nothing but assassination; whilst, if this were my only sin . . . . Well, I told him plainly enough that I would do the same again, without a single scruple to burden my soul."

'"Oh, here I do not agree, comrade. The Father was right."

'"But surely you are not such another blockhead as he is? I will give you a comparison."

'"I am attending."

'"If I," said Lupo, "had arrived at Limonta an hour before; if by sending, so to speak, false information to your Bellebuono, I had drawn him and all of you into a defile in the mountain, where I was hidden, and my brave country people with me; if then I fall on you, and put an end to you, like so many rats caught in a trap, have I been guilty of a mortal sin? Have I anything to confess?"

'"No; because that is a stratagem of war."

'"And was not mine a stratagem of war, excepting that, instead of finishing you all, I only did for one?"

'"What has that to do with it?"

'"It has everything. Again, does not the motive go for something? The motive which made me kill him was to save all the poor people of my village, and our Curate, whom he meant to torture and murder for his pastime."

'"My good friend, you have told me a fine thing; go and look for your motive indeed!.... Why you are a soldier."

'"I know that, too, but I said it only to give you an example, for this was not just and regular war; it was a band of assassins and robbers who fell upon us."

'"Softly there! gently with this civil way of calling men names," answered Vinciguerra, growing angry. "I can tell you that I have always been a soldier, and never a robber or an assassin; and were it not that...."

'But Lupo burst out laughing, and said, "Ay, come on fool! Are you going to get angry with me? with a man who, in half an hour, will be in another world? You have found your match—a man at the point of death."

'"What would you drive me to now?" said the soldier, troubled at these words, and the composure with which they were spoken. "I know it also, that with you.... And then we have always been friends, but.... you see there are some things no one can stand."

'"But will you not understand I said it by way of example?"

'"If it was only for example, there is no harm."

'"I think we may as well part good friends—do not you?" said Lupo, offering his hand.

'"To be sure; let us be friends, with all my heart," replied the other, pressing his hand warmly. Then he added, "I shake hands with a brave soldier and a good comrade." After this he turned away to hide his emotion. He poured out another bumper of wine, drank it off, and then raising his hand to his mouth, as if to smooth his mustaches after his draught, he passed it two or three times across his eyes, backwards and forwards.

'During the silence which prevailed in that miserable chamber, the mournful tolling of a bell was heard. Lupo seemed moved for an instant, but soon recovering himself, he said, "I see I have no time to lose. Listen, Vinciguerra; I have something to tell you. I would have prayed the confessor to do it, but he irritated me so with his absurdity.... Besides, I prefer giving this office to a friend who has known me so long, and knows that we are all frail mortals.... for if one of these were to see a soldier.... he might think it was from fear of death.... Listen, then; I will explain myself in a few words. The first time you happen to be in Milan, seek for the house of the Count del Balzo, at the Brera del Guercio; there you will find my family, my father, my mother...." But, at pronouncing these sacred names, feeling as if his heart would burst, he walked round the room; then going close to Vinciguerra, he said, "Will you do it?"

'"So may the LORD give me good in this life, and repose in the other, as I promise to fulfil all your wishes," replied the guard.

'Then Lupo took a silver chain from his neck and gave it to him.

" Tell them to wear this for my sake. And tell my sister to look in the press which is in the room next to that in which the falcons moult, and she will find a wooden box with a gold ring in it, being the remainder of the spoils I got in Tuscany. I kept it for her against the time she should be married, and . . . . let her take it, for the love she bore me."

' " Hark !" said Vinciguerra, " I am not overburdened with money ; but, thank Heaven, I have a little in my pocket,—look here." He took from his pocket a handful of large and small coin : " What would you have me do with them ? You will spare me the trouble of getting drunk half-a-dozen times : you will do me a favour in accepting them. I will take them to your father ; perhaps he may want them : at any rate, they will certainly do him more good than they will do me."

' " No, no ; I am much obliged to you."

' " Come, do me this kindness ; give me this consolation. I swear to you, it will cause me more pleasure in giving away these few coins for your sake, than if I had touched my part of the booty promised to me at Limonta by your . . . . by that man. Once upon a time, I was very nearly paying for my deeds, and I know how dear all one's family become at such moments, especially father and mother; and how sorry one feels for the trouble which, from first to last, every one of us has given his parents. I remember, too, the distress I was in, at not having anything about me which I could send them as a remembrance."

' Lupo put his hand on Vinciguerra's shoulder, and said, " I know you offer it to me with all your heart, and among us soldiers we give and receive with the same goodwill ; but, I thank Heaven ! my parents are not in want of anything . . . . Besides, look you, I have got some money here, if I wished to send them any." Saying this, he turned out the pocket of his doublet, and a good handful of money fell on the table.— " There are sixty soldiers in your company, are there not ?" he asked. " We were sixty, but we left eleven on your fields of Limonta, in that glorious enterprise ; therefore, if I calculate aright, only forty-nine now remain."

' Lupo raised his head, and a smile of satisfaction lighted his countenance, at the glory of his beloved countrymen. " Well," he added, " those who remain will not object to drink the health of the condemned one."

' " Even if there were two such," replied Vinciguerra. " I, however, swear I will not drink that wine : my share I wish to lay out on the good of your soul."

' " But not said by the Monks of S. Ambrogio !" said Lupo. " Look to that ; for I would not have any thing in the next world come to me through such schismatics and poltroons. By the by ! one thing I had forgotten. I have a brother besides, of whom I really know very little ; but at the point of death, I must not leave out entirely, if it were only for the sake of my mother, who loves him so dearly. I must send him something. I have here this little silver crucifix ; but this I wished to give you as a remembrance, and I should not know . . . ."

' " Your brother ?" said Vinciguerra. " Well, I will settle it all

now. I take your little crucifix, and I give you this relic to send to him. Look here ;" and opening his doublet he showed it to him ; " it is a piece of stone from the column of St. Simon Stylites. I took it away with my own hands from a pilgrim returning from the Holy Land, whom I robbed one night in Romagna."

' " Bravo !" said Lupo. " I agree to the bargain ; you shall take it to him as I told you, in my name. Take this one." Then removing the silver crucifix from his bosom, he gave it him, and throwing his arms round his neck, he gave and received the parting kiss !

' " Now that I have settled all my worldly affairs," returned the Limontine, " it is time to think only of my soul." He went towards the crucifix which hung from the wall, and knelt before it in prayer.

' Vinciguerra, that he might not disturb Lupo, retired to the door, where he repeated to the other four soldiers who were on guard all that the criminal had said, and he showed the money he had received from him to distribute to the band, concluding in these words : " As for me, I have already told him that I shall spend my share on prayers for his soul."

' " Add my share—and mine—and mine," said the rest : after which they remained in silence awaiting the painful moment when they would have to lead the unhappy man to the place of execution. All were grieved to see a young, handsome, and gallant soldier like Lupo die in this manner. When they did interchange a few words, it was always in an under tone—a piece of respect in itself unimportant, but remarkable in those rugged men, who had only been accustomed for their whole lives to suffer, and cause suffering to others.'—Vol. i. pp. 149–153.

We have various specimens of Italian nobility, and among them is one which is plainly rather a pet of the writer's. Besides the more troublesome and grand sorts of nobles, the ruffian-noble, and the noble of the Signoria, and the soldier-noble, the noble of romance, there was, and still is, in Italy, a strongly-marked variety of a species found everywhere: the old woman-noble, the peaceable old Count, or Marchese of Comedy, and of royal bed-chambers. To this class belonged Count Oldrado del Balzo, the father of the Lady Bice. He affords a good deal of amusement to the reader; and he obviously afforded the writer at least equal amusement to draw. With his whole heart, with the full Italian sense of the absurd, he takes in the ludicrous mixture of helplessness and pompousness; he watches for him, coaxes him out; not a bow, not a shrug, not an embarrassment, not a ' troublesome smile' when he is flattered, is allowed to escape. The Count is a priggish, vain, cowardly old man, perpetually chattering, and ' wagging his peaked chin with its scanty red beard.' He is a proprietor, and lives in a castle, built by turbulent ancestors; but he has quite given up their ways. He finds the times a great plague for sober, well-behaved gentlemen like himself, who ought to have a place in the world: he cannot

even have vassals without inconvenience. He is quite a nobleman, and appreciates a nobleman's position and feelings; but he finds it too nervous a thing to indulge any natural tendencies, either to intrigue and plot, or to be just and merciful. Indeed he is impatient that any one should think him capable of such things, prospectively, at least, that any one should expect him, in such villanous times, to run risks for abstractions, to protect the weak against the strong—the idea was too absurd; as well expect him at once to try to do without his dinner. He lives quietly; conscientiously keeping out of scrapes, and amusing himself; hunting, hawking, and prosing with safe persons against the Ghibellines and the Anti-pope. By and by, he is brought to Milan, he is patronized and smiled upon by the great man of the day, the great Marco himself. There he is in his glory, perfectly safe; he comes out in his strength; a fussy, pragmatical dealer in bad Latin, bad law, and bad logic; at banquets and *conversaziones*, holding forth, seeming to command attention—to astonish the young gentlemen—to make converts from Ghibellinism. He feels that this is as it ought to be; parties where he may shine, especially at the palace of Messer Marco, are quite the thing. Besides, he is very fond of his daughter, and still more vain of her. But lofty place has its drawbacks; the Count has a deep instinctive horror of all great men who can reach him; a feeling like that of old ladies about spirited horses, or of children about large dogs—'Nice pretty creatures; but don't go near them—they may run away, or go mad.' A great man may be your friend; but he may turn upon you, and what then? This the Count realized keenly and painfully; it interfered with his principles—with his honour;—for that he, the Count del Balzo should be, not in danger, but within the *possibility* of it, he felt like a stain and personal degradation—his security must not be breathed upon. To be suspected even of being out of favour with Marco, with Marco's friends, or with any man of power within thirty miles of him, was as if you had pulled his nose.

'The knights and ladies collected at the assembly of the Count, expressed to him their surprise that he had not made his appearance at the tournament. . . . At any other time this would have been a kind of invitation for the Count del Balzo to enjoy his favorite pastime; for, where there was matter for pleading and arguing, he used to rejoice; but that day he was so completely upset that they could not make him warm on the subject. Marco was ever present to his mind; his words still rang in his ears: Marco weighed upon his mind; and the news of Ottorino's triumph had not operated on him with the same charm as it had on his daughter.

'By degrees, however, the Count began to recover himself, and to have more confidence; and at last a magic word was spoken which was

sufficient entirely to disperse his ill-humour. This was because an old baron,—one of his friends,—had drawn him into a corner, before he took his leave, to inform him that the imperial Vicar had inquired where he was. Have you ever seen a lean, jaded horse, with head down and ears drooping, which cannot be made to move however it may be spurred and goaded forward? Suddenly it gives a few kicks, and sets off like a colt. Then you find that the driver has touched it up where there is a tender spot, or where the skin is off. The case of the Count was similar.

'"Is it true? Did he really enquire for me?" asked the vain though timid man, with great eagerness.

'"He did enquire for you."

'"And what for?—what did he say?"

'"He asked why you were not present at the tournament."

'"Then, to-morrow, I must not fail to be there, and show myself at the just. Is it not to be the just to-morrow?"

'"Yes, the second day is for the just, and you will do well to be there, that it may not appear as if . . . . because, you understand . . . . knowing you to be so great a friend of Marco's, perhaps they would think, for anything I know, that you are not the Vicar's friend."

'"How? What?"

'"Is this any news to you? Every one knows that there is some misunderstanding between Marco and his nephew the Vicar."

'"I know nothing of their enmity, or their friendship. I am friends with every one, and wish to remain at peace with each."

'"And, on this account, I tell you that you ought not to fail in being present to-morrow. The spectacle is entirely to show rejoicing at the election of Azzone . . . . And suppose it came into his head to ask for you again, and he were to hear that you were not present . . . ."

'"Oh! I will go. I will certainly go to it."

'And the Count kept his word. Next day he was one of the first to appear in the gallery near that of the Vicar. The field was not yet prepared, and the Count was already there, beautified and adorned, together with his daughter, and a splendid retinue of squires and pages. When the Vicar and his two uncles presented themselves in the balcony, the Count began to take off his cap, and bow to them, and to wave his hand, but no one seemed to notice him; no one seemed to distinguish his salutations from those which came from the surrounding galleries. This he thought rather strange. When they were all seated, he still endeavoured to call observation, with his short red grizzled beard, which never was still; with his two small grey eyes perpetually turning about, and with that constant chatter of his shrill cracked voice; but no one heeded him any more than they heeded a couple of dogs which ran about the lists barking at each other. This put him at last into a tremendous rage.'—Vol. ii. pp. 11, 12.

We have to go on some way in the story, content with Count Oldrado, and Count Ottorino, and Bice, and Michele, and the Limontini, before we meet the great Marco himself, or know anything about him. The name itself, of course, brings with it

associations of magnificence,—of crime also, of fierceness, and perfidy, and dominion; but most English readers, at least, are kept in some suspense as to what the hero will turn out to be. He appears at length looming in the distance, a proud towering form—the glorious captain—the dark, subtle, unfathomable centre of plots and conspiracies, whose name men tremble at, yet love with enthusiasm. There is an air of romance, too, about the great soldier and prince. He—the man of whom all Italy speaks with hatred or enthusiasm, who is mixed up with all the fighting and scheming of Italian politics—is associated also with Count Oldrado's family history. We learn, rather awkwardly, as in a Greek prologue, that, long ago, he was deeply in love with the Lady Ermelinda, who is now Count Oldrado's wife. The story is known to few: an old servant tells her daughter, with much secrecy, with various moralities about young people in love, with minute painting of word and deed; the scene dwells in her memory like a horrid dream. Ermelinda's father had betrayed Visconti, and she was to be given to another. At dead of night he came to her chamber, and wanted her to fly with him:—

'"'Is she there?' said he, pointing to the room in which she really was. I, at the moment, replied, hardly knowing what I said, that she was there. Then he made a few steps to her door, but paused, as if he thought better of it, saying, 'Go you in, and tell her cautiously, that I am waiting out here, and wish to speak to her.' What could I do? Escape?—There was no way. Cry out?—He would have strangled me. So I entered, and found my mistress half arisen, and at the sight of me she said timidly, 'What does that light signify? Who is out there?' And as I did not answer quickly, she began to cry out, 'Shut the door, shut the door!' But then a voice said, gently, 'Ermelinda, be not afraid: it is your Marco,—it is I! . . . .'

'"Have you ever seen the Tita del Tonio when her malady seizes her? While she is talking and laughing with us she suddenly falls on the ground, as if she were dead: well, just in the same manner did Ermelinda turn as white as a sheet; she fainted away, so that I really thought she was dead; and rushing out of the room, tearing my hair, I began to weep like a soul in purgatory. Out of respect for her Marco had not yet come forward; he took up the lantern, we both entered the apartment, we made her smell some sort of essence; we bathed her face and temples, till she opened her eyes and came to herself. You should have seen how that man behaved at the time; they say he has since become a reprobate, and a regular demon; it may be so, but then he was a good young man, and feared God, and to this I can bear witness. You see he did not venture so much as to touch her finger; but he walked round her, and looked at her with a tenderness and devotion as if she had been the Madonna herself: he showed such emotion that no one would have taken him for the great soldier and prince he is. When he

saw Ermelinda was revived, he said, 'I am come to keep my promise to marry you, and take you away with me.'

'"'O Holy Virgin! O Lord!' she repeated, without being able to say more.

'"Then he—(I remember all his words as if it happened yesterday; I suffered so much, and besides, I have talked it all over with my Lady so many, many times,)—then he, with a smile, as if he would rather have wept, said, 'I appear to you very uncourteous when I ask you to leave your house, and share the fortunes of a man who may say he has no place where he can rest. . . .'

'"'Do not say so,' answered my mistress; 'do not say so, or you break my heart. Fly, fly at once, for mercy's sake; for if any one saw you, woe to you, and woe to me!'"'—Vol. i. pp. 66, 67.

Then followed a terrible scene. He was in the house of his mortal foe. When Ermelinda besought him to leave her and fly,—

'"He stretched out his hand coldly and calmly in reply, saying, 'Let us go then.' But seeing her draw back—'No? Will you not come? Then I shall not leave this room but with you! Mark me well,' and he seated himself on the table, crossing his legs one over the other, and folding his arms on his breast, like one determined not to move. 'I shall wait here till to-morrow,' he continued. 'Some one will be sure to come to us. Who can say if it may be your father? You know what to do, if you would keep him out of danger. Go to the window, call out that Marco is in your chamber; let them come, let them come all! I do not stir!'

'"Imagine our fear; our distress! I on one side, Ermelinda on the other; we began to weep, and to pray, as if we were praying before the Cross. But we might as well try to move the Legnone out of its place.

'"When my mistress saw there was no remedy, 'You drive me to it,' she said: 'I will come.' Kneeling before a figure of the Virgin, which hung at the head of her bed, she stopped to pray for a minute. Then she rose, and said to me, 'You will tell my mother . . . .' but her tears choked her utterance. The young man took her hand, and she followed as if stupified; as one who sleeps, and walks in her sleep. But they had scarcely reached the threshold, than they heard many footsteps. Marco waited an instant, then starting back suddenly, he struck his forehead, and exclaimed, 'There is no longer time!' In a moment he closed the door, bolted it, opened his doublet with one hand, drew out a poniard; with the other hand he tore a gold chain from off his neck, gave a violent pull, broke it in two, and hiding one half in his vest, he placed the other in Ermelinda's hand, saying to her in a mournful voice, 'Let this be the pledge of our faith.'"'—Vol. i. p. 69.

He escaped; but, by that moment's delay, he lost her. She pined for a long time; then, by a subtle plot, she was made to believe that Marco had released her from her pledge, and s

married Count del Balzo. Marco's revenge had been deadly and complete; taken with his own hand. He had gone into France only to seek out one false groom; Ermelinda's father 'he had caught at the passage of the Adda, and pierced him through and through with his lance.' Once, since that terrible night, he had met Ermelinda: the treachery was explained. 'Perhaps we shall never *meet* again,' were his last words to her; 'but, if my fury does not take away my life, you shall *hear* of me.' But twenty-five years had passed since then—twenty-five years of war, of government, of danger and hardship.

We see him at last, the great, turbulent, ambitious noble—the man of war and blood, whom his enemies speak of as a reprobate and a demon, yet the popular favourite, the model and rallying-point of Lombard chivalry—the noble stately form—the rich, sombre, Italian magnificence of dress—the minever and jewelled dagger, the long, flowing, black-velvet robe—the thin, dark, melancholy countenance, 'showing habitual discontent, yet without bitterness or gall'—the black, parted hair—the pale cheek, flushing at times into deep crimson, which 'brought back 'some of his youthful beauty, yet not without a singular mixture 'of pride with timidity.' 'But to one who had observed any 'sudden impulse of anger change that face in an instant, who 'had seen its usual paleness fade into a livid hue, that forehead 'wrinkle, those eyes become darker and sparkle with a sinister 'brightness, it would have seemed like the smooth, tranquil 'surface of a lake when a sudden gale of wind passes over it, and 'raises a tempest.'

There is no shrinking, no disguising or softening down, in drawing Marco Visconti; he is a genuine man of his time, the dark, wild, bloody time, from which Dante has filled his 'Inferno.' In that busy theatre of ambition, and among all those fierce boiling passions, he plays boldly, and among the foremost, with all his soul; and no one could play boldly there and innocently. He feels, as strong minds do, that they have a right to lead; he feels that he is worthy of what all are striving for. A noble, a Visconti, in the days of Guelph and Ghibelline, without ambition, would have been an absurdity. Marco might have been a monk, tamed and broken by penance; but if not, he could not but rule. He must plunge into the storm; he could not see the battle and not take a part in it. There he is, the high, lofty spirit, in the thick of the strife, associated with all that is most vile and foul; he has to plot, intrigue, deceive, as they have; despising them, loathing them, seeing through their villany, their utter baseness, he must give up the hope of power—give up a glorious and elevating prospect if he gives up them. He must use them, and feel that they are using him too.

They are the creatures—impure, ferocious beasts—which dwell within his circle; he must leave it, if he would be free from them. He lives in the midst of every thing that hardens, darkens, corrupts. A redoubtable man, with a terrible and perilous fortune;—he sweeps along, grand and wild and fitful as a storm; thundering, smiling, scattering blessing, blasting in his lightning-like rage.

Yet his love of power is not a base selfishness; it is not merely to be a lord of cities, but to be lord of Milan, the glorious and beautiful Milan, the noble city, with its proud history of suffering, and conquest, even over emperors. Milan, the boast and glory of Lombardy, where his friends dwell, where the people love and adore him; Milan, the city of his great father; Milan, bought and sold, and ruled by worthless hands: it is to be deliverer and lord of Milan that he schemes, and fights, and wears out his life. He is worthy of Milan; Milan is incomplete without him. Cities are easily won. There are cities without masters, which will joyfully and proudly receive him for their lord. Lucca welcomes him; there are crowds, and acclamations, and joyous bells, and towers and domes blazing with illuminations. He looks out upon the scene from the palace.

'"What a beautiful city Lucca is! But it is not Milan," he added immediately, sighing. "To be a prince, where you have been subject—to command, where you have hitherto obeyed—to be great among friends, to whom your greatness is pleasant—to share it with them .... and, yes .... even to be among your enemies, and see them fret themselves, while you triumph over their abasement,—that is life! Here there are smiling hillocks, clad with the vine and the olive-tree; here there are valiant knights also, and beautiful maidens, riches, and courtesy. But all is dumb to the heart of Marco."'—Vol. ii. pp. 21, 22.

Lucca is not Milan. It has offered itself, and he takes it as it comes, in the way of business, a piece to be played in his game. The bargain, for the present, suits both parties; but it is a mere bargain. The *vivas* of the Lucchese mob he bows to and despises. 'Fools! what do you expect from this Marco? What do you know of him?' There is no one among them to love him, or for him to trust. He tries to govern them, and they get tired of him; and he sells them with disgust to Florence. But his whole soul is in Milan, and Milan returns his affection. Greetings from Milanese lips, even from a mob, make his heart bound; they calm and soothe him even in moments of furious vindictive passion. Away, and among strangers, to see, to hear a Milanese, one who has fought with him, works like a charm; the dark, moody brow relaxes; he taps the young soldier on the cheek, and when the soldier seizes his 'glorious hand,' and

kisses it 'with the fervour of a devotee,' he cannot contain himself, and shouts 'for Milan—his good Milanese!'

When the city is slipping from his grasp, when the power of his rival is rooting itself deeper, and Milan is forgetting her hero, still,—indignant, disappointed, full of scornful bitterness,—his thoughts are for her safety. He gives advice about the defence against the emperor; he would rather that Milan should gain honour upon the emperor, than that he himself should be lord of Milan; his plotting friends shall not move him in this. In his broken sleep, amid sorrow and anxiety, and a frantic attachment, his dreams are about the defence of Milan.

He is great and noble still; he stands out against the dark background, among the leering, poisonous, ferocious spirits round him, who tempt him, whom he employs, who think him like themselves. He puzzles them, he does such strange things. He will turn away often when the path is clear. Deep in his heart there is a sacred fire, stifled, hidden, but unquenched; it blazes out ever and anon, high and bright, scaring, amazing the darkness. To the world he is hardened; he has learnt it, sees through it, scorns it, hates it. He perfectly understands the perfidious, cruel, heartless mob of barons, and signori, and emperors. With entire unconcern he metes to them their own measure; he plays with them at their own game. With them, scruple, or remorse, or conscience he has none. If they serve his turn, he employs them; if they desert him, he cannot help it. He takes their cowardice, or their treachery, as a matter of course. If they do him service, his gratitude is not very intense; if they impute undeserved merit to him, he is at no trouble to undeceive them. He can practise the lesson they have taught him, and be as cold, as crafty, as dangerous, as any of them. They deserve no better. But amid the wickedness round him, while he seems to make up his mind to it as a thing that must be, he carries inwardly a deep burning shame; his heart rises against the tyranny with disgust and hatred. He has a sanctuary where he will not admit it. High spirits despise the goodness of the mass; their shrinking, self-deceiving, small-minded virtue. Goodness must be genuine, it must look them full in the face, then they yearn to it, and glow. It educes from their deep hearts the tenderness, reverence, trust, which is veiled there. The subtle, proud noble opens out with affection, with enthusiasm, to his dependent's simple-hearted fidelity,—shrinks with downcast eyes in the presence of calm, clear faith. Successful, honoured, in the full feeling of his strength, he is ill at ease. He feels the 'waves and storms' going over him; the invisible world throws its shadows into the whirl of Guelph and Ghibelline politics. Pope and anti-pope, fighting and scheming like the

rest, are not much to him; he looks with composure on the men who quarrel; he makes up his mind to scandals; if the sacrilegious mob at Monza do coin some candlesticks into *terzuoli*, he is not very indignant:—but under this contemptible dispute between two canting churchmen, there lies something deeper. The ban of the Church is not of earth, though popes may be. It weighs secretly on him while fighting against her cause. Scorning the men who rule in her, he feels himself an outcast. When his friends laugh and talk lightly, he looks serious.

'"... They exchanged a few more words, then Marco, placing his hand affectionately on his cousin's shoulder, began to relate the causes which had made him determine on a reconciliation with the pontiff of Avignon, and imparted to him all his new schemes.

'"So that it is to be, Long live Pope John!" exclaimed Ottorino; "but Nicholas the Fifth, for whom we have fought till now, what becomes of him?"

'"That which he deserves; a hypocrite and schismatic as he is!"

'"Then must we go to school and learn the cant of the Guelphs."

'"In this way we shall be blessed again," said Marco.

'"Yes; but the other will excommunicate us as soon," Ottorino replied.

'Then the famous Captain, looking very grave, began: "In fact, you know very well that the Pope at Avignon is the legitimate one. He has persecuted my father, all my family, all our friends; he has excommunicated us, and preached a crusade against us; he has done his worst, yet he has not, for all this, ceased to be the true Pontiff. Do you think that so many years as I have been his foe, I have been at peace with myself, knowing I was under the ban of the Church?"

'The young man, who had never suspected the mind of his glorious cousin could entertain any similar feelings, looked at him in astonishment, while Marco continued, with great emotion,

'"The remembrance of my poor father has saddened the joy of all my triumph. You well know how that venerated head, so long the mark of the Pope's thunders, had risen proudly above that of any other Italian prince. He, the conqueror of his enemy's temporal weapons, ever mocked those weapons which were spiritual. When, being full of years, he felt his last days approaching, and felt the world flying from him, he was alarmed at that which he had ridiculed all his life. Oh! never shall I forget that night, when he, agitated by fearful visions, collected all his household, and all the clergy of Monza in S. Giovanni, and kneeling before the altar, repeated our creed, protesting that he wished to die in the bosom of our holy Church, and shedding hot tears, because, when he died, they might not lay his head in consecrated ground. Had you seen his face, placid and serene amid dangers and the bitterness of exile, overcome as it was then by a mysterious terror!"

'Ottorino could scarcely recover himself; and had it not been for the passion which Marco threw into his words, he would have doubted whether he spoke sense.

'At last the young man said, "I have always thought the thing was

as they have said, and that the heretic was Pope John, and that Nicholas was the true one. So I heard all our learned men say, and you, too, who, soldier as you are, could dictate even to the learned. From a boy I have done nothing but fight against this blessed Pope, whom they called false, but who now turns out the rightful one. Now, I hardly know what to say."

'Marco forced a melancholy smile, then he exclaimed, "We may thank these cowardly Ghibellines, these ignorant fellows, for driving us into the good path. Are you aware that it is the Pope himself, who, of his own accord, has opened his arms to me? Who promises the power of the Church to aid me in recovering my paternal dominions? But do not suppose I am blindly trusting myself in the hands of a man who has ever been my foe; I trust in the strength of those circumstances which force him to unite with me for his own safety. The power of the Bavarian is daily decreasing; many of his partisans forsake his standard, being taxed, exhausted, and betrayed by him. Milan is still faithful to that prince, but I can make it revolt from him. The Milanese begin to feel, at last, on which side justice and faith stand; they are weary of the interdict."

'"In spite of all this," replied Ottorino, "the city is still quite filled with preachers, who go through the streets and squares, gathering the people, and crying everything that is bad against Pope John the Twenty-Second. I heard one a while ago, close to this, who disgorged all kinds of abuse, saying he was a murderer, a necromancer, and I know not what."

'"Well, you shall soon hear a different cry."

'"How so?"

'"You will hear them cry down Nicholas, and exalt John."

'"I should like very much to see this! It will be good for us."

'"Look," said Marco, with an air of confidence; "the Pope has allowed some Priests to return to their district, in order that I may have their assistance in my enterprise, though they will neither know it nor suspect it themselves. By means of the Abbot of S. Vittore I rule them secretly, and they are to be dispersed about this very day, to bring back the wanderers into the right road."

'"But, if Azzone gets hold of the first who come forth, and silences them?" asked Ottorino.

'"He will take care to do nothing of the kind; he is too much afraid of the people. If he does, however, it will be worse for him; so many will rise to revenge that blood. After all, what is death? Do we not meet it frequently in the battle-field for some bit of ground, for an empty name, for a childish whim? And he who has an eternal reward in view...." But here he paused, hung down his head, and was silent for a time; when he looked up, the first glow had vanished from his face, and he went on, turning to his cousin, with a cold air of bitterness, and almost of malignity, "Besides, so many martyrs as Avignon has made, in times past, to overturn me, a few more may now be made to set me up again. Would you make this a matter of conscience to them?"

'"Can you think it? I merely said .... but at last, you well know, I am but a sword in your hands."

'"Which I shall truly use, for I have long known its temper."—Vol. i. pp. 78—80.

He is in the full swing of his career, on the eve of a great revolution, an attempt to throw off the Emperor, the Ghibellines, and reconcile Milan to the Pope, a revolution which should make him lord of Milan; he is full of business, and correspondence, and anxiety, and doing with greater intensity than ever the work of his life. Twenty-five years of continual battle, and continual plots, have made the remembrance of his old love like a mere dream; the strong, fiery soul has bent itself in another direction, and has crushed its own weakness. If he ever thinks of Ermelinda, it is in the midst of a wild burst of rage, or in battle;—when an enemy is asking for mercy—when he feels the sting of conscience, or the generous impulse. But in the midst of his wide, anxious plans, when his busy, scheming, eager mind is strained to the utmost, he hears of her daughter—that she is like her mother; his favourite cousin, Ottorino, has seen her—paints her beauty and goodness—and the old dead passion begins to awaken. Bice comes to Milan, to the palace of the great Captain; 'his blood runs cold when he sees her;' feelings, long-forgotten and dried up, burst forth upon him, like an inveterate disease which circumstances have for a time kept under.

All this is well painted. Memory passing into present feeling, in strange confusion; each colouring, quickening, strengthening the other; Bice and Ermelinda, now one image, now distinct; fading, vanishing, becoming substantial, all like a wild sick dream, and then the great honoured soldier-noble, meeting again with himself, as he was, the young Marco—the two characters, in all their strength, running into one, blending without being lost, but with wild inexpressible confusion, like a lava-torrent rushing into a stormy sea—the mixture of the grotesque and absurd with Italian energy, and lofty impassioned tenderness—the mixture of fervour, self-contempt, irresolution, fear of the scorn of keen, sneering, crafty associates—all this is brought out in the story with a kind of minute unpoetical *naïveté* which does not make the result less effective. Marco still schemes and plots; Lodrisio, his evil genius, is still closeted with him; in the midst of his dreams and abstractions, the vigorous, far-reaching, inventive mind shows itself: when alone, the same alternation goes on:—

'Marco, when left alone, began, for some time, to pace about the room, hurriedly, and with his head down. Now and then he shook his head and gesticulated with his hand, as if he were driving away some thought that gave him annoyance. At last he suddenly paused, and

said aloud, as if he were giving some command to himself, "The *Signoria* of Florence must be written to." He unfastened his sword to be more at his ease, and he hung it on the wall; but, in taking hold of the hilt, he perceived the favour of Bice,—the ribbon he had received from her and tied on to his sword: he gazed on it for a minute. Afterwards he turned away his glance almost angrily, went to a small table, unrolled a sheet of parchment, uncovered the ink-horn, dipped in his pen, of which, finding it a bad one, he began to cut the nib; but he turned and twisted it, and cut, and cut it away: his thoughts rambled. In process of time he recovered himself, and, like one who becomes all of a sudden conscious of what he is doing and of what he meant to do, he threw aside the stump of the pen which was left in his hands, took a fresh one, mended it properly, and began to write.

'"*Nobilibus dominis sapientibus ec. et comuni Florentiæ, amicis diligendis precipue, Marcus Vicecomes cum sincera dilectione, salutem.*" This being accomplished, he leaned back in his chair, looked up, and began to think over the phrases with which he should begin his letter; but he did not again lean forward, his eyes were not taken from the ceiling, and the letter did not proceed. At last, with his two hands, he rudely threw behind him a heap of papers which lay before him, and, striking his forehead, he began to pace the room again, saying to himself: "But did I not know before that she was like Ermelinda? Did not Ottorino write, and tell me so, a great many times? . . . . The careless boy! . . . . Even her voice is Ermelinda's, and her smile and manner, and way of moving her eyes! . . . . Poor dove! . . . . At the sight of her, and the sound of her words, methought earlier days had returned, and years of hope. . . . . Oh! where are those days gone to? The malignant breath of iniquity had not then contaminated my heart. . . . . Beside Ermelinda all created things seemed to smile at me, and in every man I saw a friend. . . . . And now? . . . . What troubles, — what guilt! . . . . I also have wallowed in this mire; I also have been glutted with blood! . . . Yet I did not seem born for this. . . . . Bice! it is a beautiful name! . . . ." Then he smiled with the look of scorn he would have cast on an inferior whom he found doing a disgraceful action.—"Art thou that Marco," said he, "from whom so large a portion of Italy awaits, trembling, the fulfilment of its destiny? Thou, matured by years of bitterness, and by great and difficult enterprises? . . . . On the verge of that vast and dark future to which thou dost boldly approach, wouldst thou make a fool of thyself for the sake of a girl? . . . . What would Lodrisio say? . . . . That sneering man. . . . . Well! let these black clouds pass away, and my star shine again, in all its brightness! . . . . Yes, so it shall be!"

'Then he returned to the letter he had begun, and neither laid down his pen, nor raised his eyes, till he had filled four long sides with small writing. After this he went to rest, with his mind occupied by Guelphs and Ghibellines, the Pope and the Emperor, intrigues and arms.'—Vol. i. pp. 105, 106.

But the struggle is in vain; all thoughts, all hopes, are swallowed up, melted and fused with the overmastering passion.

Bice and Milan are one to him; they go together, they are one glorious future, where his toiling spirit is at last to rest. But from the first a dark shade has been flitting about him; in spite of the blindness of jealousy, and its self-contradicting incredulity, the time comes, and he must believe. Ottorino, his kinsman, his ardent, devoted friend, is in love with Bice, and Bice—he hears it from herself—has given her heart to Ottorino.

Italian jealousy is terrible; it has only one end. At a tournament at Milan, Marco appears, disguised and unknown, and challenges Ottorino to mortal combat. The sharp-pointed lances are in their hands, when the encounter is delayed by an accident—

'Lupo, who was behind Ottorino, mistaking an accidental motion of the Vicar's hand, at the moment believed it to be the signal for the trumpet to sound for the onset, and he shouted in a loud voice, which in that silence was heard from one end of the lists to the other, "Long live Marco Visconti!" This was his Lord's war-cry; and Ottorino, as soon as he heard it, lifted up his hand, sheathed in an iron gauntlet, and shouted again, "Long live Marco Visconti!" However, neither he nor his adversary moved, as they had not heard the blast of the trumpet.

'The gazing multitude, secretly devoted to Marco, and aware that there was some conspiracy in the wind, took this exclamation to be the signal for a plot, for an instigation to rise against the Vicar, and thousands of voices unanimously responded from all sides. Many were seen to lay their hands on their arms, move and group themselves, questioning one another, and looking round to see if any banner appeared under which they could muster. If Marco had appeared at this crisis, and had shown himself to the people, the blow would have been struck. The few guards of the Vicar pressed closer about him in alarm. For one moment, Azzone and his two uncles, Luchino and Giovanni, thought they were lost.

'When this ferment was at the highest, when the shouts were loudest and most ferocious, the Unknown Knight, who had not moved from his position, raised one hand to his morion, as if he was about to lift his visor, forgetting at the moment that it was closed up; but it was only a passing and almost involuntary gesture, for he let his arm drop immediately, and fixing his clenched fist on his iron cuish, he stood motionless, looking under the aperture in his helmet at this stormy confusion.

'Meanwhile the heralds and officers of the field ran all round the lists, shouting and signing to the people to be quiet and return to their places. Indeed, by degrees the storm began to subside and disperse, till it totally vanished. The bold young men, who longed to come to blows; the timid, who did not wish to remain and be crushed in the throng; and the inquisitive, who made the greatest disturbance, and whose number was most, went back to their seats, some chafing, some laughing, some asking what it was all about.'—Vol. ii. p. 17.

As soon as order is restored, they meet, and Ottorino is unhorsed by the terrible shock of his opponent; but he is not

killed. It had been noticed that the Unknown Knight, at the moment he heard his adversary shout the words, 'Long live Marco!' had driven the point of his lance into the planks of a scaffolding, and had broken it off. The unaffected burst of loyal affection, so unlooked for, and from one who so little thought who heard it, turned the wild torrent—nothing else could have turned it. Marco waited till he was satisfied that Ottorino was living, and then galloped off, to fierce remorse and despair.

From the first moment that Bice left her home at Limonta to come to Milan, she has had a presentiment of evil. She has always trembled at the name of Marco Visconti. She sees her fears realized. His fierce, stormy affection is to consume and destroy her. Away from Milan; full of remorse for his attempt against his kinsman; hopeless, but unable to command himself; feeling, more keenly than ever, the shame of his associates, of his own doings,—he still places himself between Bice and Ottorino. His agent, Pelagrua, a thorough-bred Italian scoundrel, is to watch them; not to touch a hair of their head, but to stop their marriage. The keen-scented villain, to his infinite amazement, discovers his master's secret—that Marco is in love with Bice. A man in love, even if he is the fierce terrible great Marco himself, is always amusing: his thrills of awe, his bursts of reverent tenderness, his delicate shrinkings, his devotion and touchiness—have no sympathy or respect, except with those who are like him. Pelagrua certainly was not in love: he has found out the great man, chuckles, wonders, and schemes by turns, and tells Lodrisio. It falls in with Lodrisio's plans to keep up Marco's passion; besides, he hates Ottorino. He cannot prevent the marriage; but the day that Ottorino and Bice leave Milan to be out of reach of Marco's vengeance, they are separated by a forged letter from Marco, which calls away Ottorino, and Bice is shut up in one of Marco's castles, under the guard of Pelagrua: and at last Marco hears of it,—and that it is imputed to him.

It is as if he had been awakened to judgment. He had been playing with evil, and it has rolled back upon him. His eyes are opened. The good and the bad, the baseness and nobleness which have been twisting and twining together in his bosom, start asunder, and look each other in the face. He sweeps off like a storm to Milan, to the castle where Bice is confined. Lodrisio hears of his arrival, and sends warning to Pelagrua; b[illegible]a is absent, and Marco arrives.

But Bice has disappeared.—

'On the table, in the middle of the room
but now, the aliment being exhausted it
from the little flame that flickered
was consumed and almost red

this, and in that moment of passion, he yielded to the ideas of his country, which were full of superstitious and vain auguries, and it came into his mind that this little, feeble, dying flame was an image, a kind of symbol of Bice's life. With superstitious dread, he moved the Castellan's wife gently away from it, lest the agitation of the surrounding air should extinguish it.

'Near the lamp lay a Bible, opened at the 34th chapter of the Prophecies of Jeremiah; the leaves appeared moistened with recent tears, and, in the third, fourth, and fifth verses, the following words were underlined:—

'"*Non effugies de manu ejus, sed in comprehensione capieris . . . . Attamen audi verbum Domini . . . . Hæc dicit Dominus ad te: Non morieris in gladio . . . . sed in pace morieris . . . . et væ Domine! plangent te!*"[1]

'On reading this, Marco felt his heart inspired with a confidence, and an almost supernatural feeling of certainty, that he should still find the unfortunate Bice, that he should still find her alive. Those words of the Prophet's which she had marked seemed to him, in this moment of excitement and agitation, like a clear prediction of her end, and he exclaimed, turning to the woman:

'"Be of good courage; Bice is not dead."'—Vol. ii. pp. 140, 141.

They find her at last, in the dungeons of the castle, to all appearance dead; she revives, but only for a few hours.

'Towards evening, the invalid, who felt herself growing worse and worse, asked for a confessor. She remained for some time with an old Benedictine, who was summoned to her assistance, after which she desired again to see her parents.

'"Hark! my daughter," said her father, "Ottorino is not yet come, but we expect him before day-break."

'She became agitated, and replied, "Ottorino, my husband! my dear husband! . . . If the Lord would have vouchsafed me this boon, ... if I could but have seen him before I die!"

'"Sacrifice your desire to Him," said the pious monk. "Offer your husband to Him who gave him to you, and adore that eternal counsel of justice and mercy which accepts this sacrifice of your heart in expiation of your sins, and as a remedy to save your soul."

'Poor Bice joined her hands and raised her eyes to Heaven, in token of a heartfelt assent, but a sad resignation. Ermelinda exclaimed, laying one hand on her head, "Oh, my child!—my beloved child! am I then to lose you! What will remain for me in this world without you, for you were my comfort, my only consolation!"

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[1] '"And thou shalt not escape out of his hands, but shalt surely be taken and delivered into his hand . . . . Yet hear the word of the LORD . . . . . Thus saith the LORD of thee, Thou shalt not die by the sword, but thou shalt die in peace . . . . and they will lament for thee, saying, Oh LORD!"'

It has been thought best to give the version of the English Bible for these words, instead of a literal translation of Martini's version, which the author places in his note.

'Her daughter hung down her head and wept; after a minute she replied, sobbing:—

'"Consolation did you say! And what consolation have you ever derived from this miserable being, whose waywardness has scattered so many thorns over your path? Oh! dearest mother, I do not ask for your pardon, because I know that you have already forgiven all; and you too, my father, you have also forgiven me, have you not?"

'Ermelinda and the Count were so choked with tears, that they could not utter a word. They were all silent for some time.

'During this interval Lauretta, after bringing some kind of restorative beverage to the patient, had thrown herself into a chair beside the bed, and, overcome by exertion and fatigue, she gradually bent down her head over the bed-clothes, and fell asleep. Bice, who perceived this, without removing the hand which was resting on her shoulder, motioned with the other to those standing round her, that they should be silent, and not make any noise. She, herself, as she now and then exchanged a few words with the Confessor, lowered her voice, which was of itself almost gone; and the pious monk, touched by this tender solicitude, followed her example. At first, Bice had perpetually required the sheets or the pillows to be smoothed; one minute wishing to be lifted up; another to be turned on her side—as sick persons are wont to do when they can find no repose on any side,—now, however, she constrained herself to lie still in the position she was in, hardly daring to draw her breath, for fear of disturbing her beloved attendant, on whose face she fixed her eyes with an expression of tender compassion.

'When Lauretta awoke the day was beginning to dawn, and the slender flame of the lamp which was placed by the bedside, was growing dim, before the first gleams which came in through the opposite casement.

'On awaking, she stared round her with astonishment, not knowing at the first moment where she was, till she encountered the eyes of Bice, who smiled kindly at her, saying,—"You are here with me—you are with your dear Bice." Lauretta looked down, grieved and ashamed because the frailty of the body should have been able to make her forget her cherished mistress for one instant, in such an extremity. But Bice, who divined the thought of her affectionate companion, knew how to comfort her quickly, by imposing on her every little service she needed, and by graciously receiving all the tender offices which Lauretta performed with redoubled zeal.'

* * * * *

'Bice was silent after this, as she felt her strength failing her. She remained a long time as if in a stupor; at last, slowly opening her eyes, she turned them towards the window, through which the sun's rays were shining in, murmuring to herself, "Oh, my dear mountains!"

'Her mother drew closer to her, and Bice, with difficulty, raising her voice, which was becoming every instant more feeble and tremulous, uttered these words, in broken sentences: "There, in the holy Churchyard of Limonta, in that little Chapel . . . where my poor brother lies . . . where we have prayed together . . . and wept together so . . . Let me rest by his side. . . . You will go there alone to

weep for us both. . . . . I shall have the best wishes of those good people. . . . Salute them all for me . . . and poor Marta, who has a son also, in that holy place. . . ."

'Her mother, more by signs than by words, for her utterance was impeded by tears, assured her that every wish should be fulfilled. Then the Monk, perceiving that the suffering girl had but a few moments to live, put on his stole, gave her his blessing, and began to recite the prayers for the dying, over her. All knelt round the bed and responded, sobbing. Bice, also, sometimes with her voice, sometimes with a slow and fervent inclination of her head, showed that she was taking part in the aspirations expressed in those holy words. Her calm and placid countenance gave testimony to the peace of that devout spirit, which, in the midst of the pangs of death, tasted beforehand the bliss of another life.

'But suddenly, the silent stillness which prevailed in that room, was broken by the noise of hurried footsteps ascending the staircase. All eyes were turned to the door. The Castellan's wife, getting up, went to meet the two individuals who were approaching, and spoke a few words to them. One of the two paused on the threshold, but the other, rushing into the room, threw himself on his knees at the foot of the bed, pressed and kissed the bedclothes, and inundated them with a flood of tears.

'Ermelinda, the Count, and Lauretta, immediately recognised Ottorino; the others guessed who it was.

'The young man had just arrived from the castle of Binasco, in company with him in whose name he had been detained prisoner, and who had gone in person to set him at liberty.

'The dying girl, disturbed by this sudden noise, languidly opened her eyes, without being able to distinguish the new comer, who was concealed from her view by those standing about, and enquired what it was.

'"Praised be GOD!" exclaimed the Confessor, with emotion. "You accepted the bitter trial from Him; you accepted it with resignation and gratitude; receive, with the same mind, the blessing He now grants you."

'"What? . . . . Ottorino! . . . ." said Bice, in the agonies of death, making a last effort to pronounce his name.

'"Yes, your husband," repeated the Priest; and, going to the young Knight, he made him rise from his knees, and brought him to her. Bice fixed on him her two eyes, which sparkled with a ray on the point of being extinguished, stretching out her hand, over which he bent his face, agitated, but no longer tearful. After a moment, the expiring girl drew her hand gently back, and showing it to her husband, she at the same time pointed to her mother, and tried to say something, without being able to articulate the words distinctly. The Monk guessed her desire, and turned to Ottorino.

'"She wishes to tell you of the wedding ring she has entrusted to her mother, and which you will receive from her." A smile brightened the countenance of Bice, signifying that he was right. Then Ermelinda

quickly drew the ring from her finger, and gave it to Ottorino, who kissed it, and said, "It shall descend with me into the grave."

'"Your wife has also bequeathed a petition to you," continued the Priest; "she prays you to lay aside all thoughts of revenge, if ever you entertained any in your heart. 'Vengeance belongeth to the LORD.'"

'Bice kept her eyes anxiously fixed on the countenance of Ottorino, who stood with his head hung down, and made no answer; but the confessor took the irresolute young man by the arm. "Well," he asked, in a grave and severe tone, "do you promise? Do you promise this to your wife, who, at the last step from life into death, from time into eternity, asks it of you as a favour, imposes it on you as a duty, in the name of that GOD, before Whom she is about to appear?"

'"Yes, I promise it," replied Ottorino, giving way to a burst of tears. Bice thanked him, with a look full of angelic mildness, which plainly showed that she had nothing more to wish for in this world.

'After this, the Priest signed to the bystanders, who knelt down again, and he went on with the prayers that had been interrupted. In this moment of suspense and universal silence, she who lay at the point of death seemed the only one who was aware of the suppressed sound of sobs, coming from the next room; and she slowly raised her eyes to her mother's face, as if enquiring who it was; but Ermelinda hid her face in her hands, for she could not bring herself to pronounce that name; the Priest, however, bending over Bice, said to her, in a low voice, "Pray for him, pray especially for him; he is Marco Visconti."

'She gently inclined her head in token that she did so; and they never saw her raise it. She had breathed her last.'—Vol. ii. pp.151—155.

There is something more horrible in having been the cause of evil than in having actually done it: an indefinite, negative horror; the horror of not knowing what we have done—of not having been able to help ourselves, yet of being, we know not how far, responsible. We can grasp, in a manner, the work of our own will and hand: it seems our own to undo, or atone for, as it has been to do; but the evil done by others, through our means, seems to leave us powerless. There is a blank and dreadful waste of possibilities, on which repentance seems to spend itself, and be lost; the passiveness, the not having stopped mischief as we might, as perhaps we could have done, this has with it the intense bitterness of a lost opportunity; our will seems to have turned against itself. Marco had not killed Bice; but he had made others do it for his sake: the soldier, the noble, the politician, were lost in the guilty man, who could not measure his own guilt. Under the boiling tides, which chafed and coursed about in perpetual alternation, there was still the firm-rooted r
great deep-reaching love of goodness,—that solem
mournful tenderness of his youth,—that quick, a
justice,—as awful to himself as to others. And n
dations seemed torn up and shattered, and his virt

aim or hope. Bitter thought to Visconti—his whole life, so glorious, so full of zest, of promise, had failed.

The miserable wretch who had been Lodrisio's minister is hurled from the castle wall by the furious Visconti.

'Two guards took him between them, and made him ascend to the tower: at every step he made, he commended himself to Ottorino, who was behind, in order that he might assist him, and screen him from the first fury of his master. When he came into the presence of Marco, he flung himself down before him, on his knees, trembling all over, and stammering in broken sentences, with his teeth chattering, "Mercy! Mercy!.... I thought.... it was not from any evil intention.... but that I thought.... it was Lodrisio.... Lodrisio, who urged me to do it.... and I will tell you.... and you will see...."

'But the Visconte, after casting a glance of rage and abhorrence on the miserable wretch, without listening to him, began to look over a heap of papers which one of the guards had delivered to him on the part of the judge; afterwards, raising his eyes from them, he made a a sign to the soldiers that they might retire.

'Then, giving the whole packet, just as it was, to Ottorino, he said to him, "They are your letters found in the apartments of that unfortunate victim."

'The young man took them, and began to read them.

'Meanwhile Marco cast another glance upon the countenance of the Castellan, who lay prostrate before him, and who ceased not to groan and supplicate. Giving him a kick with one foot, Marco roared, in a voice of thunder, "Get up, miscreant." The wretch obeyed. At the sight of that visiage, on which even fear and remorse were mingled with something sinister and cruel, the Lord of Rosate felt his blood boil. He paced up and down the platform, to calm himself, and then, pausing close to Pelagrua, he began to question him:—

'"How long is it since Lodrisio was here?"

'But, before he could answer, Ottorino approached Marco, and, pointing to the letters he had just received from Marco, he said, shuddering, "It is a base and cruel treachery. These letters are not mine."

'Marco snatched them out of his hands, and, holding them in Pelagrua's face, who, at the words of Ottorino, had begun to tremble violently, he demanded, in a voice half stifled by anger, "Whose are they then?"

'"It was,...." stammered Palagrua; "it was to.... to obey you—to serve you better."

'At this, Visconti lost all self-control. "Ah, infernal monster!" he roared like a madman; at the same moment, he struck him such a blow in the face, that it shattered his jaw, sending him down headlong from the tower, at the foot of which he was found dead the next morning, pierced through by one of the stakes which were planted in the foss.

'After this, Marco retired to his own apartments, where he would not allow any one, not even Ottorino, to follow him. There he shut himself up, and remained alone till late at night, searching into cabinets, selecting various papers, burning many, replacing some, making notes

of others. He wrote many letters, and made his will, in which, after providing for the widow of Pelagrua, with a large pension, and after different bequests to his squires, pages, and all the numerous household he maintained, he named Ottorino his heir. At midnight, he sent for the Monk, who had attended Bice, and confessed himself to him: this done, he threw himself into an arm-chair, and slept calmly for a couple of hours; at least, so said, afterwards, one of his servants, who, unperceived by Marco, had watched him in silence from the next room. When he awoke, he called for something to drink, which was brought to him in a large gold cup, and he drank it off at one draught. Finding he could not sleep any longer, and as it was insupportable to him to wait till morning doing nothing, he went out into a balcony, where, in that darkness and silence, he walked backwards and forwards like a soul in torment, always intent upon a faint light, and the low murmur of prayers which came from a small room over against him.'—Vol. ii. pp. 157, 158.

The next morning he rushed off to Milan, to seek for Lodrisio; but Lodrisio was far beyond his reach. But, before he went, he revealed to the lord of Milan the plots in which he and Marco had been engaged against him. Marco is told that Lodrisio is at the palace. He goes there:—

'Without any suspicion, Marco advanced, crossed the threshold, and entered a long antechamber. Scarcely had he set foot in it, than the door behind him suddenly closed, and the iron bolts rung. In the twinkling of an eye, six armed men rushed from their hiding places, clad in complete armour, with their morions on their heads, and the visors down, and attacked him at once on every side. In the first onset, they gave him two wounds, one in the throat, the other in the side; then they pressed round him, seizing him by the shoulders, the waist, and taking hold of his legs to bring him to the ground. With one hand he felt on his left side for his dagger, but one of the assassins had had the precaution and dexterity to remove it, at the moment he had fallen upon him.

'Marco saw that he was lost, but he would not die without resistance; he raised his fist, and let it fall with such violence on the head of one who had just given him a thrust in the breast, that the man rolled on the floor like a bull stricken down with a club. But the others, still continuing to close round him, dragged him, weltering in his blood, to a window which overlooked the street; there they caught him by the arms and legs, and round the middle, and, lifting up his whole weight, they gave him a push, and cast him headlong on to the pavement, where in a few minutes he expired.'—P. 160.

The tale ends as it should end; we have no sympathy with the cry against 'melancholy endings.' It really is not melancholy; awful, saddening, it is, but not melancholy. The popular instinct in history that so often *craves* for the death of the great warrior on his battle field, is not mere love of the horrib Greatness and death are correlatives: height of character—i

cence, seem to have a right to misfortune, as their foil,—as their seal. They are suspected; they may be counterfeits; they are imperfect; they want their due homage, without it. Greatness tends to glorify itself by not having its reward here in prosperity, in mere smiles and snugness. It is so much lost to it if it ends well. It vanishes and shades off into common-place; the sharp line, the dark background, the parting heroic attitude of soul, the momentary fleeting blaze of glory, all that throws it forward, and gives it control, is forfeited. We are glad to hear it; but the great man is now become like one of ourselves; he takes up with what is earthly as we do; he calls off our thoughts when they were wandering on to the Infinite. The old Scandinavians felt the anti-climax of dying in their beds; the short span is the choice of Achilles; the stern tenderness of the oracle blessed the sons of the Argive priestess with untimely death. Greatness, in its *apogée*, ought to separate—to fly off from the earth, not return back to it. When all is over, when the axe has fallen, the shot told, the last gasp been drawn, hope here ended, we feel that things have had their fitting completion; the shrinking human sympathies are overridden by a loftier interest; man's judgment and regrets are arrested and silenced; we feel the shadow of Providence passing over; we have reached the verge of the world; we are placed in face of the Living Law—the 'Wisdom reaching from end to end, that sweetly and strongly disposeth all things'—the *abyssalia judicia*. Modern tragedy sings in this key; it awes, composes. Ancient tragedy appalled; it felt the spell and fascination of death—that there is a mysterious satisfaction in seeing it take hold of innocence, greatness, power; but the mystery was ill solved. Ancient tragedy was unnatural, horrible; it looked *backwards*, for a curse, a frightful Nemesis, an inexorable, inevitable Atè; but this is not the true solution. Modern tragedy, equally severe, looks *forwards*. We recognise the fitness of its picture; we would not that a tragedy should end otherwise than it does; for there is in our nature a real secret harmony with the order of Providence. Failure here is natural. Under the crowd of our endless changing feelings, we at last expect it; we *feel* that it is natural—that it is like what we know of the awful ways of God. But it leads forward; it awakens the ever-forgotten, ever-recurring thought of His just everlasting reign. 'Right dear in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints:'—our first feeling of strangeness about the words lasts but a moment; our inmost hearts understand it. Contest, work kept up to the last moment;—then leaving every thing blank, empty, and still, for the echoes and reflections of the Judgment. The innocent is cut off and not avenged; the great man perishes, and the base and cunning triumphs and takes

his place. We acquiesce; it is as it should be; it is an augury of compensation. Lower and lower still, it is no matter; let it be not mere ruin, not mere death; let there be dishonour and indignity; let the noble and beautiful body be insulted, mangled, thrown out of window, dragged through the streets—all romance shocked by the coarseness of ferocity; still, revolting as it is, it is as it should be. The mind feels a stern pleasure in realizing all to the full, in not shrinking from it; in grasping in its details the complete overthrow of good, in feeling with defiance the full strength of evil. Justice is having its severe course; it is the day of shame due from every thing human; the day of confusion to human greatness; of visitation, of self-conviction to human virtue; the time of confession and expiation. It is all going on before the throne of God; the ridiculous, the dishonouring, He notes them, as He notes death. The fearful extremities of ignominy, the realities of shame, which feeling shrinks from, which poetry, while it welcomes death, rejects, these the Cross accepts, gives meaning to, ennobles, hallows.—'*Exultabunt ossa humilitate;*—broken, and scattered, and brought low, the poor, humbled relics of man are in the hands of his merciful Lord, who sees them not as man seeth, who cherishes them to be avenged, and to be made glorious.

The writer of Marco Visconti has not been afraid of trusting this deep feeling of human nature. He has thrown himself, with steady resolution and bold confidence, into the order of the world; not into a poetical order, or a philosophical order, but the order which exists. He has done so in his story and in his characters. Grossi is not afraid of drawing people about whom we are doubtful whether we should approve or condemn them; he is not afraid to let poetical justice go to ruin, and to throw his readers back on the stern truth of reality, that 'debts are contracted in this world, and settled in another.'

ART. VII.—1. *Voyage en Egypte et en Syrie. Par* VOLNEY.

2. *Itinéraire de Paris à Jérusalem, et de Jérusalem à Paris. Par* CHATEAUBRIAND.

3. *Voyage en Orient. Par* ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

4. *Reise in das Morgenland.* SCHUBERT. 3 vols. Erlangen, 1840, bei T. J. Palm.

5. *Letters from the East. By* Lord LINDSAY.

6. *Visit to the East.* (No. XXV. of Englishman's Library.) *By the* Rev. H. FORMBY. London: Burns.

7. *A Pastor's Memorial of the Holy Land. By the* REV. G. FISK.

8. *The Crescent and the Cross. By* E. WARBURTON, Esq. 2 vols. London: Colburn. 1845.

9. *Journey from Naples to Jerusalem. By* D. BORRER, Esq. London: James Madden & Co. 1845.

10. *Incidents of Travel. By* L. STEPHENS.

11. *Eothen.* London: Ollivier. 1844.

12. *Irby and Mangles' Travels in the Holy Land.* London: Murray. 1844.

13. *Letters of a German Countess.* 3 vols. London: Colburn. 1845.

14. *Egypt, Arabia, &c. By the* Rev. H. P. MEASOR.

15. *Visit to my Father-land. By* RIDLEY H. HERSCHELL. London: Unwin. 1844.

16. *Palm Leaves. By* R. M. MILNES, Esq. London: Moxon.

17. *Travels in the East. By* Dr. OLIN. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1843.

18. *The Holy City. By the* Rev. GEORGE WILLIAMS. London: J. W. Parker. 1845.

19. *Biblical Researches in Palestine. By* Dr. ROBINSON. 3 vols. London: Murray. 1841.

20. *The Greek Church. By the* Rev. GEORGE WADDINGTON.

21. *Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians.* London: C. Knight.

22. *Selections from the Kuran. By* ED. W. LANE. London: James Madden & Co.

23. *Memoirs of Lady Hester Stanhope.* 3 vols. London: Colburn. 1845.

24. *Narrative of a Mission to Bokhara, &c. By the* Rev. Joseph Wolff, D.D., LL.D. 2 vols. Second Ed. London: J. W. Parker. 1845.

25. *The Tiara and the Turban, &c.: the Dominions of the Pope and the Sultan. By* S. S. Hill, Esq. 2 vols. London: Madden and Malcolm. 1845.

The above dense chaplet of authors,

'Doctorum præmia frontium,'

considering the very limited portion of the globe to which they refer, their proximity to each other in point of time, and the suspicion, or rather probability, that they are but specimens of a wonderfully numerous class, affords a manifest indication that the region of Palestine is fast becoming a spot of very favourite resort.

The 'grand tour,' which, in the days of the poet Pope, comprised Rome and Sicily as its Ultima Thule, has now greatly enlarged itself. It was once Roman, then in a while it conquered Greece, and having now been satiated with the spoils of heathen antiquity, it moves in quest of the sacred, and seeks to become Biblical, for a change. Nothing censorious or cynical is meant by the remark. The vast and wonderful works of God, which have made the sons of Zion, and the land of Judea, an object of note above all other lands, were done in so open a manner as to challenge the observation of the nations; and are, therefore, surely permissible subjects for the attention of those who profess to travel for the instruction and improvement to be gained by seeing and examining all that is to be seen and observed. There seems no imaginable reason why the travellers of any European country, should be reasonably interdicted from freely examining and reporting the present condition of the land where the marvellous deeds recorded in the Holy Scriptures were chiefly wrought. On the contrary, many very strong reasons concur to show how desirable it is, that the civilized nations of Europe should be in possession of the very fullest and most accurate information of the true condition of Palestine, which the journals and accounts of travellers can supply. The Sacred prophecy itself speaks of the 'stranger that shall come from a far country, who 'should marvel when he should see the plagues, and the sicknesses 'which the Lord hath laid upon the land. That it is not sown, nor 'beareth, nor any grass groweth therein, like the overthrow of 'Sodom and Gomorrah, Admah and Zeboim, which the Lord

'overthrew in His anger; and should say, Wherefore hath the 'Lord done this unto this land? what meaneth the heat of His 'great anger? Then men shall say, Because they have forsaken 'the covenant of the Lord God of their fathers.'—(Deut. xxix. 22—25.)

The providence of Almighty God has been pleased to exhibit to the nations of the earth, not merely Sodom and the other cities of the Plain, as a warning to them to beware of the like corrupt morals, and to make it known to the universe, that God will not permit His creation to debase and corrupt themselves with impunity; but He has chosen the very same land to make it the scene of another judgment equally significant,—intimating that He will no more suffer His creation to squander the noble gifts to which He is pleased, by His inscrutable election, to exalt them, than to debase their first creation. The same Palestine which witnessed the judgment upon Sodom and Gomorrah, has seen that upon Zion and Judea. The one, a punishment for debasing and corrupting the original work of creation; the other, a judgment for misusing and degrading the privileges of a special election vouchsafed to them. And, as such, its present aspect and condition not only justly challenges observation of every thoughtful traveller, but its examination may be hoped to open a vein of thought and meditation, as well as to supply a picture of living human nature that will far more richly repay the wayfarer, than any reward which the view of the hazy and distant peaks of the Alps, or the square partitioned plains of Lombardy, could possibly give.

How far our authors afford an indication that Palestine is now, or is becoming, the object of sober and religious regard, remains to be seen when we come to dive more deeply into the specimens of their various modes of viewing, and commenting upon what there met their eye. We shall here express considerable distrust, at least, of a large proportion of them, unless they prove much superior to the multitude of idlers, who waste the flower of their days in flitting to and fro over the different states of Europe, 'gallerying it, Roming it, and Florencing it,' as Lord Byron aptly expresses himself. How surprising an emptiness of all sense—yes, even of mere liveliness and vivacity, not to mention profound and well considered reflection,—is that which characterises the tourist publications of the last ten years, those, at least, which have taken Europe for their subject. And if the current productions of the press be taken, as they may fairly be, for a favourable specimen of the general tone and condition of the whole body of Anglican nomades, it being certain that only the more ambitious and enterprising will find their way into print, how singularly strange an opinion must a

sober stay-at-home person be forced to form of them! Is he very likely to think them much improved, since the days when the poet described the hero of foreign travel as one who

> 'Sauntered Europe round,
> And gathered every vice on Christian ground;
> Saw every court; heard every king declare
> His royal sense of operas, or the fair.
> * * * * *
> * * * * *
> Tried all hors-d'œuvres, all liqueurs defined;
> Judicious drank, and, greatly daring, dined.
> Dropped the dull lumber of the Latin store;
> Spoiled his own language, and acquired no more.
> All classic learning lost on classic ground.'

It might, therefore, be somewhat sanguine to hope too much from the late sudden influx of the erratic genius of Europe into the Holy Land. What must become of the eager expectation of the divine, the student, the man of letters, the lady of religious reading, on meeting with nothing but the would-be-wittiness of the author of 'Eothen,' or such unsparing trifling as that of the German Countess?

Of course, in a general way, any traveller who has a tolerably cheerful and pleasant temper, may safely expect to find a certain degree of sympathy for his mere personal adventures; he may select almost any given line of route he pleases, and fill up the various stations and intervals with an account of the fleas that tormented him in a caravansera, the bad dinner that he was obliged to eat at a certain place, and the good one that he met with soon after, to make up for it: the great heat of the sun in a particular valley, and how it blistered the skin on his cheeks; the great distress and inconvenience of his party for want of water, and how contented they were with the very bad water they at last found; the cleverness of some Bedouin, or other thief, who stole part of the baggage, and how they managed to supply the loss. All such mere personal incidents of journeying, if pleasantly and cheerfully told, interspersed with pretty descriptions of the scenery, of sunset, distant hills, occasional glimpses of the sea, seasoned, if possible, with specimens of the conversation and manners of the people of the country; these are quite sufficient to render a volume of foreign travel generally acceptable, and we see no reason to deter any author from thus amusing his readers, if he and they be so pleased. Yet we have a right to expect that Palestine should be spared this trifling. The awe that belongs to a land lying under a heavy curse and sentence of Divine wrath; the grandeur that belongs to one charged with the recollections of a past history so sacred, so sublime, ought to be a sufficient protection from the published accounts of mere pleasant good humoured travellers. Such triflers seem as if they went out of the way to proclaim

that they had been passing blindfold through the land, and had lost the power to see the handwriting of the curse and wrath of God written upon the face of it. It were better, and more decent, that Palestine should be forgotten by the busy throng of Europe altogether, as it was during the two centuries past, than, when again revisited, it should be so only by a locust storm of unfeeling dilettantes, who, like the author of 'Eothen,' are inclined to refine their common-place smartness and jocularity by the dash of the profaneness which it acquires from a proximity to things held in universal veneration for their sanctity.

Palestine, and the hitherto inaccessible mountains of Moab and Edom, have been, in a very remarkable manner, thrown open to European search; for since Burckhardt first discovered the remains of Petra, the influx of persons of all nations who have come to visit them has been so considerable, that, if what we have heard said by an eye-witness be credible, the number of pencilled names on one or two of the chief monuments was so great, as to remind him more of the statues in the Tuileries, or the outer walls of an European Museum, than anything which he would have supposed possible to have been found in the midst of an Eastern solitude. Nor, again, does it appear at all probable that the routes now open to tourists in Syria are likely to be soon closed to them. The high road to British India has already done much to spread a knowledge of the power and wealth of the British nation, even among the Arab and Bedouin tribes, who are, in consequence, brought more or less in contact with Europeans, in their capacity of camel drivers, on the tract of desert between Cairo and Suez; and from whom the report of the wealthy strangers cannot fail to spread among their neighbours.

If this be the case, we cannot but regret that so few of our authors have taken the pains to render their works specially useful to those whom they are so very likely to incite to follow their footsteps. They are, for the most part, but a daily transcript of the day's thoughts and movements,—a little condensed and pruned, it is true, trimmed into a presentable form, and no doubt but that a great deal of the practical wisdom which can be learned no where, and in no other way, than in the very act and deed of conducting a journey in the East, is dispersed over their pages,—yet so dispersed, that a young tyro on his travels might as well resign himself quietly to the task of learning his wisdom from his own experience, as attempt to glean it from the pages of those who have preceeded him. This, we presume, comes to pass from the fact, that those who write books of travels, more especially gossiping books, such as are the chief part of those we are now commenting upon, do not sufficiently consider how many curious and adventurous spirits they are certain to stir up

to enter upon the same enterprises, and that they consequently contract an obligation to allow them the full benefit of whatever wisdom they may have acquired from their experience; or else it is that travellers in general, particularly English travellers, are so conscious of their own peculiarities;—for, had they not had many peculiarities, they might have stayed at home like other sober men,—that they hold it to be foolishness to waste the fruits of their experience upon others, who they appear to take for granted would be certain to go only their own way, notwithstanding all the advice that could be given.

Shall we venture to step in and supply their backwardness to advise by giving a few hints? With so much to borrow from; with so much experimental and practical wisdom dispersed over their pages at our command, it seems a less formidable task, to speak *ex cathedrâ* of the rules and maxims whereby a profitable journey may be made to the East, when surrounded by so vast a body of counsellors, than for a single traveller, upon the strength of his own *ipse dixit*, to prescribe sage counsel to his successors. At all events, we are so much concerned for the likelihood of the hasty and crude manner in which many, particularly young men, may be induced, by the tempting narratives now placed in their way, to set sail for the Levant, like the famous Lord Bateman, who being

> 'A noble lord of high degree,
> Did ship himself all aboard of a ship,
> Some foreign country for to see,'

that, not at all daunted by the little repute in which sage counsel and admonition is sometimes held by those for whose benefit it is intended, we shall venture at least to throw out a few hints how a really profitable journey to Egypt and Palestine may be made; observing only, that those who have never entertained, or are likely to entertain, the idea of the journey, need not be surprised at the plainness of the advice, or the minuteness of detail to which it descends.

In the first place, then, we shall not scruple to say, somewhat unreservedly, at the outset, that we are convinced there can be but little reasonable hope that a tour to Palestine will be productive of any true and lasting good to a Christian gentleman, unless it be regarded in the light of a pilgrimage. Can any good reason be given, at this era of the world, any more than at another, why such a tour should not be, a true, *bonâ fide*, real pilgrimage? It may be said, perhaps, that the polite company of an Alexandria steamer, stewards, and stewardesses, pale ale, hourly refreshments, flirtations on deck, and backgammon and chess down below, will turn out a singular introduction to a pilgrimage. Possibly they may: yet what is to hinder a pilgrim of the nineteenth

century from reasoning with himself as follows:—'Syria is the land whence the Gospel and the Christian Covenant has gone out into all lands, beginning at Jerusalem. Here appeared the Messiah, of whom it was foretold that He should bring all nations out of darkness into His marvellous light; from hence went forth His chosen servants, to become princes and rulers, in His name, over all nations, and so I see it to be at this day. The Bishops and their Clergy, who rule and govern Christendom, what are they but the successors of the twelve who went out from Jerusalem—what is their doctrine but the Word that was preached to all men, beginning at Jerusalem? Syria then, is to me, the land of the birthplace of my Faith, and my hope of a better life to come; it is the scene of my Redeemer's labours, sufferings, and death; it is the country of the people to whom were given Moses and the Prophets, and the oracles of God, and whom I now see to be cast out of their ancient home and scattered over the nations of the earth, yet not come to a full end; Syria, therefore, to me has a dearer interest than any other land can have. Of Rome and Athens I have read; but Syria has a nearer claim and is dearer far to me; it is the birthplace of my hope of the world to come, it is the quarter whence came to me that fellowship and brotherhood, the Church of Christ, of which I am a member by baptism, and in which I trust, through God's mercy, to attain the prize of my calling.' How few of our young educated academics, who, by the way, are among the members of the community most likely to be drawn to visit the Holy Land by the inducement of the singular facility of performing the journey, would feel any temptation to disown any part of the above reflections! yet, if once admitted to be just, once really and heartily entertained by any Christian student contemplating a summer's excursion thitherwards, it would not be easy to understand how his thoughts respecting his proposed journey could fall very far short of the full and complete idea of a pilgrimage.

And what is the true idea contained in the term pilgrimage? Somewhat, surely, wholly separate from the accidental accessories that time and many veteran prejudices have associated with it. A pilgrimage is not of necessity a discipline either of extravagant mortification, or extraordinary humiliation; it prescribes no uncommon or strange mode of performing the journey, nor yet does it involve any particular routine of exercise of whatever kind, nor is it necessarily tied down to a precise order of march, or a definite number of sacred spots to be visited. In a word, a pilgrimage is not at all necessarily a penance, though, in days gone by, it may have been found a

most ready and effective instrument of inflicting ecclesiastical punishment, and may have been known to operate as a most sanitary corrective upon many a noble corrupted with the excesses of pride, wealth, and dominion, and gorged with plunder and extortion. Nor again, is the notion of expiation or atonement in any way a necessary part of the true idea of a pilgrimage. A pilgrimage is, properly, no more than a journey or expedition, like any other kind of travel, so far as it implies locomotion, differing from them only in the fact of its having no secular object, but a purely religious and spiritual one, in view, viz. the improvement of the heart, and the refreshment of the religious feelings, by the sight of spots sanctified by the presence or the works of Almighty God and of His messengers, both angels and prophets and saints, whom He, on various occasions, has sent to speak to men. This would appear to be the view which the Catholic Church has ever taken of the true benefit of the labours of a pilgrimage. The use afterwards made of pilgrimages as penances, satisfactory or expiatory of crimes and evil deeds committed, inasmuch as this in no degree forms a necessary part either of the abstract Catholic notion of a pilgrimage, or of the views and feelings that, in the outset, inclined the minds of Christians to visit and linger over the sacred places in which the works of the Christian Redemption were wrought out, shall be here wholly put out of the question. We see no reason why such a view of the matter should be here either impugned or defended; indeed, the whole question leads at once to a field of argument so long debated between the doctors of the later ages of the Church and those who have separated themselves, and involves in itself questions of so much subtlety and delicacy, that there is every reason to avoid it. It would require a distinct treatise to mark out clearly what is the true measure of the labour which, under the broad scheme of atonement and redemption, is rightly assigned to the individual soul to perform, in order that the remission of sins purchased by the Blood of Christ, may be fully obtained and secured. Upon this point so much can be reasonably urged by those who hold firmly to the plain intimation of the Apostle, that, under the scheme of redemption and remission of sins purchased by the sacrifice of the Son of God on the Cross, and by His sacrifice alone, there yet lies upon every Christian the burden of working out his own salvation with fear and trembling, that to speak lightly in condemnation of the use of pilgrimages as frequent in the mediæval period, without an adequate understanding of the views of the Church respecting them, can proceed only from ignorance and presumption. Indeed, it cannot escape an observing eye to detect the operation of the practical direction of the

Apostle, *to work out salvation*, upon the practice of pilgrimages; and on declining to enter into a subject to which we have not space to do justice, it will not be amiss to have pointed to a line of argument which has enough of weight upon the surface, to require, that all rash and inconsiderate censure upon the practice of pilgrimages, as they were conducted in the middle ages of the Church, should be suspended and kept in abeyance.

But to pass to our subject:—we rejoice to find, in Dr. Olin's work, the following just and truly Christian testimony to the true Catholic view of the legitimate and Christian use of pilgrimages. Dr. Olin himself occupies a post of some eminence in a Wesleyan University, so styled, in America, and on this account, his testimony is the more unsuspicious. Domestic affliction and personal suffering, two most powerful agents in purifying and opening the heart to holy influences, seem to have earned for him the freedom to speak the true and unbiassed sentiments of a Christian mind; a freedom which few of his brethren are ever able to acquire; so little do those who fall into sectarianism under the idea of emancipating themselves to a freedom which they conceive the Church denies them, ever really attain the object of their search.

'I confess,' observes Dr. Olin, instinctively perceiving that he is about to utter sentiments hard to be received, 'though the admission will not add to the weight of my opinions, that I found it particularly agreeable, in wandering over these venerable places, to surrender myself to their inspiration,—to listen reverently to the lessons of faith and gratitude which they inculcate. I felt that it was good and edifying to be upon the spot to which the eye of the Prophet was directed through the long future, when he exclaimed, "And thou, Bethlehem, in the land of Judah, art not the least among the princes of Judah, for out of thee shall come a Governor that shall rule my people Israel."'—*Olin*, vol. ii. p. 100.

And, again, he speaks more at length:—

'Many persons, I am aware, doubt the importance of the question to which I have given so large a place—[the argument as to the identity of the church of the Holy Sepulchre with Mount Calvary]. I cannot concur in their views. I have had some opportunities for observing the baneful influence of this horror of monastic traditions. Protestant travellers, and especially American and English Protestants, often lose many of the literary and all of the moral advantages of a visit to the theatre of biblical events, by a morbid suspicion of whatever is affirmed or believed by monks and Catholics. They carry into the midst of these inspiring scenes a predetermined scepticism, which quite disarms them of all power over the heart, and congeals the very sources of enthusiasm. I have heard cutting sneers about Catholic mummeries and credulity while I knelt down with a taper in my hand to examine the hole in the top of Calvary, where the Redeemer's cross is alleged to have been planted, and

my ears were wounded by irreverent criticisms when I stood in the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre, and gazed with emotion upon the spot where, or near which, the crucified Saviour was probably buried and rose again. This perverse spirit of scepticism is often extended indiscriminately to every object in and about Jerusalem, with the exception, perhaps, of the hills and deep valleys, which constitute the unchangeable, natural features of the region. For myself, I freely confess,' [adds Dr. Olin, again fully perceiving how little congenial his own warm-hearted, believing temper would be to the sectarian spirit of his brotherhood,] 'though it may detract not a little from the weight of my opinions, that I found believing far more agreeable than cold incredulity. I endeavoured to carry with me everywhere a paramount reverence for truth, and the spirit of fair and watchful criticism, but I could not and would not deny myself the luxury of communing freely with the glorious objects that fill and surround the holy city, and of yielding my imagination and my heart to the full power of the sacred associations that cluster upon the brow of its venerable hills, and teem in its deep, overshadowed valleys. The minute, and, as I hope, the usually just and accurate observations which appear on these pages, were often made under the influence of feelings which it would be as vain as useless to attempt to convey to the reader. I lingered about the remains of the ancient Temple, and admired its goodly stones with an intense interest, second only to that of the pilgrim sons of Jacob, who spend their whole lives in pouring out prayers and tears amid the desolations of their father-land. My walks upon Mount Zion, and, yet more, upon the Mount of Olives, the quiet and favourite haunt of the blessed Jesus and his apostles, which I frequently repeated, were productive of emotions often quite overwhelming. They have left impressions on my mind deep and lasting—as vivid, after the lapse of more than two years, as when I stood among the ancient olive-trees in the Garden of Gethsemane, or sat upon the mountain above, and looked down upon the Temple side from the very spot, or near it, where Christ uttered the graphic and terrible prediction of its utter overthrow. All the grand as well as minuter features of the landscape—Jerusalem seated upon its ancient hills; the deep, winding ravines, and more distant mountains that "are round about it;" the dark Vale of Cedron at the base of Olivet; the ancient road to Bethany, by which the adorable Saviour made his triumphal entry, "meek and seated on a colt, the foal of an ass;" the winding foot-path by which, more probably, he walked to visit his "friend Lazarus," and the sisters Martha and Mary—all are impressed upon my memory in clear, strong delineation, such as no other spot of earth, not even the place of my nativity, or the farm upon which the days of my boyhood were passed, has been able to produce. I indulged these emotions without stint or suspicion; and I cherish the impressions which they have fixed upon my imagination and my heart with unreserved affection and religious care. I trust I shall be a better, I am sure I am a happier man, for having been conversant with these hallowed scenes. They have shed new lights upon the Bible, and transformed many objects of a mere speculative belief into vivid and affecting realities. I

give unfeigned thanks to God that he has granted me the privilege of reading the law upon Mount Sinai, and of living, for a brief season, among scenes hallowed by the presence and ministry and sacrificial death of our blessed Lord. I have strongly felt, and I freely confess, the power which these sacred localities, the "sacer admonitus locorum" exert over the mind and heart; and I deprecate every tendency to an over-cautious and sceptical criticism, which may be liable to impair the influence of these incitements to lively faith and heartfelt piety without enlarging the empire of either religious or historical truth.'—*Olin*, vol. ii. pp. 293—295.

In Dr. Olin's view, then, there is an influence morally beneficial to the heart and mind of a Christian, in the presence of scenes and spots hallowed by the events and works of the Redemption, whether those of the Prophets who preceded the Messiah, or those of the blessed Jesus Himself, and His Apostles. Dr. Olin conceives that the Christian pilgrim will show his wisdom in labouring to open his heart to these purifying influences, by carefully guarding against the cold, unfeeling scepticism so common among English Protestants. Sentiments, for his courageous avowal of which we sincerely thank Dr. Olin. A kindred vein of sentiment, though expressed in a somewhat different manner, occurs in Mr. Formby's volume:—

'Before I inform you of all that he told us, let me first say, that, without attributing any design to our kind conductor, it was impossible not to see that the monkish legends were, in numerous particulars, highly incredible and even silly. However, I am not one, and I hope never may be, of a certain school of *illuminati*, who take a wilful pleasure in doubting legendary evidence of every kind; and to whom any discovery whatever, available against an old traditionary belief, is as a pearl of invaluable price. However harmless the belief may be, and it is often both pious and almost always the source of much happiness, yet nothing seems to satisfy modern science short of its total extirpation. In the eyes of a modern inquirer, an old story has no sort of value, unless there be a hope of its overthrow; he hails a legend with the same feelings with which the great heroes of romance are said to have come in sight of enchanted castles, as something which they thought themselves born to destroy. Hence it comes to pass, that of late years each book of travels has recorded fresh and fresh triumphs over the settled and received *mistakes* of ages: entire cities have been transposed and made to change their sites; new races of men have been invented to build the pyramids; and no author is content to return without a long string of the scalps of slaughtered legends, and without claiming at the least an "ovation" for some victorious theory! Now, with the leave of all such persons, be it observed, I can very well imagine a monk saying to his companion, "There come these Franks, all the way from * * * (how far or whence they cannot always tell); they find out that such a stone is 6,050 feet above the sea, and is of granite; that it is exactly 750

feet distant from another stone. They say too, that we are quite wrong in speaking of such events as having happened here; and that they have excellent reasons for knowing them to have happened somewhere else!" What surpassing wisdom! I do not, for my own part, know how a sensible man can well refuse to allow the monks their opinion. The monks are certainly as wise in their way, for at least their belief is a harmless one; *they* did not invent their story, whoever did, and they are happy in it. I question whether their wiser critics are as happy in their doubts!'—*Formby*, pp. 229, 230.

Now, if this be the notion of a pilgrimage, can any good and sound reason be given why the journey to Palestine, accomplished, as it may now be, in the course of a few months, with every European luxury and convenience, should not be viewed, by sober-minded and Christianly educated gentlemen, as somewhat of a true and real pilgrimage? Are the sacred scenes of our blessed Saviour's sufferings and miracles less sacred because they can be approached with ease; and if the journey there be freed from its former difficulties and hazards, must it therefore degenerate into a party of pleasure? In short, is there not something shockingly profane and revolting in the idea of a continental idler gaping and staring over the Holy Land, to feed himself for pastime and amusement, with Biblical reminiscences?

Mr. Formby justly remarks:—

'We have not lost the taste for pilgrimages, but have lost the devotion which the title *pilgrimage* implies; the difference being, that the devotee of former times would risk his life in a long and dangerous *pilgrimage*, from pure, but mistaken, devotion—the modern gentleman undertakes an easy and luxurious *tour* to the same places from idle curiosity, and on his return is supposed to be much improved by the sight of so many interesting objects. It is impossible to refuse some kind of sympathy to the religious pilgrim; he is evidently under the influence of a deep, high-souled longing for something which he has not as yet; he has a contempt for this world, he is seeking for a better; he feels himself, and confesses himself to be, as indeed he is, a stranger and pilgrim upon earth; he has an object, and a deeply religious one—sober-minded men will say a mistaken one, and that he takes a singular way to realize it,—but yet he runs every risk of health and life in the pursuit. Now, what shall we say of the *modern tourist?* I am speaking my own condemnation; and I feel I deserve it.'—*Formby*, pp. 236, 237.

Compare these sentiments with the merry secular trim, the empty jocular ribaldry, of the author of 'Eothen,' and it will at once be manifest, that Palestine is not unlikely to be to all, as it has plainly been to the author of that miserable work, the grave of every reverent and ennobling feeling, unless the journey be regarded, from the very fact, as a religious act,—as an event

for which a religious preparation is needed, a proper course o reading to be desired, and a religious frame of mind absolutel indispensable. And what is this but a pilgrimage?

Supposing, then, our tourist to have gained something like true view of the nature of his journey, to be disposed to regar his undertaking with something of the seriousness befitting believer in the Christian Mysteries; above all, that he ha realized to himself, that his professed creed has in it that which if believed, requires no little faith to believe: we take fo granted, that one object of this travel, as a part of polit education, is to gain a knowledge and insight into the charac ter and history of the chief nations of the earth, after the pat tern of the illustrious traveller, whom one of the Nine Muse is invited to celebrate.

> *Ἄνδρα μοι ἔννεπε μοῦσα πολύτροπον, ὃς μάλα πολλὰ*
> *πλάγχθη, ἐπεὶ Τροίης ἱερὸν πτολίεθρον ἔπερσε,*
> *πολλῶν δ' ἀνθρώπων ἴδεν ἄστεα καὶ νόον ἔγνω.*

The mere exercise of wandering was certainly no ground in the poet's mind for the invocation of a Muse. It did not satisfy Homer, though accounted a qualification by the Travellers' Club, that his hero was only one ὃς *μάλα πολλὰ πλάγχθη*. He might have travelled twice a thousand miles, but, had he not turned his wanderings to their legitimate account, there would not now have been an 'Odyssey.' The traveller of the great poet is one who had not only learned the visible manners and customs of the people among whom he had been thrown, but had entered into their habits of thought, their feelings, notions, opinions, prejudices; not only had he seen the cities, but *καὶ νόον ἔγνω*, he was acquainted with the tone of thought and mind that prevailed in them.

If this be the legitimate aim of foreign travel, and if foreign travel be entitled to place in a Christian education—which has not yet been formally denied—it seems as if an answer were suggested, to decide a much debated point,—whether it is better to commence a journey alone, or to provide for oneself a companion, or party of companions. Homer's hero, it will be borne in mind, attained the honour of an Odyssey by being an unaccompanied wanderer. By being thrown singly among strangers, he gained that knowledge of the ways of men that has made him a subject fit for an epic poem. In very truth, the evils of these made-up parties are not few in number, or slight. They are an utter obstruction to continental travel, and a principal cause why it is accounted, as it usually is accounted, a mere vent for exuberant spirits, and a remedy for idleness and *ennui*. For the sake then of those who may be rescued from so cardinal

an error in the outset of their enterprize, we shall now set forth, *in terrorem*, seven evils of these companionships.

I. Nothing enters more slowly into the mind of an Englishman, than that there can be anything in him to create merriment. He will walk about in the most happy ignorance of the general fun which his extreme self-satisfied bearing and peculiarities occasion; and instead of benefiting by contact and collision with foreign wit or intelligence, it is an Englishman's pleasure to move about like an Indian elephant, who cases himself all over with a mud of his own selection, to deter flies and troublesome insects from molesting his comfort. Evil the first, then, is to be everywhere quietly laughed at, and yet never to discover it.

II. It is probable that some one will possess a particular predominant taste or pursuit, whence not a few discordant feelings, if not words, will be certain to arise upon the question of wasting, or not wasting, time on the particular places that favour the taste or pursuit in question.

III. A party compounded and bound together, in England will soon exhaust their powers of entertaining each other. The natural and obvious resource in such a case is to seek the society of those whom they may chance to meet. The number of travellers scattered over the Continent is by no means scanty; men of knowledge and experience, ordinarily not a little pleased when they meet with a younger man willing to listen to the information they have spent so many years in acquiring,—not that we would be supposed to recommend the indiscriminate cultivation of such acquaintanceship, for they are often much too well versed in the depravities of continental manners, to be desirable, or even safe, associates,—yet, unquestionably, much may be learnt from their knowledge and experience, of that with which it is a traveller's professed occupation to acquaint himself. But how are individuals, fast bound together with the home compacted chain, to conciliate the attention, or elicit the communicativeness, of such men?

IV. A fluent and easy use of a foreign language is difficult of acquirement to Englishmen in general, and few have serviceable knowledge of any living language beyond their own. Now, an utter famine of all intercourse and conversation with educated and intelligent persons among the inhabitants of the country, is certain to befall those who have been at no pains to acquire any medium of communication, and who are never likely to feel the absolute need of exerting themselves to acquire it, from the sort of meagre protection against absolute isolation which they afford to each other. And if one of the party happen to be acquainted with any available lan-

guage beside his own, he must never expect to be allowed by his friends to have any peaceable enjoyment of his talent. He must ever be at their call, to interpret, bargain, order, and arrange, until he will end by wishing he had never acquired the means of making himself so very useful.

V. Parties thus made up are liable to quarrel, and break up, as their route proceeds, and its adventures draw forth and develop latent dispositions, and uncongenial habits, not before known or foreseen. This catastrophe is the most frequent termination of continental parties arranged in England. It is far otherwise with the unaccompanied adventurer; if he happens to meet with a fellow-traveller whose route coincides with his own,—if the acquaintance, after an introductory interchange of sentiments, be mutually desired, the exceedingly slender thread that binds them together, becomes an invaluable protective against any of the little *désagrémens*, which are so apt to mar the harmony of a journey, and the same experience which tells of the frequently disastrous issue of those companies which set out bound in close league and amity with each other, bears testimony to many months of friendly and continued intimacy between those who, at any moment, might have parted company without a difficulty.

VI. A time of travel being an era in life, it affords an opportunity, not afterwards to be attained, of associating with nobles and princes. Let not this privilege of travel be underrated. It is no inconsiderable benefit to return home possessed even of the chance sayings of this or that Mæcænas of the day. A titled speaker imparts lustre to very common-place wisdom.

> 'Quicquid sum ego, quamvis
> Infra Lucili censum, ingeniumque, tamen me
> Cum *magnis* vixisse invita fatebitur usque
> Invidia, et fragili quærens illidere dentem,
> Offendet solido.'

The sayings of Count * * * * *, of Madame la Baronne * * * * *, Monseigneur le Duc * * * * *, though not remarkable for extraordinary wisdom, are yet among the legitimate inventory of a traveller's treasures; and a very fair and reasonable seasoning will they be considered, when they peep out aptly in his discourse, on his return. Yet how can this be otherwise than wholly lost to the party which moves about as such parties do wrapped up in themselves, possessed with an wholly invincible conviction that all but themselves are mere puppets of humanity, the ninth part of human beings, as ignorant of the language of the country, as they are unsuspicious that it could become, by any chance, the instrument of acquiring anything beyond the '*à boire et à manger*' for the day?

VII. A moral certainty of the most intolerable hurry. Every Englishman imagines himself to be under a law of moving onwards; his constant cry is, 'go on,' and the whole burden of his thoughts how to perform feats of locomotion. 'Changed horses in Rome,' is an entry that could be found nowhere except in the diary of an Englishman, but there it is quite at home. Thus proceeds an English party; each one imagining himself chased over the earth, and, like Io in her wanderings, never so much in danger as when taking a moment's rest.

It is true that what has been above said refers rather more immediately to the secular than to the religious benefits of foreign travel. Yet we are not now speaking of the ascetic pilgrim of former years, but of the modern Christian gentleman, for whom we are much concerned lest he should return from his peregrinations not much wiser or better, perhaps not so wise or so good, as he commenced them,—a type, in human nature, of the post-horse, among animals, whose glory consists in pure capacity for road locomotion.

An unencumbered traveller has leisure for reading, for meditation, for sketching, botanizing, or any pursuit which may enter, as a *παρέργον*, into the main object of his journey, which is to study mankind, social and political man, as he is upon the earth, a living fact. He has time to acquire a language or two at least; some knowledge of them, of which even the partial acquisition, be it ever so imperfect, is invaluable. He has leisure and freedom to procure whatever knowledge he may think desirable respecting the country and its inhabitants in which he finds himself. He is free to adapt himself to circumstances and emergencies as they arise, and is not mercilessly bound to an order of things, conceived and compacted in the helpless ignorance and inexperience of home. If, then, the traveller do but set out from home, with something of an adequate perception of the very great privilege he is about to enjoy in being able to visit other countries; if he be possessed of a true sense of what will be required from him when he shall return, not the inexperienced tyro he was when he took his departure, but the man of experience who *πολλῶν ἀνθρωπων ἴδεν ἄστεα*. Above all, if he remember that privileges are inseparably annexed in the Divine Providence, to greater measures of responsibility, and that it is in vain to hope that a season of travel can be blessed more than any other enterprise, unless it be accompanied with prayer, and be executed in the fear of God; there is every reason to hope that not only the time of travel thus spent will be the happiest of a whole life, but that it will afford materials of thought and reflection, combined with cheerful reminiscences

and associations, that will shine more like the rising than the setting sun upon after life and declining years.

If even an ordinary summer's excursion in Europe discovers sound sense or foolishness, by the manner in which it is undertaken, a visit to Palestine does far more; for, requiring an equal degree of sound understanding and information, it brings into play the religious faith and the Christian character; and this to such a degree, as to render it exceedingly unsafe for any person to adventure *there* without having first inquired from himself whether or no he fully understands what it is he is about to do, in becoming an eye-witness of the scenes in which the work of the Redemption of man was completed.

Mr. Formby makes some feeling remarks upon this point, dictated, as it would seem, by keen experience of their truth.

'By the way, I would remark, that before a traveller undertakes this journey, he would do well to examine himself upon the soundness of his belief. It made Volney, the shrewdest traveller France has ever had, an infidel; Prince Pückler Muskau, a well-known wit of Germany, returned an infidel; and even the Jews themselves turned to idolatry immediately after they had seen the very miracles of which we only read. And generally a visit to all sacred places is a severe trial of faith, under which many fail. The human mind is naturally but too well disposed to recoil from the visible evidences of Him to whom vengeance belongeth, and too ready to veil from itself the fearful unseen majesty in whose presence Moses quaked exceedingly. The sight, therefore, of Mount Sinai and other holy places is, in the matter of faith, one of those trying tests which, to use a familiar expression, must be either a kill or a cure; and we cannot think too often upon that maxim of the Gospel, which says, "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed." These begin from the point where they who have seen do but end, and in the attainment of which they risk the concerns of eternity. The late influx of scientific travellers to these hallowed portions of our earth may be a sign of the centuries upon which we are entering. They have been, as it were, sealed for many generations; and it is now, for the first time, that the finger of science seeks to lay its puny and unholy grasp upon them. Maps and surveys are made of them, miracles are confounded in hypotheses, and levelled at will to suit their exigencies. The learned world, tired with Greece, is extending the range of its antiquarian dominion to holy ground; and when Scripture has received all the confirmation that science can bestow,—and for the most part it is but a questionable confirmation, when we look at the insidious defences put forth in favour of the Scripture by many recent authors,—we shall at least have to search in vain for any sense of that most high, mysterious, and awful majesty of the Almighty, that suffereth not the prying, sceptical, curious gaze of his creature. In the early pilgrimages to the Holy Land there was much of the deepest and truest religion—a yearning after the land that is very far off—a stern sense of duty mingled with much romance and love of wil

adventure—and to this day there remain some traces of the old enthusiasm, buried beneath the poverty and wayworn condition of the Easter pilgrims. It was religion, and religion only, that brought our forefathers as pilgrims, and there was religion in the crusaders, wild warriors as they were. But with us it is now idle curiosity; and under the term *idle* I conclude all wild and curious speculation about geographical identities and scientific observations—mere idle curiosity; and I say so the more fearlessly because it was idle curiosity that brought myself; and no frame of mind in this world can be so little suited to approach the holy ground whereon we were suffered to pass unharmed. This is very different from the Jewish feeling of reverence; for to this day no Israelite will venture to approach the mountain which his people were once forbidden to touch. Travellers and pilgrims have before now forfeited the faith they expected to find; for faith, though nourished by sight, has a more heavenly root. The Jews could witness with their eyes the mighty works which Christ did, and though they saw them, they could not believe. The Frank traveller may tread the ground—may even feel much emotion mixed with curiosity and wonder; but this is not to know the Almighty God, the mark of whose outstretched arm has been written upon the face of the land. The Jews wondered and said, We have seen strange things to-day; but, because they received not Moses and the prophets as moral teachers, no visible wonder, as though a man rose from the dead, seen with the eyes, either could or did make them believe. Belief, then, or faith, has some other condition of existence. Things visible, though legitimate helps to it if used aright, yet cannot give it. Either it endureth as seeing the invisible, or it has no existence—'tis a name, and not a reality. Which of the two it may be, life and obedience alone can shew; imperfectly in this life, perfect only in the life to come. This I do know, that as everything in religion is either a savour of life unto life, or of death unto death, nothing is more truly so than a familiarity with the sacred scenes of our Christian faith Mount Sinai and the Holy Land. For, however we may be masters of our movements among the outward scenes, there is an internal world connected with them, of which we are not the keepers.'—*Formby*, pp. 210—213.

With this caution, given, as it is, evidently, with the earnestness of one who speaks from experience, we may abdicate the chair of instruction; and begin to inquire how far our authors redeem the pledge which they unconsciously give in publishing an account of their journeyings. Mr. Milnes remarks very much to the purpose:—

'I travelled in the Levant and in Egypt in the winter of 1842-43, and should probably have written some account of my tour, but for one decisive consideration—I knew nothing of the languages of the countries I was visiting.

'I was thus debarred from all that observation of the details of national and individual character which alone can make the record of a

journey deservedly interesting beyond the sphere of the traveller's personal acquaintance, and was compelled to content myself with general impressions, conveyed by sight alone, or acquired through the casual interpretations of books and men.

'I am not at all disposed to underrate the value of the knowledge thus obtained; indeed I am not sure but that a just and acute mind may infer more, and more truly, in a limited space of time, from the common range of objects that offer themselves to the traveller's notice, than will be learnt from a partial and necessarily imperfect acquisition of new forms of speech. The great truths of philosophy, and even of science, have been guessed long before they have been proved: and thus features and dispositions of nature and humanity will frequently make themselves clear to the intellect of an original observer, which it is the business of the philologist and historian afterwards to explain and to confirm.

'But it is a different question when this knowledge (however valuable to the individual) comes to be communicated to the public, in the shape of a Book of Travels. Personal adventure must be of a rare and exciting character to claim a public interest; discoveries must be important and suggestive to fix public attention; and learning must be accurate and profound to invite the consideration of the public intelligence: literature will always gladly welcome such narratives as Park's and Bruce's, such investigations as Belzoni's and Col. Vyse's, such informations as Burckhardt's and Wilkinson's,—but the general mass of Travels, Tours, and Journeys (especially in the East) can merit no other destiny than to interest the few who are already interested in the author—to throw a faint light on some chance subject of momentary importance—or, at best, to serve as a guide-book to sights and curiosities, for those who intend to go over the same ground. I had no desire to add to this already too numerous catalogue.'—*Milnes, Pref.* pp. xi.—xiii.

This is quite true, and applies to not a few of the various volumes before us.

M. Volney's work, which comes first, is well known: though written nearly seventy years ago, it still continues the acknowledged standard work of travel which treats of Syria; and though it describes a population of whom very few can be now surviving, so wonderfully transmissive are the manners and character of the people of Syria, that his account has in many particulars, the same freshness and truth of life as if it had been written but a year ago. The secret of this is to be found in the fact, that Volney regarded travel as a great work, demanding the whole powers of his mind to be given to it. He applied himself to the study of the Arabic language for eight months, in the quiet retreat of a convent in the Mount Lebanon; and, having acquired the language, he then gave himself up to study the mind and manners of the people, by conversing with them, and ascertaining their way of life and their political condi-

tion, from personal intercourse and inquiry. He has earned his reward, in giving to the world two volumes of travel that, for clearness of judgment, and accurate knowledge of the subject, are, perhaps, without a rival to contest the palm.

It should not be forgotten that M. de Volney is an avowed unbeliever in the truth of the Christian revelation; yet, no scoffer, he seems to regret his own unbelief, and to appear sensible how much happier belief would be, without, however, being able to believe. Sympathy is due to such men: they are not malignant enemies of the Church so much as the victims of her corrupt and fallen state.

M. de Chateaubriand (M. de Volney's successor, at a considerable interval) is almost placed above criticism by the established reputation he has obtained in the literature of France. There is something in the title of his work which curiously betrays the Frenchman. Journey from Paris to Jerusalem, and from Jerusalem to Paris. Paris, the γᾶς ὄμφαλον, the Frenchman's centre of perfection! However, M. de Chateaubriand is a man of shrewd observation, combined with extensive reading and scholarship. He is, at once, a Christian, a gentleman, a scholar, and a traveller, and it would not be easy to determine in which character his excellence is most conspicuous.

M. Alphonse de Lamartine, another well-known author, differs from the company in which he now finds himself, in the notable fact, that he seems to have selected Palestine with the deliberate purpose prepense of writing an account of his journey. Feeling himself a poet, a circumstance which he is resolved shall not escape the observation of a single reader, he perhaps thought it desirable that civilized Europe should profit by learning what would be the feelings and thoughts of a poetic mind surveying the scenes of the Divine revelations, —on which account he has kindly undertaken a sort of pilgrimage, in order, in his own person, to supply them with the desired object. There is in this writer much of the peculiarity of the French imaginative mind which, although, to an English understanding, it seems puerile and artificial, it would be presumptuous to disparage. French literati are equally perplexed to comprehend the cause why Shakespeare is held in such estimation in the English literature, and really wonder how he can bear a comparison with the stiff classical regularity of their own Corneille and Racine. Of M. Lamartine's work, then, we may be content to say, that it abounds with French sentimentality in great perfection; and in other respects is a fair, and tolerably accurate, book of travels, betraying, at times, however, very lax and confused notions of the Divine revelation.

Reise in das Morgenland, of Professor Schubert, in three

volumes, is a most ponderous narrative. A German given over to tuition from his earliest years, and steadily plodding along the '*vilem patulumque orbem*' of school, Gymnasium, and University Lectures acquires gigantic accumulative powers, from incessant advances in one unvarying pursuit, but becomes incapable of giving birth to a light lively production. He far too inveterately—

'Ore trahit quodcunque potest atque addit acervo,'

to expect anything from him besides a large mountain of information. We cannot plead that we have read the whole three volumes, but we have read sufficient to bestow upon him the praise of a most painstaking, unwearied, and industrious traveller, who has spared no pains to be accurate, and from whose knowledge of botany and geology much useful information is to be obtained. He travelled in company with a young artist, J. M. Bernatz, who has published a series of forty lithographed views, selected from his sketch-book, of which we have much pleasure in speaking very favourably, and could wish that they were more known in this country.

A group of authors now approaches who may be quickly dismissed, as belonging to the class appropriately described by Mr. Milnes.

1. *Lord Lindsay's Letters from the Holy Land*, are pleasing, and agreeably written: they contain a narrative tolerably told, and deserving the sort of reception they have met.

2. *A Pastor's Memorial of the Holy Land.* A volume already noticed in this Review.

3. *The Crescent and the Cross.* A tolerably pleasant and spirited narrative, though with a very fanciful title, promising a sort of originality which it does not supply.

4. *Journey from Naples to Jerusalem.* D. Borrer, Esq. An idle gossipping volume, showing little, if any, feeling of the sanctity belonging to the scenes described, in virtue of their connexion with the Bible, and containing no information of any value.

5. *Incidents of Travel*, by L. Stephens. A spirited narrative, whose merits are all on the surface. The author is very proud of his being the first American citizen who visited Petra, and seems to consider himself a second Columbus.

6. *Letters of a German Countess.* A tiresome and commonplace production.

7. *Egypt and Arabia.* Rev. H. P. Measor. A judicious and sensible volume, not imparting any very novel information, but telling an old story agreeably.

8. *Irby and Mangles' Travels in the Holy Land.* An honest, sensible, straightforward narrative.

9. *Visit to the East.* Rev. H. Formby. Rather an exception to the above, though also an unpretending volume, written without any very definite design. It contains a good deal of original thought and out of the way speculation, which may be thought a duty and obligation incumbent upon all who are so bold as to write. A great benefit of travel consists in calling out these faculties.

10. *Palm Leaves,* by R. M. Milnes, Esq., is a volume of poetry expressive of much good feeling, and some just and profound observations; the fruit of evident thought and reflection during a leisure visit to Egypt and Syria. There is exaggeration, however, in it.

A specimen of this author's poetry will be acceptable. There is no mistaking the genuine zest which an Eastern tourist only can feel at the thought of a tent:—

'The Fathers of our mortal race,
While still remembrance nursed
Traditions of the glorious place
Whence Adam fled accursed,—
Rested in tents, as best became
Children, whose mother earth
Had overspread with sinful shame
The beauty of her birth.

'In cold they sought the sheltered nook,
In heat the airy shade,
And oft their casual home forsook
The morrow it was made;
Diverging many separate roads,
They wandered, fancy-driven,
Nor thought of other fixed abodes
Than Paradise of Heaven.

'And while this holy sense remained,
'Mid easy shepherd cares,
In tents they often entertained
The Angels unawares:
And to their spirits' fervid gaze
The mystery was revealed,
How the world's wound in future days
Should by God's love be healed.

'Thus we, so late and far a link
Of generation's chain,
Delight to dwell in tents, and think
The old world young again;
With Faith as wide and Thought as narrow
As theirs, who little more
From life demanded than the sparrow
Gay-chirping by the door.

'The Tent! how easily it stands,
Almost as if it rose
Spontaneous from the green or sand,
Express for our repose:
Or, rather, it is we who plant
This root, where'er we roam,
And hold, and can to others grant,
The comforts of a home.

'Make the Divan—the carpets spread,
The ready cushions pile;
Rest, weary heart! rest, weary head!
From pain and pride awhile:
And all your happiest memories woo,
And mingle with your dreams
The yellow desert glimmering through
The subtle veil of beams.'—*Milnes*, pp. 131—133.

We wish we had space for further extracts.

11. *Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians*, by Ed. Lane, is a very extraordinary work, evincing a determined patience of investigation worthy of a nobler subject than the chief city of so debased and corrupted a people. Were every traveller possessed of the same marvellous knowledge and perseverance as Mr. Lane, but little would be left for after comers to narrate.

12. *Biblical Researches in Palestine*, by Dr. Robinson; *Travels in the East*, by Dr. Olin; *The Holy City*, by Rev. George Williams, belong to the same category, as works of much personal labour and research, particularly those by Dr. Robinson and Mr. Williams. Dr. Robinson, it should be said, is a perverse sceptic, a virulent enemy to tradition, particularly ecclesiastical tradition; indeed, the very mention of a tradition seems to throw him into a fever, and the very word itself to be in his mind synonymous with imposture. He has, however, submitted to much laborious geographical research, and has added much to the information which Europe possesses, of biblical localities. Unhappily, from the circumstance of his being a determined constructor of theories, which set out by assuming the absolute imposture of almost every local tradition, very much less weight attaches to many of his conclusions than is otherwise justly due to the laborious personal researches to which he has really submitted.

Mr. Williams's '*Holy City*,' as a work of history and topography, belongs to a very high order. Having resided upwards of a year in Jerusalem, as chaplain to Bishop Alexander, he has had ample opportunities to examine carefully the value of many of Dr. Robinson's theories on the holy sites of Jerusalem, and we rejoice to find an able and sensible judgment, after much calm and

unprejudiced investigation, rejecting the sceptical theories of the Professor, and, as far as we are able to judge, assigning weightier topographical reasons in favour of the sacred localities as now fixed by tradition, than the American Professor, in the fervency of his dislike to a received belief, has been able to bring against them.

Dr. Robinson, we observe, has been very reasonably exposed by Mr. Formby for his sceptical account of the passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea, and for having constructed a theory whereby the east wind, which he makes into a north-east wind, might have a merely mediately miraculous, if not a directly natural, agency in dividing the waters. No account is given for the fact of this natural agency of a north-east wind having never been noticed at any time; which agency, of course, the same wind must have had, to some considerable extent, both before and after the passage, unless its operation were then wholly miraculous. In another part of his work he puts forth his whole strength to subvert the received belief of the Church, upon the sacred localities of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. We can enter into the feeling, and entertain sympathy for the strange sensations a sceptical Protestant mind must experience on surveying, as an eye-witness, the scenes of the Saviour's sufferings. Protestantism, being the religion of a vague subjective, not of the historical, Gospel, and worshipping a CHRIST of the imagination, not the Incarnate Son of God, who, as very Man, spoke, and taught, and gathered disciples in Judea, died upon the cross on Mount Calvary, rose again, and commanded His Apostles to make the whole world one Catholic Church by Baptism, experiences a shock of the severest and most trying kind, on coming into close contact with the scenes on which the mysteries of the Faith were actually brought to pass. The feeling of a genuine Protestant at Mount Calvary cannot be otherwise than exceedingly painful, because, not being aware that the CHRIST of Protestantism is an ideal Being, and not the very Man who died on the cross, the sight of the hill where the cross stood, and the tomb where the Body was laid, calls up so sudden a feeling and perception of incarnate reality and profound mystery,—things which no Protestant mind is prepared for, or able to receive,—that hence results, at once, a jar and a sudden suspension of the most painful kind,—scenes calling forth the clearest and most overwhelming perceptions of the historic and incarnate realities of the Faith, and a mind wholly unprepared by previous training to the contemplation of such historical and incarnate truths! What is the obvious remedy? Why, to get rid of the truth of the localities. Hence it is that the Protestant, feeling that his moral nature does not respond to the call made upon him by the objects

before his sight, and not willing to discern the fault to be in himself, seeks a relief by removing the objects which so suddenly called him into a world of incarnation and historical truth, to which, unknown to himself, he had been a total stranger. He seems to say, as it were, to the sacred places of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, 'Depart from me; you call me from an ideal to an incarnate world, and I feel I cannot come. I must banish you, and make you depart from me, for you trouble and worry me.'

Our readers shall now judge how far Dr. Robinson, unconsciously to himself, may have acted under these feelings in devising the argument which is here quoted:—

'A true estimate of this long-agitated question must depend on two circumstances. As there can be no doubt, that both Golgotha and the Sepulchre lay outside of the ancient city, it must first be shown that the present site may also anciently have been without the walls. Or, should this in itself appear to be impossible, then it must be shown, that there were in the fourth century historical or traditional grounds for fixing upon this site, strong enough to counterbalance such an apparent impossibility. The following observations may help to throw some light on both these points.

'Our preceding investigations respecting the temple and the ancient walls of Jerusalem, seem to show conclusively, that the modern city occupies only a portion of the ancient site; a part of Zion and a tract upon the north, which were formerly included in the walls, being now left out. The nature of the ground and the traces of the ancient third wall which we found, demonstrate also that the breadth of the city from E. to W. is the same now as anciently. There can therefore be no question, that the site of the present Holy Sepulchre falls within the ancient city as described by Josephus. But as the third or exterior wall of that writer was not erected until ten or twelve years after the death of Christ, it cannot here be taken into account; and the question still arises, whether the present site of the Sepulchre may not have fallen without the *second* or interior wall; in which case all the conditions of the general question would be satisfied.

'This second wall, as we have seen, began at the gate of Genneth, near the tower of Hippicus, and ran to the fortress Antonia on the N. of the temple. Of the date of its erection we are nowhere informed; but it must probably have been older than the time of Hezekiah, who built within the city a pool, apparently the same which now exists under his name. We have then three points for determining the probable course of this wall; besides the general language of Josephus and the nature of the ground. We repaired personally to each of these three points, in order to examine there this very question; and the first measurement I took in Jerusalem, was the distance from the western side of the area of the temple or great mosque to the church of the Holy Sepulchre. I measured from the western entrance of that area on a direct course along the street by the Hospital of Helena, to the street

leading N. from the Bazaar; and then from this street to a point in front of the great entrance of the church. The whole distance proved to be 1223 feet, or about 407 yards; 33 yards less than a quarter of an English mile.

'On viewing the city from the remains of the ancient Hippicus, as well as from the site of Antonia, we were satisfied, that if the second wall might be supposed to have run in a straight line between those points, it would have left the church of the Holy Sepulchre without the city; and thus far have settled the topographical part of the question. But, it was not less easy to perceive, that in thus running in a straight course, the wall must have left the Pool of Hezekiah on the outside; or, if it made a curve sufficient to include this pool, it would naturally also have included the site of the Sepulchre; unless it made an angle expressly in order to exclude the latter spot. And further, as we have seen, Josephus distinctly testifies, that the second wall ran *in a circle* or curve, obviously towards the north. Various other circumstances also, which go to support the same view, such as the nature of the ground, and the ancient towers at the Damascus Gate, have already been enumerated. Adjacent to the wall on the north, there was a space of level ground, on which Antiochus could erect his hundred towers. All this goes to show that the second wall must have extended further to the north than the site of the present church. Or again, if we admit that this wall ran in a straight course, then the whole of the lower city must have been confined to a small triangle; and its breadth between the temple and the site of the Sepulchre, a space of less than a quarter of an English mile, was not equal to that of many squares in London and New York. Yet we know that this lower city at the time of the crucifixion was extensive and populous; three gates led from it to the temple; and ten years later Agrippa erected the third wall far beyond the limits of the present city, in order to shelter the extensive suburbs which before were unprotected. These suburbs could not well have arisen within the short interval of ten years; but must already have existed before the time of our Lord's crucifixion.

'After examining all these circumstances repeatedly upon the spot, and as I hope without prejudice, the minds of both my companion and myself were forced to the conviction, that the hypothesis which makes the second wall so run as to exclude the alleged site of the Holy Sepulchre, is on topographical grounds untenable and impossible. If there was prejudice upon my own mind, it was certainly in favour of an opposite result; for I went to Jerusalem strongly prepossessed with the idea, that the alleged site might have lain without the second wall.' —*Robinson*, vol. ii. pp. 66—69.

Dr. Olin, possessed of an equal share of patient and laborious investigation, and also aware how much more conge[illegible] own minds his readers would find the doubts [illegible] countryman than his own undoubting belief, rea[illegible] as follows. We give Dr. Olin's argument in [illegible] of Mr. Williams, although the latter is, of [illegible]

convincing (to all appearance they were formed independently of each other), not only as being somewhat prior in point of time, but as being very willing, when we speak of the defects of Protestantism as a system, to acknowledge, that, through the mercy of God, much real piety and love is nurtured up in it. The Wesleyan Doctor says—

'This topographical argument,' [alluding to Dr. Robinson,] 'however, which I have aimed to state fairly and in all its strength, is liable to a very serious objection. It takes for granted that Genneth, the starting-point of the second wall, *was at or very near the Tower of Hippicus.* By adopting what seems to me the far more probable hypothesis, that Genneth was a considerable distance east of Hippicus, at a point in the first wall opposite to Calvary, or even nearer the Temple, all of these difficulties are avoided.

'Josephus says expressly that the Gate of Genneth was "in the first wall;" it was, therefore, at *some* distance east of Hippicus. A certain portion of this side of the city, of what extent we are left to conjecture, or to learn from other evidence, but all between Genneth and Hippicus was defended by a single bulwark. The brow of Zion, however, was here thirty cubits in height, and it was this western portion of the first wall, next to Hippicus, that Herod strengthened by erecting the two massive towers of Phasaelus and Mariamne. Does not the great strength of this portion of the first wall, arising from the height of the rock on which it stood, "thirty cubits," and from the erection of these additional defences, favour the hypothesis that the second wall did not commence near Hippicus, but at a point considerably east of it—as far, at least, as the Tower of Mariamne? From that, or some other point in the first wall, nearly south from Calvary, the second wall probably ran northward, crossing Mount Acra east of the Holy Sepulchre. Thence it would naturally proceed towards the Damascus Gate, and, after sweeping round to the east to embrace the northern quarter—the suburbs which had sprung up along the valley that extends from the Temple towards that great outlet to Samaria, Tyre, and Damascus—return southward to the Castle of Antonia, adjoining the Temple on the north. I am unable to perceive any strong objection to this hypothesis, which has the merit, at least, of reconciling the topography of Josephus with the cherished and long-established tradition of the inhabitants of Jerusalem, and, indeed, of the Christian world, with regard to the situation of Calvary. Was the second wall built for a military defence? It commenced where additional bulwarks were needed, just east of the impregnable towers, upon the first wall, itself standing on the lofty and precipitous brow of Zion. Was it designed to afford security to portions of the city which had recently sprung up beyond its ancient limits? It was about the Temple and in the valleys, which were the great natural thoroughfares between city and country, and which united near the castle of Antonia, that we should expect populous suburbs to have been built, and this is precisely the tract embraced, according to our hypothesis, by the second wall. Acra, above or northwest of the Church of the Sepulchre, con-

tinues to ascend, as, indeed, it does quite beyond the northwestern extremity of the old as well as present wall of the city, but the ascent is much more gentle than it is nearer its termination, west of the Temple, so that the supposed position of the second wall is liable to no very serious objection in a military point of view. It cuts off and excludes an angle of the present city, equal, perhaps, in extent to a thirtieth or fortieth part of its entire area.

'We may now inquire whether the hypothesis here advanced, which supposes that the ancient Gate Genneth, the starting-point of the second wall, was not at or near Hippicus, but considerably farther east, receives any support from Josephus, the only historical witness of any authority upon this subject. Should it be found, on examination, to be well sustained, or even rendered probable upon such authority, I think the only tenable objection to the identity of the Church of the Sepulchre must be given up.

'In his principal and direct account of the walls, which I have already quoted, the exact position of the Gate Genneth, the turning-point in the question, is left doubtful. It is merely stated that it "belonged to the first wall," and was the point of departure of the second. In subsequent parts of the history of the siege of Jerusalem, however, there are several passages which not only shed light upon the point in question, but, as it seems to me, establish conclusively the correctness of this hypothesis. The first passage applicable to the subject occurs in the account given by the historian of the reconnoissance made by Titus along the northwest and north or triple wall, in order to determine upon the most eligible place for beginning his attack upon the city. "As he (Titus) was in doubt where he could possibly make an attack on any side (for the place was no way accessible where the valleys were, and on the other side the first wall appeared too strong to be shaken by the engines), he thereupon thought it best to make his assault upon the Monument of John the high-priest; for there it was that the first fortification was lower, and the second was not joined to it, the builders neglecting to build the wall strong where the new city was not much inhabited. Here, also, was an easy passage to the third wall, through which he thought to take the upper city, and, through the Tower of Antonio, the Temple itself." It should be observed that the outer or third wall instead of the inner is here called the first, as occurring first in the approach of Titus.

'From this quotation it appears that at the Monument of John there were only two walls, the first and third, to which the "second was not joined;" that this monument was upon the north side of the upper city, west of Antonio, and that this part of the city was not much occupied with buildings. The first two of these inferences pretty clearly intimate that the second wall did not begin at or near Hippicus, but considerably farther east, and the third demonstrate
common objection to the identity of Calvary, "t
of the ancient city." Upon any supposition
second wall, outside of which—the place of t
tradition—"the city was not much inhabit

at the time of the crucifixion, and, before the erection of the third wall, with room enough for a place of execution, a garden, &c.

'The situation of the Monument of John, and of the point at or east of which the second wall commenced, is more definitely fixed in another passage, occurring chap. vii. sec. iii. The Romans had now forced the outer or third wall, and pitched their camp within the city. While John and his party occupied and made their sallies from the Castle of Antonia and the temple, Simon, the other Jewish commander, had charge of the upper city, and devoted special attention to the defence of the first wall, which had now become the only bulwark on that side. "Simon's army took for their share the spot of ground that was near John's Monument, *and fortified it as far as that gate where water is brought into the Tower Hippicus.*" These new defences, it is obvious, extended from Hippicus eastward to the commencement of the second wall, and were made to strengthen the first or old wall, now the only rampart in this quarter.

'Another passage seems to fix the Gate Genneth at John's Monument. At least, here was a gate, and they were not likely to be multiplied in the first wall, as passing up and down a steep thirty cubits high must have been extremely difficult. It was by this gate that Jonathan, "a man low of stature and of despicable appearance," went out of the city to challenge the Romans to single combat. "He went out at the high-priest John's Monument."

'I will refer to one more passage, which may at least afford a conjecture as to the distance of John's Monument from Antonia and Hippicus. After the taking of the second wall, the Romans erected four great embankments to facilitate their approaches against the castle of Antonia and the upper city—two, it would seem, against the former, and two more against the western half of the first wall, opposite to the great towers of Hippicus, Phasaelus, and Mariamne. Of the last two, one, "which lay a great way off these (those before Antonia), was at the north quarter, and at the pool called Amygdalon," near Hippicus, probably, and perhaps the pool now called Hezekiah's. The other was at John's Monument. These two "great banks," each of which had employed an entire legion seventeen days in its erection, and separated as they were by an interval of thirty cubits, must have extended from Hippicus a considerable distance eastward — as far, at least, as our hypothesis demands; and the second wall running northward from John's Monument, the termination of these immense mounds and the probable place of the Gate Genneth, would, with all reasonable certainty, pass east of Calvary, thus leaving the place of crucifixion and the garden of the sepulchre outside of the city, in a region "not much inhabited," even after the building of Agrippa's wall.'—*Olin*, vol. ii. p. 279—284.

And after stating the argument from tradition very fully, he very justly and nobly says:—

'I will not hesitate to declare, that I regard the traditionary argument in favour of the identity of Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre to be as satisfactory and conclusive as any argument can be which is depen-

dent upon this species of evidence; nor can I perceive how it may be set aside without doing violence to fundamental principles, which we are accustomed to acknowledge in our reasoning upon many subjects deeply interesting to the hopes and virtues of mankind.'—*Ibid.*

Such is the difference between the believing and the unbelieving temper! Strange mystery, indeed, in the moral nature of man! Belief and unbelief! However, much sympathy and tenderness unquestionably is due to those who, coming from an intellectual and speculative nation, not restrained, perhaps, by any very sound early discipline, or submission of the mind to thoughts of awe or mystery, suddenly become witnesses of the degree to which the noble temper of childlike belief has been abused and perverted to very base and degrading purposes throughout the East. By the way, we may remark that Mr. Williams's work is rendered additionally valuable by imparting the most accurate information which has hitherto been made public of the true state of the various sects and divisions of Oriental Christians, of which Jerusalem affords a picture so faithful and so melancholy, coupled with some very judicious and accurate notices of the condition of their communions elsewhere. We notice with sincere pleasure, his kind and brotherly testimony to the zeal and energy of many distinguished persons among the Prelates and Clergy of the Greek Church; for, how can the most distant hope be entertained that the breaches of Christendom even admit of healing remedies, so long as the prelates and pastors of the estranged flocks, in perfect ignorance of their respective states, are yet mutually persuaded of each other, that the one are little better than rebels and apostates to all apostolic and canonical order, the other, blind and ignorant teachers of a Gospel, the elementary truths of which are all but hidden in a superstitious and human ritual?

As for the author of 'Eothen,' his shallow profaneness renders the very mention of his name, in companionship with men of piety and research, a matter of apology. That this work has been received with such a profusion of praise in certain quarters does not show favourably for the religion of English literature as such.

One more work remains to be noticed, not so much for the sake of any peculiar superiority in the narrative, or in its general tone of thought,—it is no more than a small and sensible [illegible] written with a genuine truth and earnestness of feeling [illegible] carries its own commendation,—we mean the *Visit to* [illegible] *land*, by Mr. Herschell—an earnest, and in many respects a hopeful dissenter. This is the only [illegible] we have met with [illegible] describes the feelings of a Hebrew [illegible] upon visiting [illegible] containing the scenes of all the [illegible] earth;

nation and ancestry, and also those in which were brought to pass the various events of that work of Redemption which offered to his nation the acceptance of a greater glory in the world to come.

There is much to excite a deep sympathy in this volume. A Gentile Christian cannot, as Mr. Herschell justly says, feel for, nor indeed understand, the difficulties which lie in the way of a zealous Jew submitting himself to the Gospel. The Christian faith is to a Jew a death to all the ruling passions and sentiments of the whole Jewish nation. By becoming a Christian, he becomes 'an alien to his mother's children; they of his acquaintance are afraid of him, and hide themselves out of his sight;' unless, therefore, the Christian fellowship and brotherhood be disposed to receive a Jew with an affection proportioned to the scorn and contempt which he is sure to meet with from his kindred and acquaintance, it is not in human nature to incline a very willing ear to a doctrine, on the very threshold of which, lies so severe and painful a sacrifice.

But the difficulties which impede the conversion of Jews to the Christian faith do not lie only in the ancestral prejudice of the Jew, and in the little and meagre sympathy which is sensibly felt to exist between the living Christian body and the Jews; they extend to the stumbling-blocks which the outward aspect of Christendom presents, and which, to a religious mind, brought up in the sentiments inspired by the Hebrew Scriptures, are strong beyond what an ordinary Gentile can conceive. An abhorrence of Idolatry is the characteristic of Hebrew piety, nourished up by the inconceivable force and strength of the language of the Hebrew Scriptures against idol worship—the Church of Christ Incarnate, with her revelations of the world to come, so far beyond the light of the Church in the wilderness, and with the indwelling of the Spirit of Truth, has ventured upon a symbolizing of the world unseen, in and by things visible, in a system the corruption of which presents to the jealous eyes of a Jew the aspect of his deepest abomination, idolatrous worship, often, it is to be feared, with too much justice. For it is surely quite possible for individual Christians to decline from the just and edifying use of symbolic forms in their worship into some measure of the sin of idolatry, in a manner similar to that which the author of the 'Wisdom of Solomon' has declared to have occasioned the gradual growth of idolatrous worship over the nations of the world before Jesus Christ came—viz. The misuse and perversion of those images and material forms which were, in the first instance, designed only to perpetuate the memory of lost relatives and the blessed saints. If it be true that members of the Catholic Church have trembled on the verge of idolatry, a real scandal has been presented to the mind of a pious and religious Jew. But while we sympathize with much

which Mr. Herschell has said upon the subject of idolatrous worship, we do not presume to determine how far he justly charges this scandal upon the worship of the Greeks and the Latins in Palestine. We own, moreover, we are at a loss to account for the fact of a Jew, who has had faith given him to overcome the great obstacles to a conversion to the Christian creed, and whose language and sentiments evince a very earnest belief and attachment to his faith, reconciling himself to the belief that the Sacrament of Holy Baptism is an unmeaning ceremony; for, of course, if it does not convey the Gospel gift of the new regenerate nature, it remains only that it be an empty ceremony—there is no room for an intermediate alternative. We put it to Mr. Herschell's piety to say, whether it is not easier to believe that the gift of the regenerate nature is truly given in Baptism, than to believe that the Redeemer of Man could have subjected all his people to the necessity of receiving an empty ceremony, and would have associated with its administration, the name of the Holy and Ever Blessed Trinity. We would say to such as Mr. Herschell, 'You have faith to believe that the Creator of the Worlds came in the fulness of time, and lay a little Infant in His Virgin Mother's arms in Bethlehem—can you not believe that the Baptism that the same Creator commanded can, by a power derived from Him, work this gift in men? Is the one fact harder to be received than the other?' Yes, it is much harder; the Saviour God, lying in His Mother's arms, is mystery profound enough, but it is a mystery at a distance, which we can bear to see afar off; but Baptism, as a mystery, has touched us,—has made us what we were not and could not be; this is what we are unwilling to believe. The mystery that is at a distance we can bear, not the mystery that interferes with our self-will, and claims us for its own.

We are much pleased and struck with the manifest good sense of the hints Mr. Herschell throws out for the conducting of missionary enterprises to his countrymen; for none but Jews can rightly understand how Jews may be approached. It may be fairly hoped that the mission at Jerusalem will serve the good purpose of a testimony that the Christian Church owes a duty to that nation, from whence came its own hoped for salvation; and we cannot but heartily pray for the Divine blessing upon so truly Christian a work. If, in a former number, we have been necessitated to place this mission in a light which invests it with a most painful and suspicious character, this arises from circumstances wholly foreign to its avowed and professed object of bringing Jews to the knowledge of the Gospel, which we consider, as indeed it is not easy to see how any Christian can re
to consider, to be a most deeply important and Christian
and one in the aid and furtherance of which every

ought to offer up his unceasing daily prayers, as we all, indeed, do yearly on the day of our Saviour's crucifixion.

Memoirs of Lady Hester Stanhope is obviously connected with Travels in the East, as he must have been but a poor Oriental traveller who did not fall within the mystic shadow of the influence of the Weird Princess of Djoun. This poor lady seems to have been a psychological curiosity—inflated with the proud Chatham blood till it drove her mad. She seems to have chosen the East as the most fitting theatre for mystification on a large scale, in which she was partly deceived, and partly deceiver. It is no little secret in Oriental success, this shadowy haze which veils the boundary between inspiration and imposture. She chose her theatre well; and compounded a glorious vision, exactly suited to the Lebanon imagination, made up of Saga, the Valkyries, Cassandra, Joanna Southcote, the English Lady Bountiful and Joan of Arc, with a slight dash of the Prince of the Assassins; sat astride, in male costume, upon an Arab horse, smoked twenty pipes a-day, and talked incessantly for eight and ten hours. This told wonderfully; and if it had not been six centuries too late, and if the latent Semiramis had not been watered down by a certain Lady Mary Montaguism of the old Pitt dinners in Downing Street, Lady Hester might have queened it to the expense of tears as well as talk. As it was, she evaporated in a very common-place way: she was stung to death by Jew duns, and shamefully treated by the English government. If her sad state of mind were not too pitiable for criticism, we should say that she seems to have been naturally a clever person, spoilt by early education, or the lack of it, till she became the very impersonation of malignity, selfishness, and lust of rule, with a character at the same time capable of the most noble generosity and far-reaching charity. The oddest thing about the book is its editor,—Lady Hester's physician; evidently a gentleman of education, who seems to have understood her well, and to have clung with the most spaniel-like tenacity to his imperious patroness. Everything, wife, family, peace and pocket, does Dr. M—— seem cheerfully to have sacrificed to the strange fascination of her presence; and his really chivalrous affection for a person whom he cannot but describe as most repulsive in every conceivable way, is the strongest testimony to her power, and to his own something less or more than self-denial. One of the most taking passages in the volumes is the meeting of the two Cagliostros of this century,—Prince Pückler Muskau and the heroine Lady Hester; and, like the Roman augurs, they did not seem to have laughed. The most distressing part of the book is the account of the godless sort of fanaticism in which this baptized Christian seems to have lived. The editor scarcely seems to feel that there is anything wrong in this respect.

Dr. Wolff's Mission to Bokhara. Upon the honourable Lady aptly follows the reverend Doctor; aptly because contradictorily, and it is only by incongruities that Dr. Wolff can be described. Everything about him, except himself, as we understand, is in excess and exaggeration: he is, in his way, a colossus: he marries a peer's daughter, though his taste is among gipsies: he has run through more religions and more countries than any man upon earth: his greatness in languages, and contempt of dirt, is something almost heroic. By birth a Jew, by education a Jesuit, by choice a Protestant, by conviction an Anglican, by necessity an American deacon, by compulsion a Yorkshire curate, by taste a missionary, and by preferment a chaplain at Malines. There is something grotesque in his excellences, which are undoubted; something sublime in his eccentricities, which are equally unquestionable. Either he is not fit for this planet and century, or the world, as it goes, is not fit for Dr. Wolff. He seems rather elemental than human: he circulates through space and time, more like a subtle medium than a thing of blood and bone: he is launched into existing systems and kingdoms like a comet: onward, onward, he sweeps, mingling with all nations and languages, himself the epitome and antithesis of all. He realizes the Ahasuerus of romance: he must be the *Juif Errant* of M. Sue: both because he hates the Jesuits, and nobody knows, but everybody talks, about him. Once he was reported at Meshed to be a Mullah two hundred years old: our own suspicions lean to the two thousand. However, seriously,—for one so various as Dr. Wolff provokes such inconsistent emotions, that we never know whether to weep at his true-hearted courage, or to smile at his oddities,—we like the Journey to Bokhara: it is so characteristic, so genuine and real. Dr. Wolff entered Bokhara 'dressed in full canonicals, with the Bible open in his hand;' and then he says, quietly, 'It was a most astonishing sight;' and goes on to relate the smiling and screaming with which he was greeted, as well as the remonstrances of his guide, whom he addresses as 'a villain, liar, and man-slayer; FOR [the *illative copula* is remarkable] strong terms alone are effective in the East.'—Vol. i. p. 316. Astonishing sight!—we should think so. His mission was honestly and effectively performed, and with considerable danger to himself. The narrative, though spun out, is very readable; but whether it is that the Oriental glare about it dazzles us, or whether the thoughts of the Doctor's erratic life set judgment whirling, oscillating, and jerking, every thing looms large and indistinct, enlarged and distorted, as in a mirage. We cannot help thinking that Dr. Wolff is personally satisfied that strong colouring, like strong language, is alone effective not only in the East, but about the East.

We must now take leave of our travelled friends. *Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum* was a proverb, doubtless, most appropriate, in the days when the wings of Icarus had proved a failure; most inappropriate now, when so many

'impiæ
Non tangenda rates transiliunt vada'

of the Mediterranean, in the form of well-appointed steamers. Probably, all our authors have attained, or, at least, might have attained, with very little trouble, even a poet's standard of preeminence. With how much increase of wisdom, both for themselves and others, Eastern travel has enriched them, must be now left to their respective readers to determine.

One caution, by way of conclusion. A work has just come to hand, Mr. Hill's '*Tiara and the Turban*'—a most offensive title—which contains a long, and, what its author means for, a very elaborate defence and apology for Islamism.—Vol. ii. pp. 300—364. It is noticeable only for the testimony which it offers to the facts of Mohammetan worship and earnestness. The distinction which Mr. Hill draws in his silly attempt at an epigrammatical title,—the Tiara and the Turban—*i.e.* the Pope and the Sultan, he intends for a direct preference of Mohammedanism to the teaching and system of the Western Church. With him Mohammedanism is praiseworthy, only because it is not sacerdotal, nor sacramental, nor symbolical; because it recognises 'the Unity of the Deity with the intelligible idea which is given of God without mixture, or of substance, or of other spirit,' to use his own strange phraseology: in other words, because it approaches so nearly to Socinianism, or pure, as it is called, Theism. We can scarcely give Mr. Hill credit for any higher belief than Socinianism; and his volumes, save for a fact or two, are worthless as a book of travel, and more than worthless as a composition: any thing so miserable, and yet so aspiring, as their style, we do not remember. We therefore dismiss this author summarily; only desiring that his estimate of Islamism should not be received among us. We certainly care that Mohammetanism should not be passed off in a parenthesis; not brushed away in a vague conventionalism. It is much too terrible a thing for this. If, as many think, El Islam be a shadow and forecast of Antichrist, who, as Mr. Greswell tells us, will be not so much *contra Christum* as *in loco Christi, Christi vicem gerens*, this is a fact for all Christian men to ponder and recognise. In this view the Antichristian rule will be as this is,—a system of devotion, a form of worship, a developed grasp and rule of souls, a guide of life in some sort—in one word, *a religion*.

But we must not dismiss our numerous Syrian and Egyptian

friends without reminding them, that they appear to us to have looked upon the convents as mere inns, where nothing more than a knock at the door was required for admission, and a purse to ensure a welcome. Under such circumstances, it would be clearly in vain to expect information respecting the condition of these ancient institutions of Catholic Christendom, beyond perhaps a passing comment upon the diet of the brotherhood. Who but a tourist of the 19th century could pass through Syria, and owe so much to the monastic bodies, and yet experience an entire vacancy of mind upon the subject of monasteries, as an institution of Christendom worthy a traveller's notice? Our travellers, it is true, give proof of a slight return of animate life on the topic of some few flagrancies, in which they have learned that the monastics have scandalized their order and profession. (We think a little more gratitude for the kindness and hospitality shown them, might have inclined them to have omitted this part of their story.) But on the details and character of monastic life in the East they maintain a profound silence. The only fair account we have met with of its state occurs in Mr. Waddington's volume, in which he bears testimony that were St. Basil, their founder, to come to life again, he would find his children still maintaining the old rule and character. He spent a pleasant visit at a convent on one of the islands of the Strophades, and, professing himself to have little faith in monastic excellence, he avows himself 'strongly persuaded that the holy persons 'who surrounded him, are not only free from the ordinary vices of 'humanity, but also that they live in the possession of many good 'principles, and in the exercise of many feelings not common to 'the mass of their countrymen.'—P. 190.

Why should not our travellers have something equally pleasant to relate of the hospitable convents, to which they were often indebted, not merely for a pleasant holiday relaxation, but for shelter and protection, except that, under the blight and perversion of popular Protestant sentiments, the very name of monk is cast out as evil, and no Protestant seems to have an eye for anything belonging to a monastic order, except their failings and scandals? We are not the champions of the Oriental monastic orders; rather it is now time to bid adieu to our Syrian friends, recommending their successors to take warning, not by any means to forget the spectacles, which a traveller should ever carry with him; and if any feel at all tempted to write a book on his return, we beg him not to be deterred from taking pains to convince himself of the dignity of the task he undertakes, by the very indifferent example which the majority of his predecessors have here bequeathed to him.

NOTICES.

'Die Verfassung der Kirche der Zukunft. Praktische Erläuterungen zu dem Briefwechsel über die Deutsche Kirche, das Episkopat und Jerusalem. Von C. C. J. Bunsen, der Philosophie und der Rechte Doctor.' Hamburg, 1845. (The Constitution of the Church of the Future. Practical Illustrations to the Correspondence on the German Church, the Episcopate, and Jerusalem.) The lateness of the period at which this work has issued from the press will allow us to devote to it but a small portion of our space. The text of the whole is the correspondence with which it commences, consisting of a few letters which passed two years ago between Chevalier Bunsen and Mr. Gladstone, on the subject of the Bishopric at Jerusalem. We have no desire to enter again upon this question, which has been already discussed in this Review; and we will therefore only state, that the opinions expressed in that article are now fully substantiated and confirmed. Clear proofs are afforded of the fact, that, whether designedly or not, the scheme itself, to use Mr. Gladstone's words, 'was understood and explained in contrary senses in Germany and England, respectively.' The 'Statement published by Authority,' and the 'Geschichtliche Darlegung,' are clumsily at variance with each other; and Mr. Bunsen's explanation, that Mr. Abeken, the author of the latter, wrote 'not for the English, but for the Germans,' is, Mr. Gladstone justly observes, no excuse for the fact, that he laid before them 'a view of the English Church, and the proceedings of the Primate and 'the Bishop of London in relation to this bishopric, which seems not only '*quite at variance with the real project itself*, but also utterly fatal to whatever 'life or reality, whatever of hope for any others or for ourselves, there 'may be in our episcopal constitution.'

But the attempt to conceal the wide difference which exists between the constitution of the English Church as it is, and as the Prussian manifesto would have represented it, was as unsuccessful in Germany as in England: the fears which the scheme aroused were heightened by the mission of Uhden and Sydow, and the liberty of Protestantism was supposed to be in imminent danger. To allay these apprehensions, the letters which had passed between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bunsen were printed at Hamburg for private circulation: and we are not surprised at what the latter tells us, that his share in them gave rise to much uncertainty and misconception among those into whose hands they fell. Here, therefore, he furnishes them with a very full and explicit description of his 'Ideal of a Christian Church,' adapted more especially to the exigencies of the Prussian kingdom; and we may accordingly at last form an accurate opinion of the sort of Church to the establishment of which the Bishopric of Jerusalem was intended to be the first step. It is to be a Catholic Church—catholic, that is in Mr. Bunen's sense of the word, which is identical with the late Dr. Arnold's, of whom he speaks in terms of the most unqualified admiration; and as the passage in which his name occurs, places Mr. Bunsen's estimate of the Anglican Church in a very clear light, we will quote it at length. He

is vindicating the right which every national Church would have to confer episcopal consecration, so by courtesy to call it, if there should be any difficulty in obtaining it from other consecrated bishops :—

'Christianity would not be of divine nature, if its continuance were 'annexed to levitically-privileged persons; and the community would not 'have received the Spirit which was promised, if it depended upon the will 'of any class of men external to itself to give it a right in the historical 'Church of Christ, and a seat on the thrones in the kingdom of God. Nay, 'to what purpose would the Eternal Word have become man, to what pur-'pose would Christ have suffered the death upon the cross, if that curse of 'the law, and of external statutes, was not to have been taken from us, 'and mankind relieved from the miserable elements of the world? It would 'be necessary, according to our conviction, to re-write the gospel and the 'apostolical letters, and to distort the whole history of the Church, in order 'to be able to deny these things; and the great men of the 16th century, 'who evidently were led by the Holy Spirit, were unanimous on this point: 'and it is one of the most striking proofs of the divine spirit which was in 'the Reformers, and in their whole race, that no one has more thoroughly 'and more eloquently vindicated the rights of the community in this 'respect, than Jewel, an English bishop of that period; and a generation 'later, Hooker, the defender of the Episcopal Church of England, in the 'last of his eight books on Ecclesiastical Polity. To obscure this truth, 'and gradually to establish its reverse, was required the ruin of the two 'following generations of the age of the Reformation, in bloodshed, in per-'secution and oppression of enemies, in lamentable disputes among theo-'logians,—was required that hideous 17th century which buried the 16th, 'and allowed the memorial of its own disgrace to be erected by the '18th. But, on the other hand, it is a truly consoling phenomenon, that, 'in the present century, no one has comprehended so vividly the truth of 'the general priesthood of Christians, no one has so strongly, impressively, 'and clearly maintained it against the pretensions of the Clergy-Church 'as—again a clergyman of the Episcopal Church of England — Arnold. 'That truth was the centre of all his Christian meditations and inquiries, 'the deep and firm foundation of his religious convictions. The spirit of 'this venerable apostle of the free Church of the Future is gone to its 'home, before he had completed the work of his life—the book of the 'Church. He is taken from us before the severe fight had thoroughly com-'menced on both sides.'—Pp. 302-304.

It is therefore the well-known '*catholicism*' of Dr. Arnold to which the Bishopric of Jerusalem was to be the first step; and Dr. A. himself boasted at the time, that his idea of a Catholic Church was carried into practice in 'the protestant Church of Jerusalem—a Church, that is, including persons using a different ritual and subscribing different articles.'[1] It is thus more fully described in the present work :—

'Its form renders it by no means impossible that [illegible] a political constitution which gives equal political rights to all [illegible] Christians

[1] See CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER, [illegible]

'fessions, and civil toleration to all sects and religions that are not immoral, 'that is, dangerous to the State, there should yet be several larger Church-'communities side by side, in which the national conviction more especially 'manifests itself. In the old state there could only be One Church, which 'then was the State Church. In the new, there can, and there will be, for 'the most part, in the West at least two, in the East at least three, national 'Churches, as soon as liberty of conscience is the principle of the constitu-'tion.'—P. 108.

The author has, however, omitted to treat of the gravest and most important question, the first that would naturally arise, and which it would be impossible to obviate or get rid of. In the 400 pages of which his work consists, he enters into the minutest details respecting the functions of bishops, preachers, and deacons, (for all these he would have,) and their relations to the temporal authorities, but, with the exception of the vague expression 'recognised Christian confessions,' he gives not the smallest hint or intimation what degrees of difference of creed are to be compatible with the bond of Church union, nor how a restriction within those degrees is to be preserved or enforced. Until this question is settled to the satisfaction of the people of Prussia, it is, we imagine, of little use to inquire whether they will submit to be governed by bishops appointed by the monarch, and consent to an organised system, which would strengthen and consolidate the bureaucracy, already so unpopular in that country. But there is good reason for believing that the mass of the people, as well as the entire body of the clergy—pietist as well as rationalist—would be unanimous against the introduction of even such an episcopacy as is essential to his scheme—an episcopacy which neither seeks nor recognises the gift of apostolical succession. They would one and all adopt the words recently used by one of the most learned and moderate of their professors of theology: 'We cannot recognise this aristocratic form of 'ecclesiastical polity as best corresponding with the essence of Christianity, 'as most conducive to the development of Christian life and Christian 'improvement; more especially, we cannot recognise it as one most fitted 'for German Protestantism.'[1]

In conclusion, we have only to remark, that the sneers in which the author indulges against English writers, who have exposed the fearful indifference to doctrinal truth as well as religious ordinances existing throughout Protestant Germany, are unworthy of his character, and will neither refute the grave objections which have been brought against the published works of German divines and philosophers, nor disprove the concurrent testimony of every Englishman who has been in that country.

Very few more important works on its particular subject have appeared than Professor Willis' 'Architectural History of Canterbury Cathedral,' (Longman.) It incorporates the very curious and valuable history of the burning and repair of the Cathedral in 1174, by the Monk Gervase, a contemporary of S. Thomas à Becket, as well as sufficiently connected extracts

[1] Dr. Neander's Reply to E. H. Dewar, British Chaplain at Hamburg, p. 7. Berlin, 1845.

from the work of Edmer and others. But remarkable as are these genuine materials of history, we are disposed to rank Mr. Willis' own contributions at a value quite equal to them: his technical skill, and the great powers of criticism and comparison, with which, like another Cuvier, he has assigned dates and builders to every part of the metropolitan Church, require at our hands especial commendation; while at the same time there is so little parade and affectation, that, with the assistance of the beautiful and well-cut drawings, and the careful ground plans, any reader of common attention can master the whole subject. And yet, with all this praise, and we mean it to be very high, shall we own to an important blank? At first we thought that the title selected by Mr. Willis, the *Architectural History*, had precluded him from hinting, that this great collection of stone and timber, called a Cathedral, which in one form or other has lasted on the same spot for fifteen hundred years,—that this great congeries of material forms—had any purpose or meaning. Indeed there is a distressing passage in the preface which indicates this aim, or rather lack of aim. 'The mission of 'Augustine . . . . has, *for my purpose*, no other result worth noticing, than the 'recovery of the ancient Christian Church at Canterbury, the work of 'Roman believers . . . The murder of Thomas à Becket only concerns me as 'the cause of the removal of the pillar and vault, which originally occupied 'the scene of his death,' &c., p. xii. If this, then, were the learned Professor's 'purpose,' we own to be greatly disappointed and dissatisfied with it. Such is both unphilosophical, to our minds, and irreligious: unphilosophical, as it would be to write the natural history of the creature man, just omitting any recognition of his soul; irreligious, because we see the greatest danger in building or restoring, or even in visiting God's houses, as though they were only so many castles, or Etruscan tombs, or vitrified forts. There is a tendency in other countries as well as this, to take this cold wretched antiquarian view of Churches. There were some awkward disclaimers of any religious object in the sittings of the recent 'Ecclesiological section,' at Winchester; and, even though the noble president phrased it 'Tractarian, or Anti-Tractarian,' the bias remains the same. Let us be sure that, if we do not become more religious by our knowledge of Churches and Christian art, we shall grow the worse for it: things dedicated to God, involve a mystery and a secret, which, if we fail to read aright, like the fabled enigma of heathenism, it will tear us to pieces. Churches are not so much structures, not so much fabrics, as witnesses of that faith which moved mountains. It were bette
for us not to know so much about Churches, as to know it only as k
ledge. And here, to say the least of it, Mr. Willis' b
his predecessor, Gervase, wrote a technical and archit
did not forget the 'religiosity,' as somebody queerl
ject. Indeed we are afraid that we must go furth
Willis rather with a wilful than a forced omission, o
value of Ecclesiology. Speaking (p. 101) of Cr
letter for taking away and defacing 'the imag
saints,' in which, by the bye, the remains of suc
were committed, *for the sake of religion*, to the fl

'To these orders we must attribute the destruction of all those early 'monuments of the archbishops; for, *unfortunately for the antiquarian*, most 'of the early archbishops were either canonized, or reputed saints.' Unfortunate for the antiquarian! Now, was it unfortunate for nothing else than antiquarianism? or was it really unfortunate in the abstract, that Winchelsey was a good man? Since, if he had been a bad one, perhaps his tomb might have been spared by his iconoclastic successor; and then it would have been 'fortunate,' because Professor Willis might have accurately described the panelling, and drawn the mouldings with his very clever instrument, the 'cymagraph?' Speaking of tombs reminds us that Reginald Pole was the last archbishop buried at Canterbury. 'Their burials there,' says Somner of the Metropolitans, 'have been ever since discontinued; 'a thing, the whilst to some seeming very strange, that, of all the 'archbishops since the Reformation, not one hath chosen to be buried 'there; but all, as it were, with one consent, declined their own Cathedral, 'the ancient and accustomed place of archiepiscopal sepulture, affecting 'rather an obscure burial in some one private parish church or other.'

'Notes Historical and Architectural on the Church of St. John, Slymbridge' (Bristol, Strong), is quite a pattern of what such works ought to be: it is so carefully arranged, and elaborately executed. We should be sorry to say that there is any church which is not worthy of a careful historian; still Slymbridge is not so fine architecturally but that we could have wished the present writer a Lincolnshire church for his subject. Historically it is curious, as being the parish from which are paid the funds for the commemoration on Magdalene tower on May-morning. The appendix seems somewhat out of place. This, among innumerable other churches, is a proof how much the spirit of pointed art had perished before the Reformation, by replacing the original high-pitched roof with an exaggerated clerestory and depressed roof.

A second part of 'Sacred Verses, with Pictures,' edited by Mr. Isaac Williams, (Burns,) has come out. Of the Albert Durer cuts we have already given an opinion, which we see no reason to modify, except that we think there is an improvement in the block-work of this series, as compared with its predecessor. In the illustrations from Overbeck the spirit seems to have evaporated by successive reductions: he, indeed nobody, can stand diminished drawings; and we suspect that these are reduced from previous reductions. With the four last simple, quiet stories and pictures—if we remember right, both from a German source, the Fest Kalender—we are much pleased: they are right in feeling, and do not aim too high. The ambitious grouping of the Ten Virgins is, in this place and form at least, quite a failure.

'The Domestic Life of Frederick William III., as narrated by Bis' called] Eylert' (Bell), is a translation by Mr. Birch, and forms a c to a work already noticed in these pages, on the Religious Life of personage. The translator's style improves: in time he may lea English. The book itself ranges from chat to chatter.

'Myers' Questions and Answers on the Bible, for the use of Schools' (Longman), is the production of a Jew, or rather Jews. We mention this lest it should by any accident find entrance into a Christian family. Of course, there is considerable information in it, but its avowed purpose, to 'avoid all theological discussion,' remembering that the very existence of the Gospel is a subject of such discussion between the authors and ourselves, makes this volume rather a remarkable illustration of modern views of education. It is to us the first—however extreme—instance of Jew and Christian 'surrendering mutual religious prejudices' on the broad and airy educational platform.

'The Bible Student's Concordance,' by Aaron Pick, Professor of Hebrew and Chaldee from the University of Prague, savours strongly of that University. Those who want to get at knowledge upon easy terms may find what Hebrew word is used for each English one, by referring to the English word in this Concordance. The book really may, in this way, be very convenient to a person who *has* acquired a knowledge of Hebrew by more laborious methods, or to one who wishes to write the language, which of course ought to be done by all who would be well acquainted with it. But a book which suggests modes of explaining away Psalm xxii. 16, and Isaiah vii. 14, cannot safely be recommended to the 'Bible student,' unless he is prepared to risk his faith for the pleasure of having a smattering of Hebrew.—While we are on this subject, we cannot forbear doing our best to call our readers' attention to the new Hebrew Lexicon advertised by M. Migne as one of his cursus. We know the Editor, and expect a truly Christian lexicon from him, which, we trust, will supply the place of the rationalistic works now necessarily employed.

'The Book of Solomon, called Ecclesiastes, with Original Notes, by Theodore Preston, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge,' (J.W. Parker,) seems a fair specimen of a Christian's having done what, in our last notice, we intimated our fear of. Mr. Preston follows Mendlesohn, an acute modern Jew, much as we suppose he would have done, if he had never heard of Christianity. Yet Mendlesohn himself (as quoted p. 49) points out a very tangible distinction between Judaism and Christianity, and consequently between the duties of a Jew and a Christian. Christianity, he says, 'enjoins a belief in dogmas and immutable truths, which,' he adds, 'admit of being demonstrated and warranted by human faculties.' And (p. 55) the Law has not a single precept 'which says, Thou shalt believe this . . . they all say, Thou shalt *do*.' Though his statement is deficient, still it has got hold of a truth; and consequently wherever the Gospel has thrown a light upon the Old Testament (and where has it not?) Mr. Preston's comments are Jewish rather than Christian. 'Say not before the angel,' &c. *e. g.*, is explained (p. 206) of a messenger who comes to receive eleemosynary offerings: no hint is given of the presence of the angels, when 'men go into the house of God.' Much as there is besides with which we should quarrel, we cannot but think Mr. Preston's is a mind which would not only find truer pasture for itself in the fields of Christian antiquity, but also be able to clear the disturbed waters for others. Surely it is sad to find an author who reverences

from its munificent donor of yet further assistance towards the erection of the buildings, in addition to a large donation to the general fund—already amount to 39,000*l.*

It is proposed, therefore, to commence immediately the principal quadrangle of the College, which includes the chapel, hall, library, and apartments for fifty students, with the requisite accommodation for the officers and servants of the establishment. The arrangements of the building will be so constructed, as to admit subsequent enlargement.

The institution will be formed on our own collegiate models, and his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury has consented to give statutes for the future government and regulation of the college.

The appointment of all the officers of the college will be vested in the two metropolitans and the Lord Bishop of London, as the prelates more immediately connected with the Church in the Colonies.

The Archbishop of Canterbury will be the perpetual visitor of the college.

It is proposed to endow and support the institution by free contributions, and by such moderate payments as may be required from the students; it being understood that no contribution shall convey any right of nomination, or of interference with the government of the college.

The property of the college will be vested in trustees.

The following provisional committee for forwarding the preliminary arrangements has been appointed by his Grace the Archbishop:—

The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Lichfield,
The Right Rev. Bishop Coleridge,
The Ven. W. R. Lyall, Archdeacon of Maidstone,
The Rev. Dr. Jelf, Principal of King's College, London,
The Rev. B. Harrison, Domestic Chaplain to the Archbishop,
Joshua Watson, Esq.
A. J. B. Hope, Esq. M.P.

His Grace has also been pleased to nominate the Hon. Mr. Justice Patteson and William Cotton, Esq., as treasurers, and the Rev. Edward Coleridge, as honorary secretary.

Subscriptions may be paid to the account of the Treasurers at the Bank of England; to Messrs. Drummond, Charing-cross; Messrs. Hoare & Co., 37, Fleet-street; Messrs. Williams, Deacon, & Co., 20, Birchin-lane; Messrs. Herries, Farquhar, & Co., 16, St. James's-street; Messrs. Coutts & Co., 59, Strand; Messrs. Robinson, Parsons, & Co., Oxford; Messrs. John Mortlock & Sons, Cambridge; or to the Rev. Edward Coleridge, Eton.

Annual subscriptions of any amount will be thankfully received; and donations of large sums may be paid by instalments.

J. LICHFIELD,
Chairman of the Provisional Committee.

Church's Claims on the Loyalty of her Children. To all who are desirous to form a judgment on the deplorable state of things, both here and in Scotland, arising from the Drummond and Dunbar movement, these very able publications are indispensable. We are glad to hear of the earnest movement going on in the Memorial, &c. to the Archbishop of Canterbury. Though there may be reasonable objections to a step so important emanating from an anonymous quarter, now that the thing is done we are bound to help it.

Our own labours in the cause will relieve us from the possibility of being misunderstood; but we must state frankly that we cannot sympathise with an able pamphlet, 'Sir William Dunbar and the Scottish Schism, a Letter to the Bishop of London, by a Presbyter of the Diocese of Aberdeen,' (Peterhead: Mudie.) There is much matter and sound argument in it sadly disfigured by violence of language, and it contains most unnecessary and bitter allusion to parties among ourselves. The tone, considering how desirable it is to influence the English bishops by calmness and dignity, we consider highly inappropriate, and likely to do harm. It looks like temper, rather than the assertion of important and vital principles. The author could have written, and ought to have written, a useful appeal: as it is, we fear that this sort of thing will mar our just hopes, and tend to frustrate undoubted claims.

Mr. Harrison, Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, has published 'An Historical Inquiry into the True Interpretation of the Rubrics respecting the Sermon and the Communion Service,' (Rivingtons.) This volume does not differ much in its line from Mr. Robertson's 'How to Conform to the Liturgy;' nor does it, we think, add much to that gentleman's collection of facts and references. The subject being worn down, we see but little use in recalling it; we can only, therefore, say—we may be very perverse—that throughout the dispute the arguments are all one way, and the conclusions the other. Mr. Harrison is himself hardly an exception to the law which seems to rule this unhappy controversy: take his discussion of the Bidding Prayer, for an example. Mr. Harrison *proves* that no prayer but the Lord's Prayer ever was used in the Reformed Church before any sermon. He gives forms, and illustrations of the Bidding Prayer without number: up to the last review—'they entertained no question as to the consistency of the accustomed *bidding of prayer* with the rubric,' (p. 224.) He then shows that the Directions of 1714 settled the point 'between the use of the canonical form of Bidding Prayer, *or* of a collect, with the Lord's Prayer,' (*ibid.*) It was invocation under every disguise that was proscribed. Here is one unbroken chain of authority and precedent, without a single interruption, all, through forty long pages, one way. What, then, is the conclusion? Why, that pulpit prayer is utterly, and in any form, unrubrical, as they say. Oh no! that the 'substitution of a simple collect, although it might *seem* to be a depar-'ture from the duly appointed order .... *yet* the difference is more apparent 'than real,' (p. 226.) In other words, the argument stands thus: in every age, and under every rule, since the Reformation, the *Bidding Prayer* was

ordered and practised by bishops and preachers of every variety — nothing did they so much discourage as *prayer* in the pulpit; *therefore* we may use a collect, because the difference between the two is more apparent than real. What says Heylyn? who wrote, as of course Mr. Harrison knows, a treatise, quite as long and learned as this section of the Inquiry, on this very subject, though we cannot find that the present archiepiscopal chaplain refers to his predecessor's labours, 'On the form of Bidding Prayer.' 'That the pulpit should be used as a place to *pray* in .... was 'never heard of, as I think, till these later ages, when all things seemed 'to tend to innovation: Sure I am, in the Church of England there was no 'such meaning .... pulpits being made for speeches, sermons, and 'orations unto the people, the speaker, orator, &c. was of necessity to turn 'himself unto the people .... whereas, in times of prayer, the priest '.... ought to turn his face to the upper end of the church, 'looking towards the East, and so his back to be towards the people:— I say, that so he ought to do, at least if he intend to follow either the pre-'script of *this* church, or most true antiquity,' (*Miscellaneous Tracts*, p. 159.) One word about ourselves.—1. We can assure Mr. Harrison, if he does us the honour to refer once more to the article from this Review upon which he so frequently comments, that with him we are perfectly aware that the 'Roman rubrics .. do not supply the authoritative decision, in regard to 'the Sermon and the dress of the preacher, for which they are appealed 'to,' (p. 24, note.) To the Roman rubrics we never appealed for any so useless a purpose: we quoted them; but for their interpretation we appealed to the great Roman ritualists, just as Mr. Harrison appeals to Sparrow and L'Estrange to settle the mind and purpose of the Church of England in the interpretation of the Anglican rubrics.—2. Mr. Harrison observes, that our statement about the itinerant preachers at the time of the Reformation, is 'far from accurate.'—P. 50. We will answer by a quotation from Strype, taken from Mr. Harrison's own book, just nine pages before he 'faulteth' our statement: 'Latimer was parson of West 'Kington .... a great and useful preacher *in those parts*, and who took fre-'quent occasion to declaim against the superstitions.... *Sometimes* he was 'procured to preach in the populous city of Bristow, &c.' (Harrison, p. 41.) What, too, of the history and title of Bernard Gilpin? And though Ridley's Letter—and other documents might have been produced—forbids preaching on the week days, yet this shows that such a practice was in existence; only, like Lord Grey's political unions, it had become a little too formidable for those who first encouraged it. The celebrated Proclamation of 1548, which suppressed all preaching, acknowledged that 'many of the preachers so licensed had carried themselves wisely .... to the king's great contentation.' Does Mr. Harrison seriously mean us to understand, that the 'licenses to preach' issued by the king, or the archbishop, or the universities, were *not* roving commissions, and only confined to those who took them out for particular parishes?—3. As to the question whether any 'order was taken by Queen Elizabeth,' and whether her 'advertisements' have the force of law, in the way of superseding the rubric of Edward's *first* book, it is a simple matter of choice whether, on the one hand, we take the authority

of Bishops Cosin, Gibson, and Overall, together with Burn's judgment, and that of the Puritans in 1641, OR, on the other, prefer Mr. Harrison's opinion.—4. Whether there is any historical evidence that copes were used in parish churches, is not, we think, doubtful: Mr. Harrison thinks there is none. But in the paper of 1564, which Strype transcribes—'Varieties in the Service and Administration used'—occur these items: 'Administration of the Communion'—'Some with surplice and *cap;* some with surplice alone; others with none.' And then:—'Apparel'—'Some with a square cap; others with a round cap.' Now, why should two of these items talk of *caps?* Surely in the former it should read, 'some with surplice and *cope;* some with surplice alone,' &c.—the gradation is then preserved; surplice and cope—surplice—none. What could be meant by ministering the Communion in surplice and *cap?* And from Heylyn's 'Cyprianus Anglicus,' (p. 441,) we find distinct charges against the incumbents of three London churches, 'for administering the Sacrament in copes.'—5. As to the historical evidence of the practice of individuals down to Laud's time, upon which Mr. Harrison constructs much of his volume, we speak with especial reference to the surplice question, one palmary argument must be borne in mind. The writers, and the practice of the sixteenth century, are nothing to us whatever. If people will take a date short of primitive times for the Church of England, or a title other than simple Catholicism, why should the appeal always centre exactly at the Reformation? The changes introduced into the Prayer-book at the Restoration, that is, the successful issue of the principles and struggles of Laud and Andrewes, and Wren and Montague, are nothing less than a Reformation. These Prelates, in kind though not in degree, were to Abbot and Grindal, what Hooper and Whittingham were to Wareham and Tunstall. We do strenuously refuse, with our present Prayer-book, to go back beyond the last revision. And every body knows that in it a very peculiar change was introduced into the rubric about vestments; and as Gunning, Wren, Cosin, and Montague, all seem to have ordered the surplice for preaching,—and as many of them were concerned in this last revision,—these are the only Reformers with whom we are concerned. *Our* reformation is of the *seventeenth* century, not of its predecessor; and our only Reformers are the last revisers of the ritual now in use. So that, if we must have 'Reformation-principles,' and practices, as decisive in every dispute, let us not forget that *our* Reformers are those we have mentioned, together with Sanderson, Sterne, Hackett, Sparrow, and Thorndike. Whenever, therefore, it is proved how Cosin or Gunning practised a rubric, or how Heylyn and Sparrow understood and interpreted it, as they drew up the Prayer Book which contains them, *their* authority, and theirs alone, is decisive to us. With all these drawbacks, we cannot but be thankful to Mr. Harrison for the pains which he has taken with the question: and whatever we may think of the dependency of his suggestions upon his facts, for the latter, which are evidences of extensive and careful reading, we are much obliged to his volume.

Certainly the fullest and most valuable Guide-Book we ever saw, is Mr. Ford's 'Hand-Book of Spain,' in two Parts, (Murray.) It is rich with the

most varied literature, classical knowledge, taste and criticism: indeed, it is overflowing with information. Its prodigality in quotation and illustration is quite surprising: it has the fulness of Burton or Digby. But we observe with regret a cynicism and flippancy on sacred subjects, which we are bound to reprehend very indignantly. Bad as such a tone always is, it is doubly unworthy of such as Mr. Ford.

Mr. James Hope has published a second series of 'Scripture Prints, from Raphael's Vatican frescoes,' (Houlston and Stoneman.) They are, like the former Part, executed with much skill on stone, under Mr. Gruner's superintendence, from very spirited drawings by Consoni, a Roman artist. The tinting gives great richness and breadth of effect. They require space; but for wall-prints in a building of any size, their success is great; though, on the whole, we value them rather as works of very high artistical genius and skill, than for their effect as religious drawings. We hear that Mr. Gruner has the Queen's Summer-house frescoes in hand: it will be a trial for our English artists, which we wish them well out of.

'Annals of the English Bible,' (Pickering,) has appeared in two handsome volumes, by Mr. C. Anderson. The author, who is a Scotch Presbyterian preacher, writes with somewhat of the cold acerbity of his communion: he has considerable, though clumsily arranged, learning. It is a subject, important in its way, badly told. The work is misnamed; it should have been called, The rise and progress of Puritanism and false doctrine, or the Annals of Tyndal, Frith, and their successors. Every conceivable subject about their doings in Germany and elsewhere is brought together; and, on the whole, the Annals read like Foxe exaggerated. Mr. Anderson is neither historical nor bibliographical; he makes an incongruous mixture of the two: and his style is very weak. Some facts, to which we should, perhaps, attach a very opposite value to Mr. Anderson's estimate, are painfully important in judging of the English reformers. For these the work may be consulted; though, being a portentous specimen of bookmaking, they will be hard to find. On the whole, we cannot recommend it.

A single but important difficulty has been urged against the Vestiges of the Creation, in a small pamphlet, 'Is Mankind of one or more Origins?' (Rodwell.) An accident alone has prevented an article on the subject in our present number.

'St. Bartholomew's Day commemorated; or, the Principles of Congregational Dissent explained and defended' by A. Ewing (Halifax: Martin). So Dissent has its Saints and Martyrs, and its Commemorations, at last! There is a vigour of assertion in Mr. Ewing, which must have reckoned upon a tolerable amount of what he so much dislikes, 'implicit faith in the people' he was talking to. 'The inspired writers . . . . invariably employ 'the term *Church* to signify a single congregation.'—P. 23. 'Confirmation 'is a rite of mere human invention, and dangerous to the souls of men.'—P. 29. He recommends his hearers 'to rally like a serried phalanx round 'heir banner.'—P. 37.

Mr. Bowdler has edited 'Some Letters of Dr. Brett, relating to the Charity of the Church of England with respect to the Roman Church' (T. B. Sharpe), which, like every thing from the same source, has always permanent, and now especial, interest. It is this sort of author that the Committee of the Anglo-Catholic Library should, at first, have confined themselves to, instead of reprinting 'Beveridge,' which is to be had in every shop in London. However, we are quite satisfied with the announcements for 1846: Thorndike, Andrewes, Laud, and Hickes: this is all in the right direction. Bramhall and Cosin we have; and Johnson is 'in the press,' and a long time he has been in it.

Of Tracts we have to mention—'Texts, Psalms, and Collects on the Church's Missionary Duty.' (T. B. Sharpe.) The initials E. H. show that it is from one who on this duty combines the *vigilando* with the *orando*.—'Thoughts on Church Principles,' (Bath: Hayward): a forcible appeal to Churchmen (?) present at the meeting of the Foreign Aid Society.—'On the Reverence due to Holy Places,' (Rivingtons,) by Mr. Markland: an admirable and even affecting tract. The type and general appearance are exactly identical with the little Lincoln's Inn Fields productions; why it is not on the Catalogue of the S. P. C. K. is perhaps known somewhere. We mention this in connexion with the suppression of Mr. Adams' 'Shadow of the Cross,' and Dean Wilberforce's 'Rocky Island,' and the fact which was brought out last year, that all tracts are sent, *in print*, to the Episcopal Referees. —'The Ordinance of Confirmation,' &c. by J. C. Chambers, Curate of Sedbergh.' (Kendal: Atkinson.)

'Reasons for the Restoration of the Order of Deacons,' (Rivingtons,) is of course inaccurate in its title. The question, under various forms, is a growing one: and in the long run it must be taken up decisively. Even Scripture-readers, and the proposed Deacon-schoolmaster, are all struggles out of which something successful will come. The present pamphlet is good, but diffuse.

The prospectus of the Plan of the Church-Endowment Society, under the auspices of Mr. Malet and Mr. Buchanan Hoare, has reached us. It is the first actual step in the way of pulling down the monstrous system of pew-renting: and it is based upon the principles so long inculcated by that most indefatigable and courageous labourer, Mr. Charles Miller. An objection, which requires to be weighed, has been urged against what this Society proposes, the purchase of impropriated tithes: viz. that under the late unchristian measure, the impropriations will not increase in value, while bearing in mind the improved and improvable modes of cultivation, tithe ought to be doubled in value in another century. The purchase of land therefore, and its contingent, and most probably increased, value, seems the preferable investment. Besides, is there not a higher and more sanctifying influence connected with the earth and the fruits thereof? The opportunity of allowing impropriators to get rid, on any terms, of the fruits of sacrilege is one [illegible] cts only a single class, with whom we can have little s[illegible]or the Church, is another.

In some degree connected with this subject is the announcement of a reprint, with a continuation, of 'Spelman's History of Sacrilege.' (Burns, and Walters.) The Editors ask for assistance from those acquainted locally with the results of this sin. The subject has occupied our own attention, and a painfully-instructive one it is. We recommend the proposition without hesitation.

Two works of considerable controversy and interest have appeared on the subject of Unfulfilled Prophecy. The indefatigable Mr. Cunninghame's 'Synopsis of Chronology,' Second Edition (Seeleys), and Mr. Clissold's 'Review of the Principles of Apocalyptical Interpretation' (Newbery), in two volumes. We say it without disrespect, but neither of these authors has evinced that sobriety of judgment which can attach much weight to his individual speculations; Mr. Cunninghame's publications and position are well known, and Mr. Clissold is, we believe, a strenuous adherent of Swedenborgianism; his present connexion with the Church of England we can hardly understand. The variations of Chronologers, like other very sweeping oscillations, form one of the strong arguments, we fear, against them all. Faber, Birks, Cunninghame, Greswell, Jarvis, Browne, Bickersteth, Maitland—to enumerate only recent writers—few are the points on which any two of them agree.

Mr. Fitzgerald's 'Short Lectures on the Church Catechism' (Rivingtons, and Dearden, of Nottingham), make a long book. They seem sound, and were doubtless useful to his parishioners; but so much having been written on the subject, we hardly think that there was occasion to print this volume.

Though the field seemed so fully occupied, we can pronounce Mr. Plumer's 'Manual of Family Prayer' (Burns), the best attempt with which we are acquainted: and, what is the surest test, we hear from those who have tried it that it works well.

'Burns' Fireside Library'—we, and we trust many of our readers, have during the summer found it rather the Woodside and Riverside library—comes out favourably. Of original volumes we have received, 'German Ballads and Songs,' embodying also original pieces founded on German subjects. This volume—its illustrations are very clever—may be compared with two volumes of translations from the *Dublin University Magazine*, 'German Anthology,' by Mr. Mangan (Dublin, Curry). The English translator seems, according to our knowledge of the subject, closer; his Irish compeer, more ornate.—A volume of English Biography, King Alfred, Lord Chancellor More, and John Evelyn; the king and statesman are hardly borne out by the gentleman.—'Tales from Musaeus,' a very pleasing and fanciful collection.—A Swiss story, 'Liesli,' which enjoys an European reputation—and other volumes, many clever, all most readable: Marco Visconti among the best; it is fully noticed elsewhere.

We suppose that we have formed an impossible ideal of what a popular 'History of England' should be; but we scarcely think that Mr. Poole's, of which the second volume (Burns, and Walters) is before us, comes up to it.

Mr. Laing's volume, 'Notes on the Rise, Progress, and Prospects of the new German Catholic Church' (Longmans), is written with his accustomed clearness, ease, and ingenuity. Mr. Laing is a philosopher who sees the faults, errors, obliquities, and confusions of all schools, and all parties, and churches, and sects. He surveys the whole world from the lofty eminence of his individuality, pities its wanderings, and set all people right. This school is wrong here, another there; the sects will not do, because they are not Catholic, and the Catholics will not do because they are not sectarian. Mr. Laing has a great admiration of the Catholic Church—a candid, lofty, philosophical admiration. He is far above the narrowness and bigotry of some modern schools, and delights in showing what favourable things he can say of Rome. He goes out of his way to say such things every page, and courts the opportunity with some appearance of pleasure. It is the largeness of Mr. Laing's mind that enables him to make these concessions; for he can easily, from the impartial centre at which he sits, control them. This constitutes Mr. Laing's masterliness and freedom. He can do what others cannot. 'What an advantage it is,' whispers each patronizing page of Mr. Laing's, as we turn it over—'what an advantage it is to have a large mind! Now, if I had a small mind, I should not be able to say this; but I have a large one, and can. I can afford it; another person could not.' Mr. Laing's reflections thus breathe a swelling, odoriferous fragrant luxuriance of liberalism; he impersonates large-minded ripeness and self-congratulatory expansion. That he sets down the German Catholics in this book, and shows that they do not know what they are doing, and that he lauds the Roman Catholics, and shows that they do know,—all this, and all that he says of Luther, Calvin, and Reformers, and 'Puseyites,' is to be referred to this metaphysical universality. But is it not a disappointment when we discover that the philosophical universalist has, after all, a snug corner of Presbyterianism, in which he reposes with considerable domesticity and comfort? Mr. Laing is a Presbyterian—a dogmatic one. He thinks Christianity the 'most dogmatical of all religions,' of course in favour of the points in which Mr. Laing believes. Calmly opposing the solid, intellectual, absolute truth of Presbyterianism, to the æsthetic and imaginative errors of Rome, and all other schools, he feels himself in an impregnable fort, from which he can be infinitely condescending and benevolent to the latter—even pity persons who only go half-way to Rome—and maintains, in short, a faultless liberality. We are sorry to interfere with such an agreeable combination of repose and expansion; but we must intimate that a universalist, like Mr. Laing, should hardly allow himself a chimney-corner. He ought to be above a weakness for a snug religious parlour. Owing to education and national character, we are aware that a definite creed is a serious mental comfort to a Scotchman, and that he likes the feeling of home and security that such an assurance affords. We do not grudge it him. But if a person is a Presbyterian, let him not be a universalist; if he is a universalist, let him not be a Presbyterian. A definite creed is indeed an anchorage and harbour to the mind; but the very fact of it being so, cuts off the holder from the wide ocean of liberal universalism. He has not the philosophical right to expand as a cosmopolite, with such a cosy internal corner left in his mind. Let him be one

thing or another; if he tries to be both at once, either the snug religionist is but a mock philospher, or the philosophic liberal has but a poor creed.

We have great pleasure in seeing Mr. Burns' series,—'The Practical Christian's Library,'—extending. It contains very practical and searching, and also very beautiful devotional, writings. We need say nothing of Bishop Ken's devotional works; they are sufficiently, known. His 'Creed,' in the Manual, is, perhaps, as perfect and sustained a piece of eloquent aspiring meditation as may be found in any language. The 'Daily Exercises' from Horneck, a series of meditations and prayers on particular subjects, for every day of a fortnight, have an exceedingly genuine earnest tone, and much beauty and eloquence in parts. The *quatuor novissima*—'Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell,' from Bishop Jeremy Taylor, (taken from the 'Contemplations on the State of Man,') are a series of vivid, highly-coloured pictures of those scenes, in somewhat mediæval style. This was the last production of his pen; and an intense realization of the future life penetrates it like a flame. He died before he could publish it. Spinckes' devotional compilation has much variety. The prayers for Passion-week, from Bishop Andrewes, in it, are especially beautiful. Nelson and Kettlewell—names that carry their own authority with them—also appear in the series. The exceeding cheapness of these little volumes will, we hope, by one channel or another, introduce them into places that have long, we are afraid, been without such books—into the cottages of the poor.

Mr. Paget's 'Christian's Day' (Burns, and Walters) has much vigour and reality in it: we will mention especially the chapter on Prayer. Its tone is too scolding, in parts; and Mr. Paget rather exaggerates and sharpens a feature, which, in a modified form, belongs to many of the school of practical religious writers in our Church. 'Luke Sharp,' by the same author, a volume of the 'Juvenile Englishman's Library,' we have not had time to read; if it is other than good it is an exception to Mr. Paget's works.

The 'translation of the 'Catena Aurea' (J. H. Parker) is now complete: the Fourth Part, on St. John's Gospel, having come out. It is a commentary admirably adapted for clerical reading; suggesting, as it does, views of Scripture in every page, and bringing a great fulness and variety of comment to bear upon every text in the Gospels, on which a Clergyman would be likely to have difficulties. This is its purpose and use. 'The Catena' is not adapted for family reading, but it will be permanently useful in the Clergyman's study.

'Ireland and the Irish Church,' (Seeleys,) by the Very Rev. R. Murray, Dean of Ardagh, may be safely called an inferior book; and we cannot rate very high Mr. Todd's book on the same subject in the 'Englishman's Library' (Burns). It is too slight both in texture and compass.

Of Charges we have to acknowledge:—'The Bishop of Exeter's Charge,' (Murray.) The Bishop of Down and Connor's 'Horæ Ecclesiasticæ,' (J. W. Parker;) also a Charge. 'Archdeacon Wilberforce's Charge,' (Murray, and Sunter of York.) 'Archdeacon Manning's Charge,' (Murray.) And one or two letters on Church questions, from the Bishop of Chichester.

(Mason.) The theological and practical principles which these documents would, of course, involve, are so well known, that it seems superfluous to do more than mention the writers, to secure that attention with which, in various ways, their names are already connected.

And of Sermons:—'The Struggle of Sense against Faith,' by Bishop Ives, of North Carolina, (Philadelphia, George and Wayne;) preached at the last Convention: very able and chastened in diction. 'The Blasphemy against the Holy Ghost,' by Dr. Pusey, preached at Margaret Chapel, (Parker and Rivingtons;) which is of the full and impressive character which all expect in this quarter. 'A Visitation Sermon,' by Mr. Bartholomew, (Murray.) And a 'Consecration Sermon,' by Mr. W. W. Harvey, (Burns.) These two will, it seems, form part of a series of Sermons preached at the Visitation, and published at the command, of the Bishop of Exeter. 'The Field of Rephidim,' by Mr. Hawker, (Edwards and Hughes;) delivered on a similar occasion. An unusually good volume, 'The Temporal Punishment of Sin,' by Mr. Monsell, (Parker and Rivingtons;) and the complete volume of 'Sermons for Sundays,' &c., by various writers, edited by Mr. Alexander Watson, (Masters;) which we can recommend, expressing a regret that the editor should hastily have allowed himself to preach and print one, 'The Folly of looking earnestly on Man,' which contains a serious misapprehension of facts.

[We need do no more than recommend with the utmost cordiality a scheme of which, perhaps, the effects may be destined, under God, to make the Church of England what it never has been.—ED. C. R.]

Proposal for the Foundation, at Canterbury, of a Missionary College, for the Church of England.

THE want of an adequate supply of Ministers, duly prepared by special training to labour with effect in the dependencies of the British empire, has long been felt, and of late has been frequently expressed by those who have been called to preside over the Colonial Churches.

In relief of this deficiency it is proposed to found a College, of which the object will be to provide an education to qualify young men for the service of the Church in foreign settlements, with such strict regard to economy and frugality of habits, as may fit them for the special duties to be discharged, the difficulties to be encountered, and the hardships to be endured. And there is reason to believe, from the result of a very extensive inquiry, that a considerable supply of persons willing thus to dedicate themselves may be looked for from our endowed grammar-schools and other sources.

A site in the Metropolitical city of Canterbury, (the ruins of the ancient Abbey of St. Augustine,) has, by the gift of a lay member of the Church, been devoted to this design. And the sums derived from the limited applications of a single individual—independently of the site, and the assurance

from its munificent donor of yet further assistance towards the erection of the buildings, in addition to a large donation to the general fund—already amount to 39,000*l.*

It is proposed, therefore, to commence immediately the principal quadrangle of the College, which includes the chapel, hall, library, and apartments for fifty students, with the requisite accommodation for the officers and servants of the establishment. The arrangements of the building will be so constructed, as to admit subsequent enlargement.

The institution will be formed on our own collegiate models, and his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury has consented to give statutes for the future government and regulation of the college.

The appointment of all the officers of the college will be vested in the two metropolitans and the Lord Bishop of London, as the prelates more immediately connected with the Church in the Colonies.

The Archbishop of Canterbury will be the perpetual visitor of the college.

It is proposed to endow and support the institution by free contributions, and by such moderate payments as may be required from the students; it being understood that no contribution shall convey any right of nomination, or of interference with the government of the college.

The property of the college will be vested in trustees.

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The Right Rev. Bishop Coleridge,
The Ven. W. R. Lyall, Archdeacon of Maidstone,
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A. J. B. Hope, Esq. M.P.

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